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Jas. Edmund Jones

HYMNS

OF

Consecration and Faith

FOR USE AT

GENERAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCES,

MEETINGS FOR THE DEEPENING OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE,

AND

CONSECRATION MEETINGS.

FIRST EDITION COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

Mrs. EVAN HOPKINS.

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PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION.

THE task of a Compiler, though one of privilege and pleasure, is a task beset with ever-increasing difficulties; and in sending out this new and enlarged edition of HYMNS OF CONSECRATION AND FAITH praise must be rendered, first of all, to Him Who so graciously inclined the hearts of His people to give generous and valuable help in a work at once delicate and difficult.

Hearty thanks are due, not only to those whose permission to use beautiful Hymns and Tunes has enriched our volume, but also to those who, by prayer, sympathy, suggestions, or information, helped on the cause. It was not possible to meet the views and wishes of everyone who wrote; nor did the space at our command and the special objects of the book admit of our using all that was valuable amongst the material generously offered; but all was gratefully considered. On the other hand, the omission of a few much-desired favourites is due to the fact that they were practically unobtainable.

Early reference must be made to the varied but unfailing kindness of Eugene Stock, Esq., who not only granted ready permission to include valuable Hymns and Tunes, the property of the "Church Missionary Hymn Book," including several by the late gifted Miss S. G. Stock, but also obtained permission for the use of others from the same source. Our Missionary Section owes a heavy debt to Mr. Stock and his co-workers in the "Church Missionary Society Hymnal." To E. J. Bellerby, Esq., Mus.Doc.; A. J. Foxwell, Esq.; C. H. Forrest, Esq.; Harold Green, Esq.; and Miss Phyllis Skene, especial thanks are due for abundant help in contributing to the musical part of the collection, many of the Tunes being written expressly for this work. To Dr. Bellerby we are further indebted for a careful revision of the music; a work undertaken freely for Christ's sake, and all the more generous because, in certain cases, his critical taste and knowledge came into conflict with Tunes which are inserted here for other reasons than artistic. It is only fair to state plainly that Dr. Bellerby is in no way accountable for the choice of the Tunes.

To Canon Aitken; R. L. Allan, Esq.; Miss Bradshaw; Lady Carbery; H. Hankinson, Esq.; H. J. E. Holmes, Esq.; H. E. Govan, Esq.; Rev. W. J. Mayers; Rev. F. B. Meyer; G. E. Morgan, Esq.; H. W. Pewtress, Esq.; Rev. J. Stephens; G. Wilson, Esq.; Dr. C. Vincent, and others, we are indebted for useful hints and help, as well as for other favours; whilst prominent mention must be made of Messrs. Clowes & Sons, who, on behalf of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," kindly granted the use of Nos. 122, 143, 174, 251, 310, 347, 379, 403, 503, 543, and 554, on generous terms. On behalf of "The Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer," Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited, kindly granted the use of Hymns 20 and 26 by the Right Rev. Bishop Bickersteth, and with his consent. For Hymn 422 we are indebted to the same sources. To the kindness of Victoria, Lady Carbery, we owe—in addition to her own contributions—valuable Tunes from "The Book of Praise"; and to Messrs Morgan & Scott we gladly acknowledge our indebtedness for the use of copyrights from their well-known books "Sacred Songs and Solos," and "The Christian Choir"; the inclusion of No. 538 being a special favour, granted at the request of many. To the same firm we are indebted for the use of two Hymns by the late Miss E. G. Cherry (Nos. 125 and 487), with the Tunes written for them by the Rev. J. Mountain; and for Hymn 574.

We are indebted to Messrs. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., for the use of Music and Words of "Lord, Bring Some Wanderers Home," No. 490.

By an arrangement with the Musical Board of the Salvation Army, several of their choicest melodies are here reproduced; whilst to "Hymns of the Gospel" (Messrs. Marshall Bros.), "Songs of Victory" (R. L. Allan, Esq.), "Hymns of Heart and Life," "The Parochial Mission Book," and "Mission Hymns" (Messrs. John F. Shaw & Co.), we are also laid under obligation; and to "Music and the Higher Life" (Messrs. Reid Bros.) for No. 529.

Through Arthur Mercer, Esq., conspicuous kindness has been shown by the "South African General Mission" in allowing the use of so many of the Leaflets of the Mission.

We could gladly give more detailed acknowledgment with regard to many other helpers, whose Hymns and Tunes, *under their own names*, enrich our collection, and to whom we tender thanks equally hearty and sincere, *e.g.*—

To Archbishop Alexander, for the Hymns of the late Mrs Alexander; Mrs. M. B. Alexander, for No. 428; Mrs. Freda Hanbury Allen; A. C. Ainger, Esq.; J. Adcock, Esq.; H. Baker, Esq.; Rev. Norman Bennet; Miss Lucy A. Bennett; W. S. Bambridge, Esq, Mus.Doc., for No. 200; Miss C. S. Beatson; R. H. Boys, Esq.; Rev. W. St. Hill-Bourne; Rev. W. Boyd; Mrs. Bevan; Mrs. Blow; Peter Bilhorn, Esq.; Josiah Booth, Esq.; G. F. Cobb, Esq.; Messrs. The John Church Co.; Messrs. Castell Bros., for the use of Hymns 123, 147, and 207; Mrs. Cousin; Rev. G. Cousin; K. L. Clemens, Esq.; F. G. Cawston, Esq.; P. G. Cole, Esq.; Rev. Reg. F. Dale, Mus.Bac., for No. 501; Rev. W. R. Deck; Miss G. A. Davies; Rev. F. G. Ellerton, for Hymns by the late Rev. J. Ellerton; the representatives of the late Miss E. S. Elliott; E. O. Excell, Esq.; Rev. Preb. H. E. Fox; Mrs. Fox, for the Hymns by the late Rev. C. A. Fox; Miss Bertha Fennell; S. Trevor Francis, Esq.; Dr. W. B. Gilbert, for Nos. 94 and 149; John E. Gaul, Esq.; Miss May Grimes; H. Green, Esq.; Rev. G. Grubb; Rev. J. Temperley-Grey; the late T. H. Gill, Esq.; Horace E. Govan, Esq., for several Hymns from "In His Presence," by the late W. J. Govan, Esq.; Dr. H. Guinness, for No. 405; Miss Groome; H. J. E. Holmes, Esq.; Rev. A. Havergal-Shaw, for additional Hymns and Tunes by the late Canon Havergal and Miss Havergal; F. D. How, Esq., for Hymns by the late Bishop Walsham How; Miss V. Hemsley; W. Crofton Hemmons, Esq., for Nos. 58, 269, and 358, from the "Bristol Tune Book"; Rev. E. Husband; R. W. Hayne, Esq., for the use of Nos. 215, 232, 311, and 418, by the late Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus.Doc.; Rev J. Holroyde; Rev. J. Stuart Holden; Rev. J. P. Hobson, M.A.; Walter Hateley, Esq.; and Mr. S. V. Hayes; the Rev. Father Ignatius, for Nos. 7 and 475, from the "Llanthony Abbey Hymns"; W. H. Jude, Esq., for 529; W. J. Kirkpatrick, Esq.; Dudley Kidd, Esq., M.D.; D. Kingham, Esq.; the S.P.C.K., for Hymns 224 and 334; Rev. Canon Lyon; W. Luff, Esq.; Rev. G. Matheson, D.D.; Miss M. Millington; Mrs. Maxwell; Mrs. Monsell, for Hymns by the late Rev. D. Monsell; the Right Rev. Bishop Moule; Mrs. Moule; Archbishop Maclagan; Herbert Matson, Esq., for Hymns by the late Rev. W. T. Matson; Dr. James G. Mackay; the late J. W. MacGill, Esq. (since passed away); J. H. Maunder, Esq.; Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., Ltd., for permission to retain in the collection "Lux Eoi" (No. 339), by the late Sir A. Sullivan; Messrs. Nisbet & Co., for additional Hymns by the late Dr. Bonar, and for No. 215; Miss Jacob, for Hymn No. 379, by the late Miss C. M. Noel; Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, Mus.Doc., for Nos. 307 and 549; A. Page, Esq.; Dr. A. L. Peace; F. Pincott, Esq.; Miss B. Porter; Miss A. M. Potter; Major Poole, for Nos. 327 and 561, by the late Mrs. Eva Travers Poole; the representatives of the late Rev. W. Pennefather; Dr. Rankin; Mrs. Gibbs (Ada Rose); Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard; Rev. C. C. Scholefield, for No. 545; S. Smith, Esq.; C. Butler-Stoney, Esq.; M. W. Stubbs, Esq.; Mrs. L. Shorey; Miss Clara Stainstreet; Mrs. H. M. Sturges; Miss M. L. Stocks; Rev. A. B. Simpson; Mrs. W. B. Simpson; Miss J. H. Stuart; Miss Stone, for Hymn 16, by the late Rev. J. S. Stone; Rev. Preb. Godfrey Thring, for Hymns 307 and 433; Miss Emmeline G. Thistleton, and Miss May Chevenix-Trench; Miss A. L. Waring; Miss M. Whiting; Miss Whiddington; Mrs. Watson; Rev. H. G. Warren; Mrs. M. Wood; J. M. Wigner, Esq.; W. Spencer Walton, Esq.; the sons of the late Bishop C. Wordsworth, for Hymn 340: Mrs. Walch, for Tune 47, by the late J. Walch, Esq.; Rev. F. G. Wesley, for No. 77, by the late Dr. Wesley; Mr. W. Walker; and to others.

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THE COMPILERS.

NOTE.—Warmest thanks are due to Miss LUCY A. BENNETT for the many Hymns she has contributed to this Collection, and also for the kind and indefatigable assistance she has rendered in preparing this Edition for the press.

THE EDITOR.

HYMNS OF
Consecration and Faith.

PART I.—LONGINGS FOR HOLINESS.

No. 1. Come in, O Come!

RIGHT REV. DR. MOULE. Bishop of Durham. MORECAMBE. 10.10.10.10. ATKINSON.



4. I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend;
All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill
Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.

5. Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin:
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!

No. 2. Whiter than Snow.

J. NICHOLSON. 11.11.11.11, with Refrain. W. G. FISCHER.



4. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessèd Lord, at Thy crucified feet;
By faith for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

5. Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee Thou never saidst No!
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 3. The Quiet Hour.

E. MAY GRIMES. (S. A. G. M. Leaflets, by permission.) 6.5.6.5. H. GREEN.



4. All to Thee is yielded,
I am not my own;
Blissful, glad surrender—
I am Thine alone!

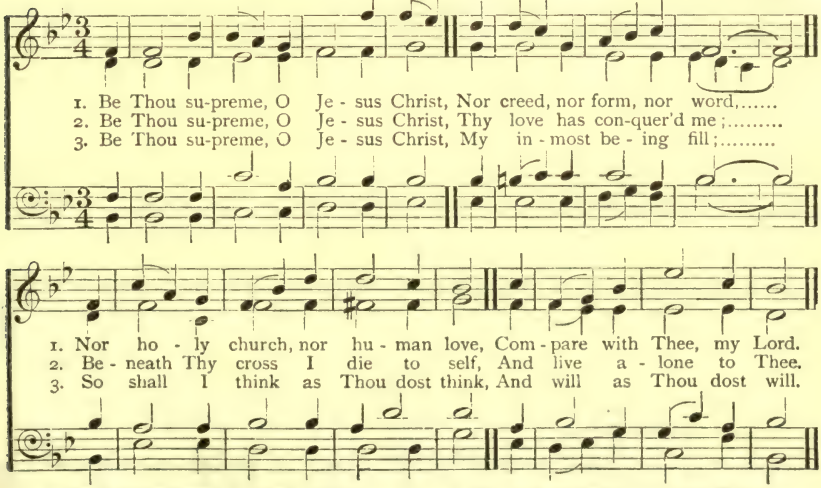
5. Speak, Thy servant heareth!
Be not silent, Lord;
Waits my soul upon Thee
For the quickening word!

6. Fill me with the knowledge
Of Thy glorious will;
All Thine own good pleasure
In Thy child fulfil.

7. Like "a watered garden,"
Full of fragrance rare,
Lingering in Thy presence,
Let my life appear.

No. 4. Be Thou Supreme.

REV. J. TEMPERLEY GREY. REDCLIFFE. C.M. P. SKENE.



4. Be Thou supreme, O Jesus Christ,
Thy life transfigure mine;
And through this veil of mortal flesh,
Lord, let Thy splendours shine.

5. Be Thou supreme, O Jesus Christ,
My soul exults in Thee;
To be Thy slave, to do Thy will,
Is my felicity.

No. 5. Is this All?

(By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.)

DR. H. BONAR. 10.4.10.4.10.4. S. J. VAIL.

Plaintive.



4. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
But love His love;
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove: all!
Take Him for what He is, oh, take Him
And look above.

5. Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage doubts
And steadfast peace;
Thy love shall rest on His, thy weary grace
For ever cease;
Thy heart shall find in Him and in His
Its rest and bliss!

No. 6. Love of Jesus, all Divine.

BOTTOME. 7.7.7.7. D. Old Melody.

Plaintive.





2. Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place.
Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour;
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

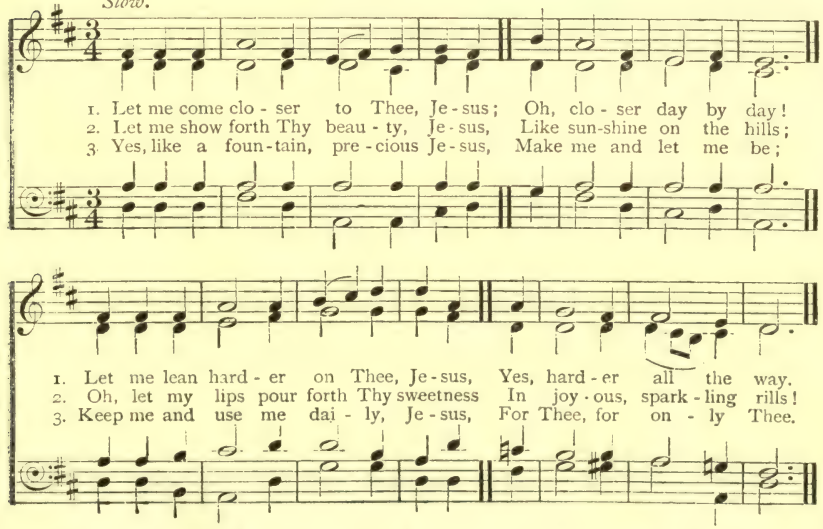
3. Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

No. 7. Let me come Closer to Thee, Jesus.

9.6.9 6.

From "Llanthony Abbey Hymns," by per. CANON J. H. LESTER.

Slow.



4. In all my heart and will, O Jesus,
Be altogether King!
Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,
To Thee in everything.

5. Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Jesus,
With blessèd hunger here,
Longing for home on Zion's mountain—
No thirst, no hunger there.

No. 8. Low at Thy Pierced Feet.

REV. JAMES STEPHENS. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.4. J. S. MITCHELL.



4. Thou didst for me endure
Dread Calvary;
Sin's punishment and shame
All, all for me.
On Thee my guilt was laid,
By Thee my debt was paid,
To set me free,
To set me free.

5. Lord, I accept Thee now,
Accept Thou me;
I have delayed too long,
And grieved Thee.
By all Thy love to me,
I give myself to Thee;
Make me Thine own,
All, all Thine own.

No. 9. No, not Despairingly.

1.
No, not despairingly,
Come I to Thee;
No, not distrustingly,
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet is this still my plea,
Jesus hath died,
Jesus hath died.

2.
Ah, mine iniquity
Crimson hath been;
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin;
Sin of not loving Thee,
Sin of not trusting Thee—
Infinite sin,
Infinite sin.

3.
Lord, I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I Thee,
All I have been.
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean,
Lord, make me clean.

4.
Faithful and just art Thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou,
When sinners call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul,
Pass o'er my soul.

5.
Then all is peace and light
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved Unseen—
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between,
Nothing between.

Dr. H. Bonar.

No. 10. To Thee my Spirit turns.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL. 7.6.7.6. J. H. KNECHT.

Plaintive.



3. My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart.

4. My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine;
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to Thine.

5. Give me a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

6. Oh for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!

No. 11. I Hunger and I Thirst.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL. 6.6.6.6. Austrian Melody.

Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.



3. Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4. For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
O living waters, rise
Within me evermore.

No. 12. My Sins, my Sins, my Saviour!

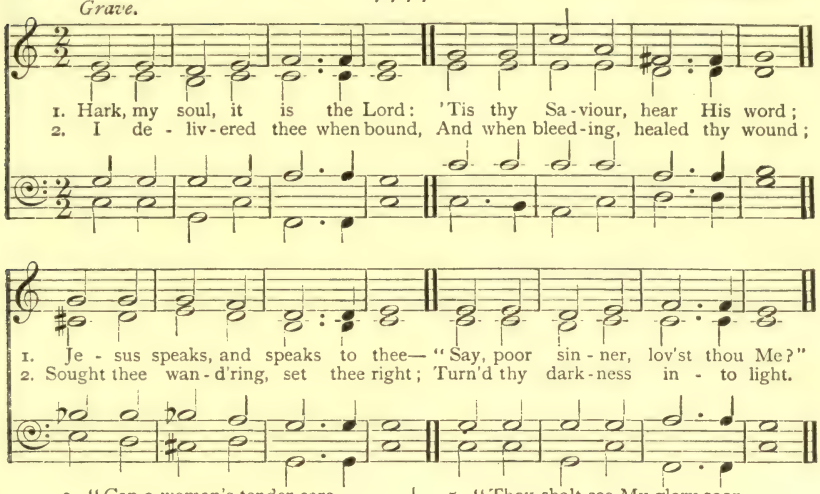
DR. J. S. B. MONSELL. GOLDEN CITY. 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.



No. 13. Hark, my Soul, it is the Lord.

W. COWPER. 7·7·7·7. R. REDHEAD.

Grave.



3. "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes! she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My reign shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more.

No. 14. For ever here my Rest shall be.

C. WESLEY. MIZPAH. C.M.

dim. C.

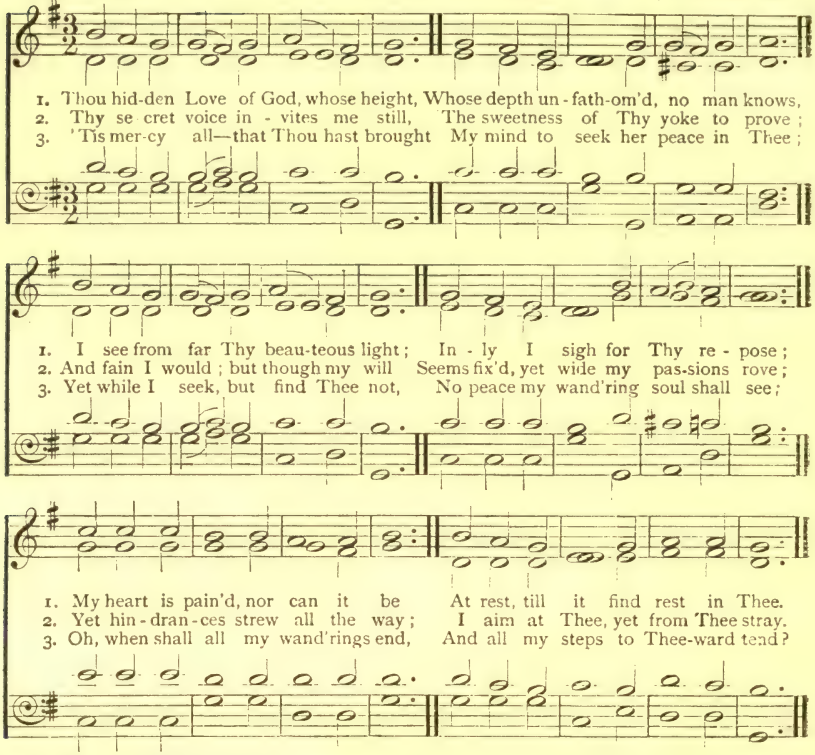


3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4. Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

No. 15. Thou Hidden Love of God.

TERSTEEGEN. ST. CATHERINE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. J. G. WALTON.



4. Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

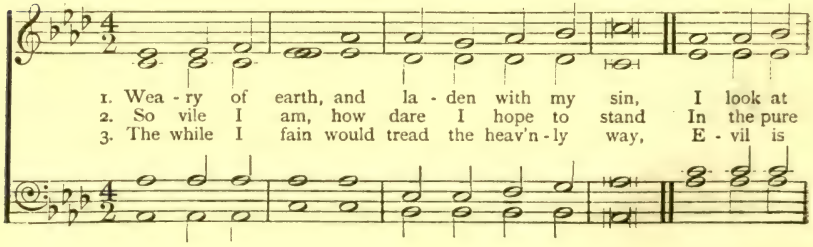
5. Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

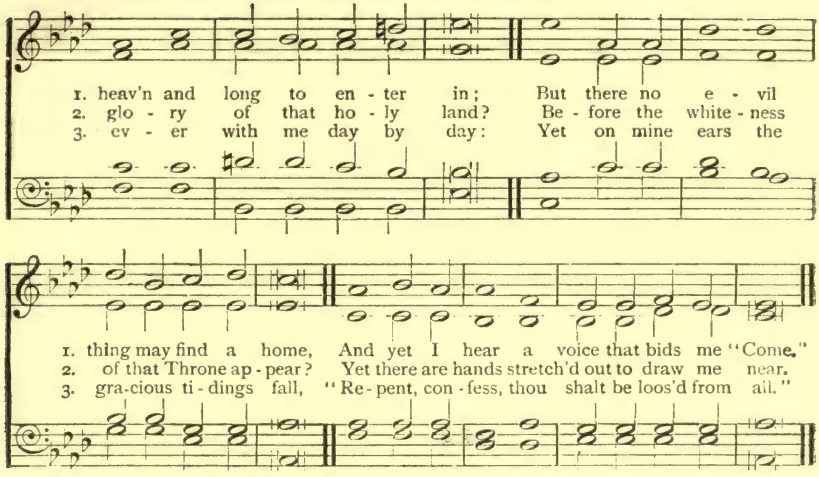
6. O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

7. Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am Thy Love, Thy God, Thy all";
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

No. 16. Weary of Earth, and Laden.

S. J. STONE. ELLERS. 10.10.10.10. DR. E. J. HOPKINS.
From "Book of Praise," by per.





4. It is the voice of Jesus that I hear; [near,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

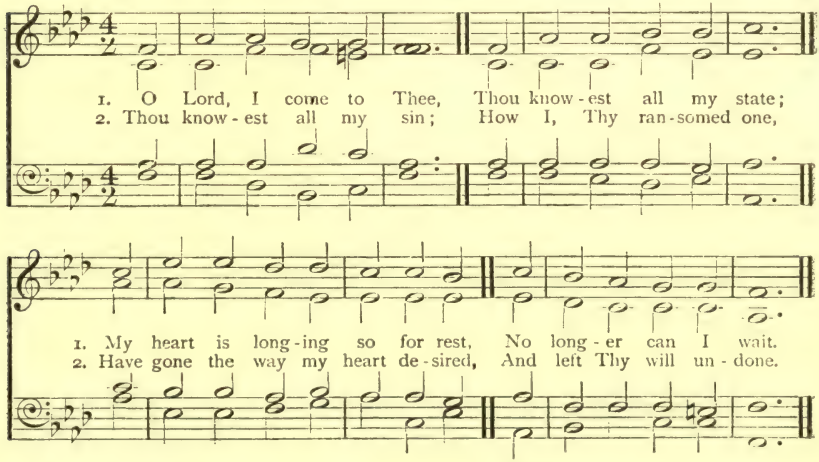
5. 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6. Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown; [down.
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid

7. Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like ointment sweet, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love!

No. 17. O Lord, I Come to Thee!

ANNIE W. MARSTON. SOUTHWELL. S.M. DENHAM'S Psalter.



3. Lord, Thou canst work in me
The will to do Thy will;
And Thou canst work in me to work,
Thy pleasure to fulfil.

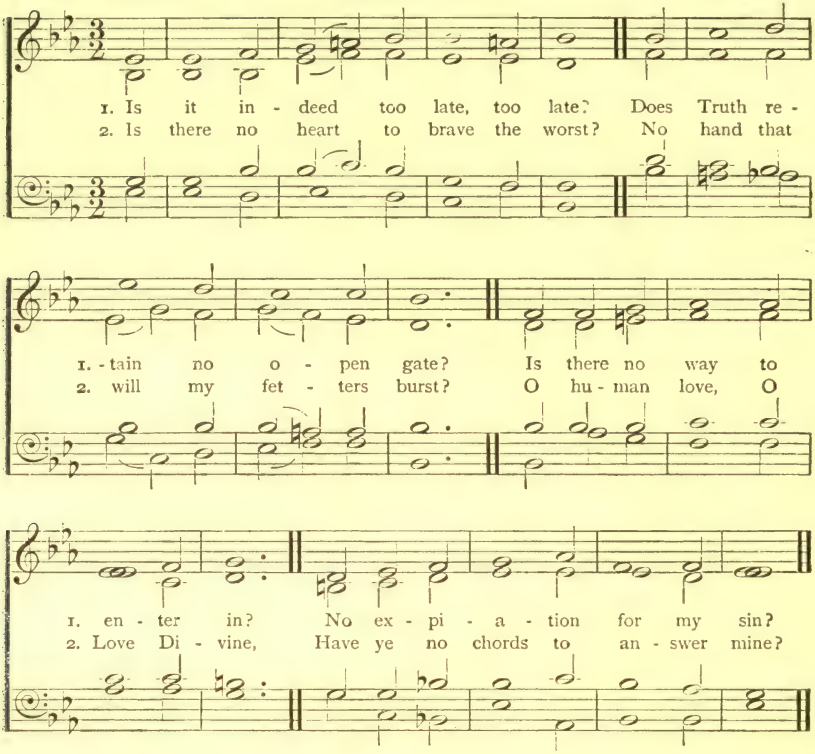
4. In utter lack of strength
Into Thine arms I fall;
For if Thou dost not hold me up,
I cannot stand at all.

5. Thine everlasting arms
Will never let me go;
The arms of Him who fainteth not
Can never weary grow.

6. Lord, Thou wilt take me now;
I trust myself to Thee,
That as Thy will is done in heaven
It may be done in me.

No. 18. Is it Indeed too Late?

LUCY A. BENNETT. ANGELUS. L.M. G. JOSEPH.



3. O smitten Rock, Thy sacred cleft
Invites—no other refuge left;
Though none had tenderness beside,
In Thy great tenderness I hide.

4. Here, from the sacred crimson stream,
The broad bright belts of mercy gleam;
Here, from the deepest depths of shame,
Is found forgiveness through the Name.

5. Give me, O living Bread, to feed
On Thee, and satisfy my need;
Touch with Thy pierced hand my chain,
And not a fetter shall remain.

6. O Lord of lords, O Light of light,
Faith climbs to Thee from death's dark night;
Thyself the antidote of care,
The sweet "Amen" to life's long prayer.

No. 19. I Thirst, Thou Wounded Lamb of God.

1. I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2. Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3. How blest are they who still abide
Close-sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4. What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

5. Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

Dessler.

No. 20. My God, my Father, dost Thou Call?

1. My God, my Father, dost Thou call
Thy long-lost wandering child to Thee?
And can'st Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?
I come, I come, Lord, save Thou me!

2. O Jesus, art Thou passing by
With all Thy goodness, grace, and power?
And dost Thou hear my broken cry?
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

3. O Holy Spirit, is it Thou,
My tenderest Friend, refused too long?
And art Thou pleading, striving now?
I come, I come, make weakness strong!

4. Yes, Lord, I come; Thy heart of love
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine;
I cast me at Thy feet to prove
The bliss, the heaven, of being Thine.

Bishop Bickersteth, by per.

No. 21. Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to me.

P. GERHARDT. PATER OMNIUM. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see—
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4. In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

No. 22. Search me, O God!

REV. F. BOTTOME. C.M. G. FRANC.

Slow.



3. Throw light into the darkened cells,
Where passion reigns within;
Quicken my conscience till it feels
The loathsomeness of sin.

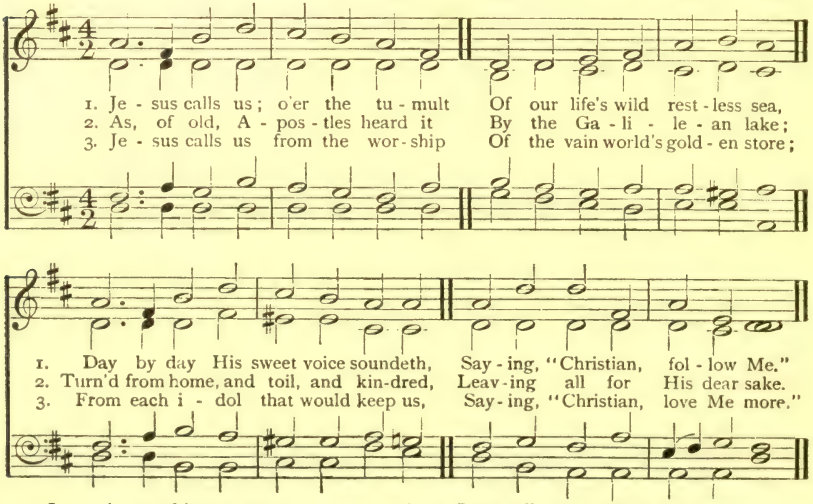
4. Search all my thoughts, the secret springs,
The motives that control;
The chambers where polluted things
Hold empire o'er the soul.

5. Search, till Thy fiery glance has cast
Its holy light through all,
And I by grace am brought at last
Before Thy face to fall.

6. Thus prostrate I shall learn of Thee,
What now I feebly prove,
That God alone in Christ can be
Unutterable love!

No. 23. Jesus calls us; o'er the Tumult.

C. F. ALEXANDER. ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



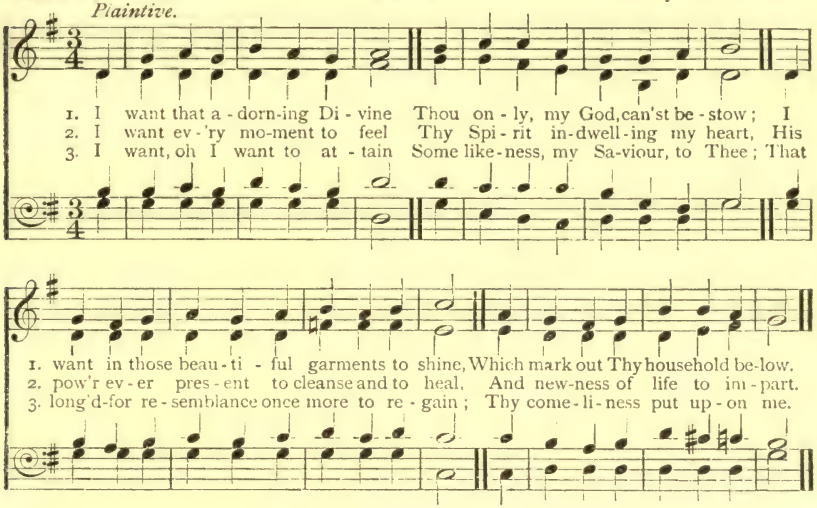
4. In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5. Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 24. I want that Adorning Divine.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 8.8.11.8. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Plaintive.

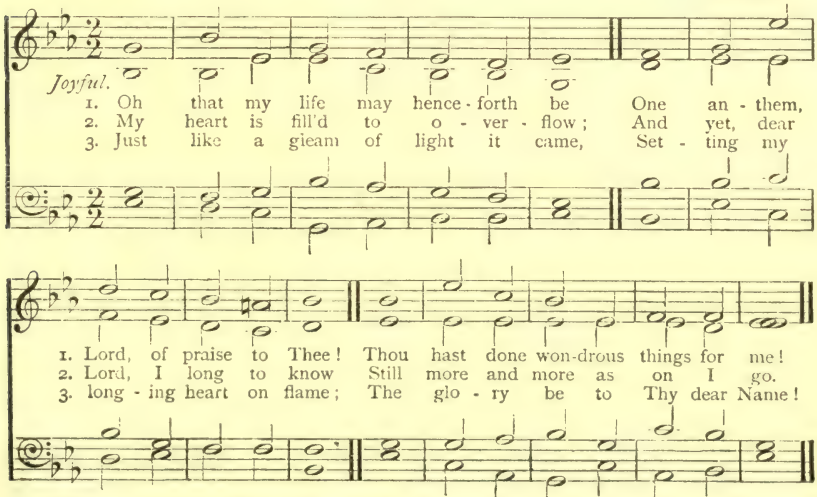


4. I want to be marked for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
And have that "new name" on the mystic white stone,
Which none but Thyself can declare.

5. I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,
And breathe out in faith my last sigh!

No. 25. Oh! that my Life may henceforth be.

E. H. T. 8.8.8. F. R. HAVERGAL.



4. A light that naught on earth can mar;
A light that shineth from afar—
A beautiful attracting star!

5. Drawing my heart from all to Thee,
From self and sin's dark tyranny,
To fuller joy and liberty.

6. It is enough. I ask no more:
I rest on Thine Almighty power!
And Thou wilt keep me from this hour

7. I have committed all to Thee!
Thou shalt be glorified in me,
And Thine shall be the victory!

No. 26. Wearied in the Strife of Sin.

INFANTS' PRAYER. 7.7.7.7.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP BICKERSTETH, by per. H. J. E. HOLMES.



4. Resting in His love, forgiven,
Thoughts will come of home and heaven;
Listen, look, I hear, I see!
Jesus crowned, and crowned for me.

5. Listen to His mighty prayer;
He would have me with Him there,
With the saints before His throne,
Clothed in glory like His own.

6. Look, He reigns for ever now!
Many crowns are on His brow;
By His Father's side adored—
Priest and King, and God and Lord.

7. Yea, Amen; Thy will be done—
All my prayers are breathed in one;
Jesus, let me rest in Thee,
Crucified and crowned for me.

No. 27. O Love that Casts out Fear!

REV. DR. H. BONAR. ORIENT. 6.6.6.6. R. H. BOYS.



4. Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

5. Praise to the Father give,
The Spirit and the Son;
Praise for the mighty love
Of the great Three in One.

No. 28. O Love Divine, how Sweet Thou art!

REV. C. WESLEY. PEMBROKE. 8.8.6.8.8.6. J. FOSTER.



3. God only knows the love of God:
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part!

4. Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

No. 29. Come, Jesus, Lord, with Holy Fire!

1. COME, Jesus, Lord; with holy fire!
Come, and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious blood:
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
Since I am born of God.

2. Let nothing now my heart divide,
Since with Thee I am crucified,
And live to God in Thee.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Jesus, my glory be.

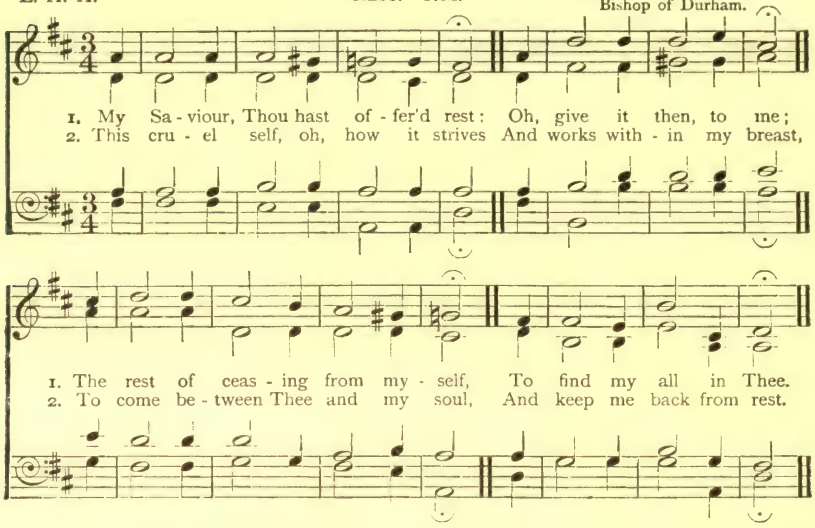
3. Now with a quenchless thirst inspire,
A longing, infinite desire,
And fill my craving heart.
Less than Thyself, oh do not give!
In might Thyself within me live;
Come, all Thou hast and art.

4. My will be swallowed up in Thee,
Light in Thy light still may I see
In Thine unclouded face:
Called the full strength of trust to prove,
Let all my quickened heart be love,
My spotless life be praise.

Rev. C. Wesley.

No. 30. Oh, Give me Rest from Self!

E. H. H. REST. C.M. RIGHT REV. DR. MOULE. Bishop of Durham.



3. How many subtle forms it takes
Of seeming verity,
As if it were not *safe* to rest
And venture all on Thee.

4. O Lord, I seek a holy rest,
A victory over sin!
I seek that Thou alone shouldst reign
O'er all without, within.

5. In Thy strong hand I lay me down,
So shall the work be done:
For who can work so wondrously
As the Almighty One?

6. Work on, then, Lord, till on my soul
Eternal light shall break,
And, in Thy likeness perfected,
I "satisfied" shall wake.

No. 31. Lord, I Believe a Rest remains.

1. LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.

2. A rest, where all our souls desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3. Oh that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4. Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

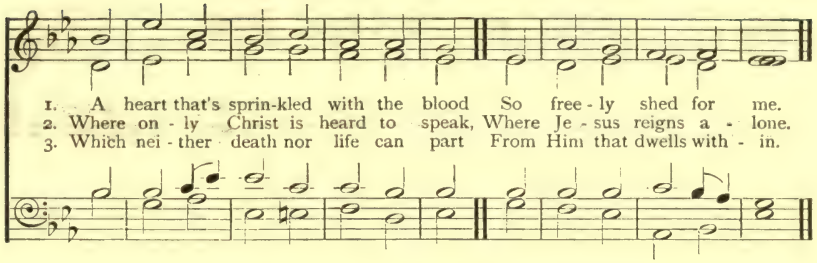
5. I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
And have Thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
I want, and Thee alone!

Rev. C. Wesley.

No. 32. Oh for a Heart to Praise my God!

REV. C. WESLEY. ST. BERNARD. C.M. W. RICHARDSON.





4. A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good—
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 33. When Wounded Sore the Stricken Heart.

1. WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2. When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3. When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4. Jesus, Thy blood can wash us white;
Thy hand brings sure relief;
Thy heart is touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

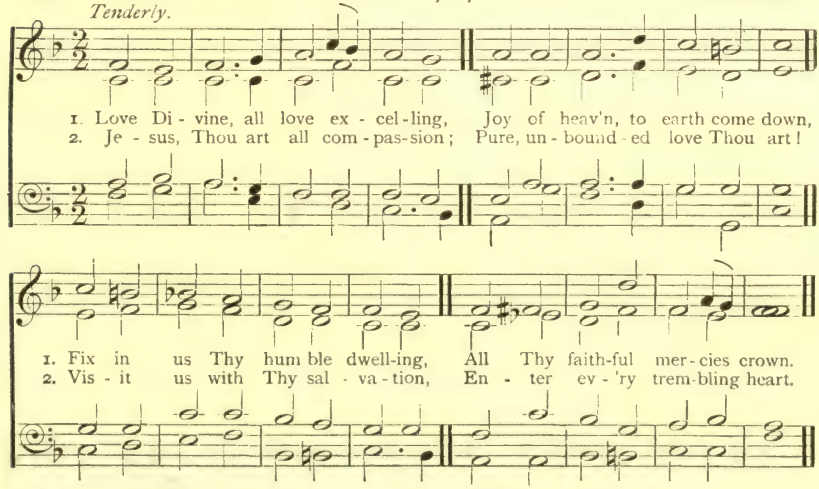
5. Uplift Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

C. F. Alexander.

No. 34. Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

REV. C. WESLEY. SARDIS 8.7.8.7. BEETHOVEN.

Tenderly.



3. Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore Thy temples leave.

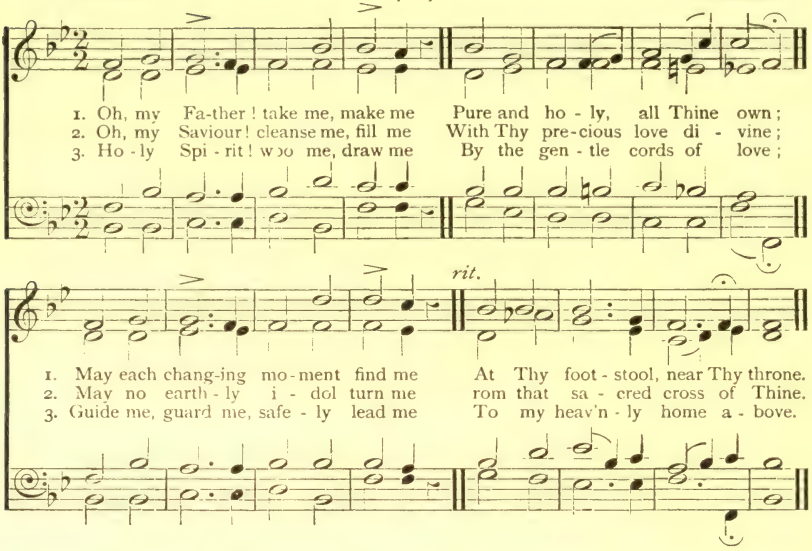
4. Thee would we be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5. Finish, then, Thy new creation!
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee!

6. Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

No. 35. Make me all Thine Own.

H. R. PALMER. 8.7.8.7. G. C. STEBBINS.



No. 36. O Light of light, Shine in!

REV. DR. H. BONAR. 6.6.6.6. W. H. DOANE.



3. O Life of life, pour in!
Expel this death of sin,
Awake true life within;
O Life of life, pour in!

4. O Love of love, flow in!
This hateful root of sin
Pluck up, destroy, within:
O Love of love, flow in!

5. O Heaven of heavens, descend!
This cloudy curtain rend,
And all earth's turmoil end:
O Heaven of heavens, descend!

6. My God and Lord, O come!
Of joys the Joy and Sum,
Make in this heart Thy home:
My God and Lord, O come!

No. 37. Bless'd are the Pure in Heart.

REV. JOHN KEBLE. BOYLSTON S.M. DR. LOWELL MASON.

Moderato.



3. He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4. Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

No. 38. Jesu, my Strength, my Hope!

1. JESU, my Strength, my Hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest prayer.

2. Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3. I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4. I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

5. A spirit e'er prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

6. I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

Rev. C. Wesley.

No. 39. O Everlasting Light!

1. O EVERLASTING Light,
Shine graciously within!
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come shine away my sin.

2. O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age or youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.

3. O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light of day.

4. O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

5. O Everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burthened breast
And every sorrow bear.

6. Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious Name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

Rev. Dr. H. Bonar.

No. 40. Nothing Unclean.

NICHOLSON. P.M., with Refrain. SWENEY.

Moderato.

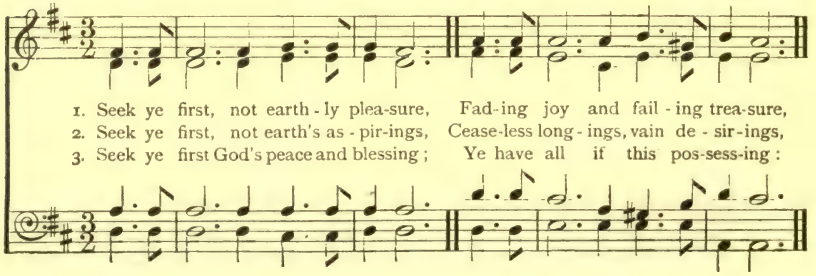


3. Nothing unclean can mortals screen
From the All-seeing eye;
Spirit of God, apply the blood,
Until I hear Thee cry;

4. Nothing unclean! oh, glorious scene!
My heart, washed in the blood,
With rapture thrills, as now it feels
The mighty power of God.

No. 41. Seek ye First.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. PRIUS PETENDAM. 8.8.8.3. THOS. CAIRNS.





4. Seek Him first; then when forgiven,
Pardoned, made an heir of heaven,
Let your life to Him be given:
Seek this first.

5. Seek this first—Be pure and holy;
Like the Master, meek and lowly;
Yielded to His service wholly:
Seek this first.

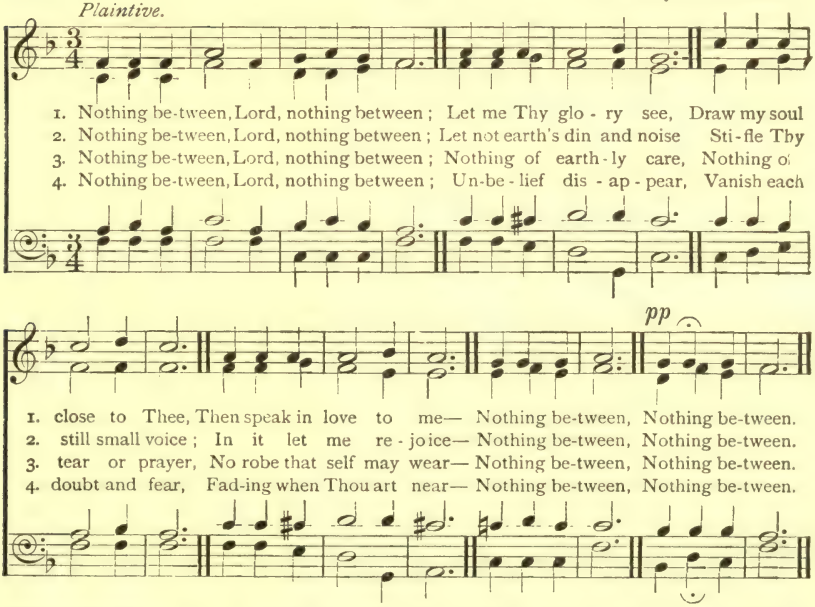
6. Seek the coming of His kingdom;
Seek the souls around, to win them,
Seek to Jesus Christ to bring them:
Seek this first.

7. Seek this first. His promise trying,
It is sure—all need supplying—
Heavenly things (on Him relying)
Seek ye first.

No. 42. Nothing Between.

E. H. H. P.M. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Plaintive.



5. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between;
Shine with unclouded ray,
Chasing each mist away,
O'er my whole heart bear sway—
Nothing between.

6. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between;
Thus may I walk with Thee,
Thee only may I see,
Thine only let me be—
Nothing between.

7. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between;
Till Thine eternal light,
Rising on earth's dark night,
Bursts on my open sight—
Nothing between.

8. Nothing between, Lord, nothing between;
Till, the last conflict o'er,
I stand on Canaan's shore
With Thee for evermore—
Nothing between.

No. 43. There is Sin in the Camp.

P.M. P. P. BLISS.



No. 44. Only for Thee!

ELIZA A. WALKER. P.M. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Moderato.



No. 45. Thine, Lord, for Ever!

W. BENNETT. 5.6.6.4. HUBERT P. MAIN.



4. Thine, Lord, for ever!
Though death shall lay me low,
E'en in that dreadful hour,
Thine, Lord, I know.

5. Thine, Lord, for ever!
When safe before Thy throne
I stand, for evermore
Thine, Thine, alone.

No. 46. Anywhere with Jesus.

REV. R. LOWRY. TECUM DOMINE. P.M. REV. R. LOWRY.

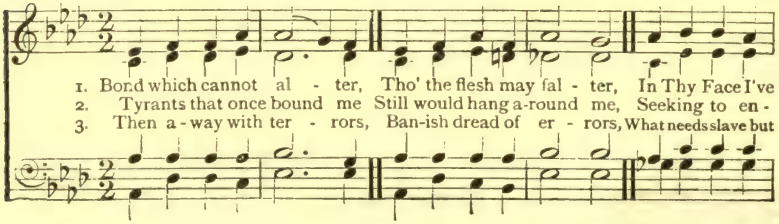


3. Anywhere with Jesus, though He please to bring [ing;
Into floods or fiercest flames, into suffer-
Though He bid me work or wait, only bear for Him, [hyn n.
Anywhere with Jesus, this shall be my

4. Anywhere with Jesus; for it cannot be
Dreary, dark, or desolate, when He is with me;
He will love me to the end, ev'ry need supply;
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.

No. 47. Bond which cannot alter.

J. ROCKE. DOULOS. 6 6. 11. 6. 6. 11. P. SKENE.



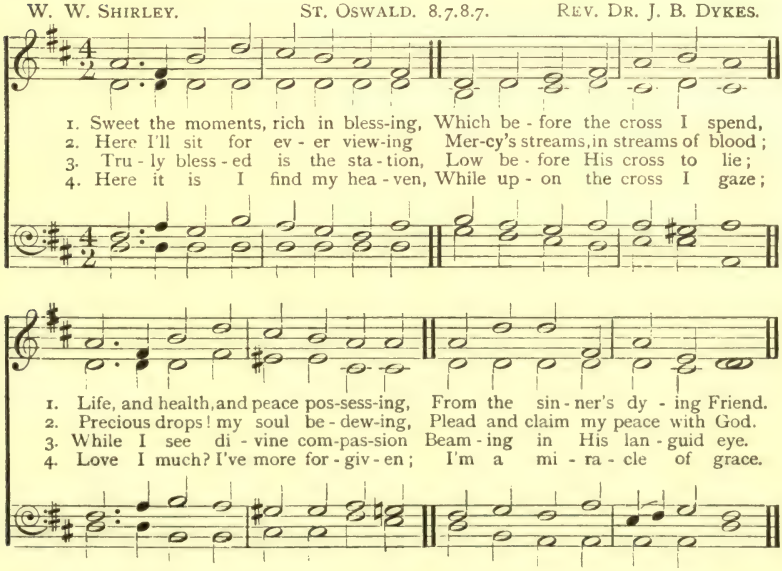


4. Some task Thou may'st set me
Hard, or quick to fret me, [obey ;
Let my heart, unswerving, trust Thee and
Out of present sorrow
Springs a gladder morrow, [my way.
Love that bled to save me, Love plans all

5. Whether in lone by-ways,
Or on thronging highways, [word,
Be my post of service, at Thy call and
Let me still be showing,
Both in word and doing,
My one aim and glory is to please my Lord.

No. 48. Sweet the moments.

W. W. SHIRLEY. ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



5. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

6. May I still enjoy this feeling ;
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

No. 49. Thou dear Redeemer, I am Thine.

LUCY A. BENNETT. EAGLEY. C.M. J. WALCH.



3. For ever and for ever Thine,
Eternally allied
To Him who bought me by His blood,
To Jesus crucified.

4. My very soul is hushed to rest
As at Thy feet I bow;
Let heaven and earth alike behold
Thy seal upon me now.

5. Yet never in succeeding days
My hope or rest shall be
Upon the sweetly solemn words
My lips have breathed to Thee.

6. 'Tis on Thine own eternal oath
My spirit shall recline,
For Thou, O blessèd One, to me
Hast whispered, "Thou art Mine."

No. 50. Come enter, Lord, and take Thy rest.

1. COME enter, Lord, and take Thy rest,
Thou and Thy ark of strength;
And make the temple of my breast
Thy dwelling-place at length.

2. My life, my goods, myself I yield
A cheerful sacrifice;
No fond desire that lay concealed
But on Thine altar dies.

3. I will be Thine, with all my powers,
My mem'ry, mind, and will,
And all my consecrated hours
Thy service to fulfil.

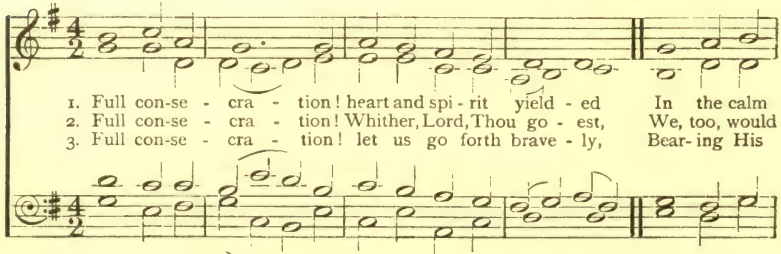
4. I know how poor and worthless all,
How weak the hand I lift;
But where the sprinkled blood shall fall,
It sanctifies the gift.

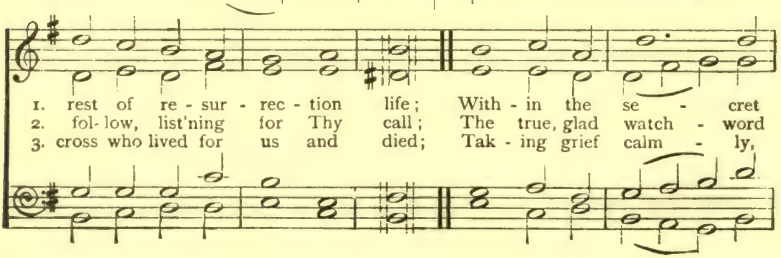
5. 'Tis done!—but wilt Thou condescend
To make my heart Thy home?
Call me, a sinful worm, Thy friend?
Lord Jesus, quickly come!

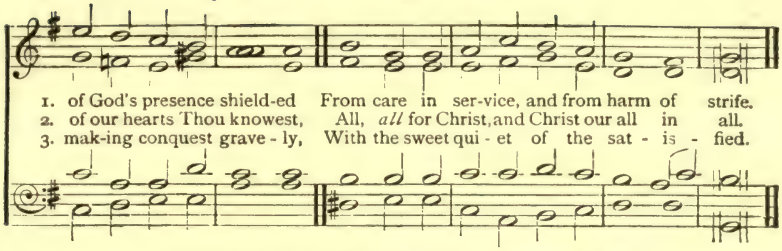
Rev. F. Bottome.

No. 51. Full Consecration.

E. S. ELLIOTT. EIRENE. 11.10.11.10. F. R. HAVERGAL.



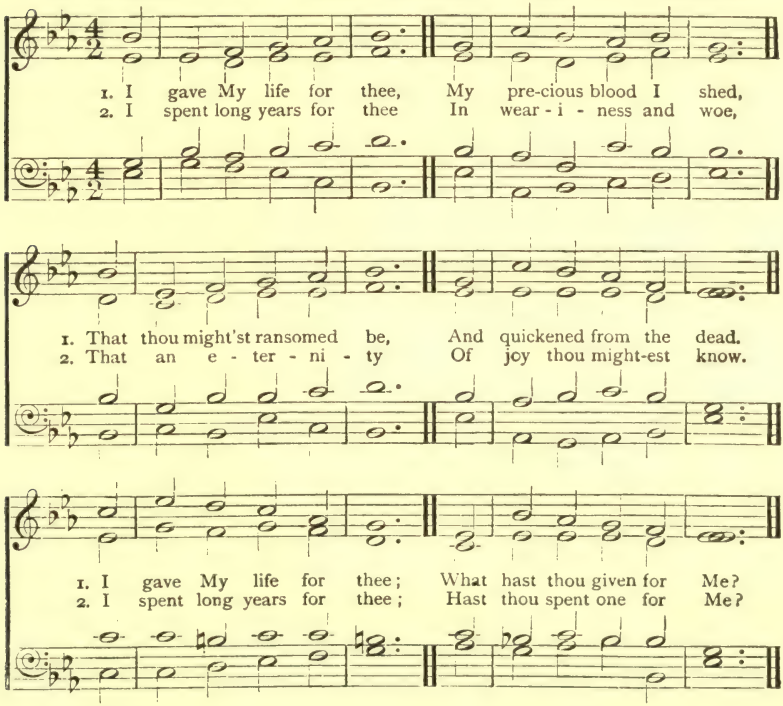




4. Thine, Lord, for ever! Keep us, we implore Thee,
Yielded to Thee as risen from the dead;
Each in his priestly white to walk before Thee,
Thy consecration ever on his head.

No. 52. I gave My Life for thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL. BACA. 6.6.6.6.6.6. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



3. My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee;
Hast Thou left aught for Me?

4. I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee;
What canst thou bear for Me?

5. And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?

6. Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
I gave Myself for thee;
Give thou thyself to Me.

No. 53. None of Self, and All of Thee.

PASTEUR THEOD. MONOD. 8.7.8.8.7. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

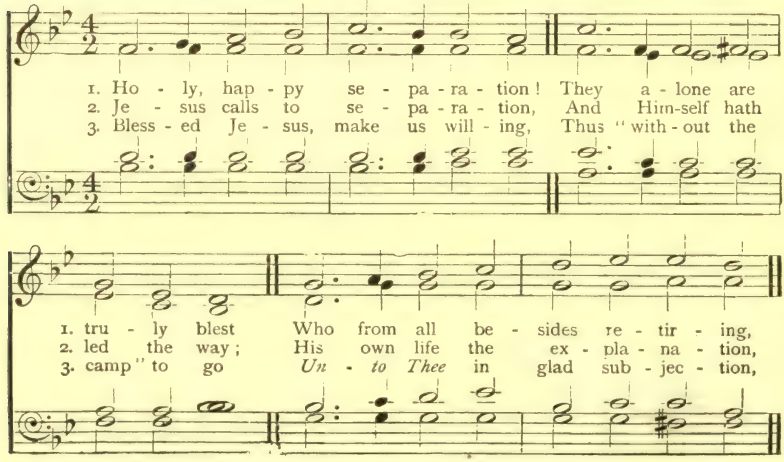


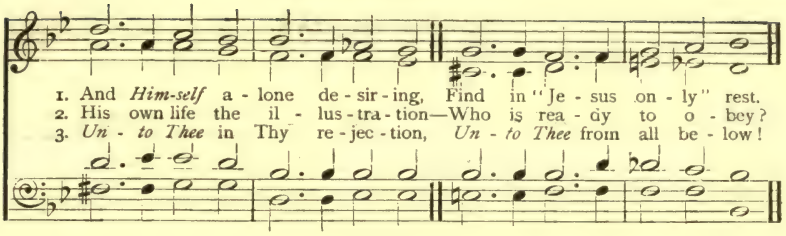
3. Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower while I whispered,—
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

4. Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
Grant me now my soul's petition,—
"None of self, and all of Thee."

No. 54. Holy, Happy Separation!

LUCY A. BENNETT. ST. JUDE. 8.7.8.8.7. DR. CHARLES VINCENT.





4. Separate from all that grieves Thee,
"Separate from sinners" too;
Yet, like Thee, for sinners caring,
And, like Thee, with sinners bearing,
Asking, "What would Jesus do?"

5. *Unto Thee!* Belovèd Master,
Nearer, nearer let us be:
Unto Thee in consecration,
Unto Thee in separation,—
Ever, only, *unto Thee!*

No. 55. In the cleansèd temple.

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD. ZADOK. 6.5.6.5. D. C. H. FORREST.



4. When from dawn to sunset
Christ shall worshipped be,
And the same pure offering
Every place shall see,
When again He cometh
Who has tarried long,—
Then shall peal the welcome
Of the glad new song.

5. Grant us, blessèd Master,
So to yield to Thee
Body, soul, and spirit,
Our burnt-offering free,—
That in Thine own temple,
With the white-robed throng,
We may join for ever
In the glad new song.

No. 56. Living to God.

REV. C. WESLEY. PETRA. 7.7.7.7.7.7. R. REDHEAD.

Quietly.



3. If so poor a worm as I,
May to Thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for Thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4. Take my soul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart—but make it new!

No. 57. Jesus, Master, Whose I am.

1. JESUS, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2. Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3. Jesus, Master, Whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

4. Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be,
In Thy service, glad and free.

F. R. Havergal.

No. 58. My glorious Victor, Prince Divine.

STAINCLIFFE. L.M.

The RIGHT REV. DR. MOULE, Bishop of Durham. R. W. DIXON, J.P.



3. Yes, ear and hand, and thought and will,
Use all in Thy dear slav'ry still!
Self's weary liberties I cast
Beneath Thy feet; there keep them fast.

4. Tread them still down; and then I know,
These hands shall with Thy gifts o'erflow;
And pierced ears shall hear the tone
Which tells me Thou and I are one.

No. 59. Lord, I was blind, I could not see.

1. LORD, I was blind! I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace,
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2. Lord, I was deaf! I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice:
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear!

3. Lord, I was dumb! I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

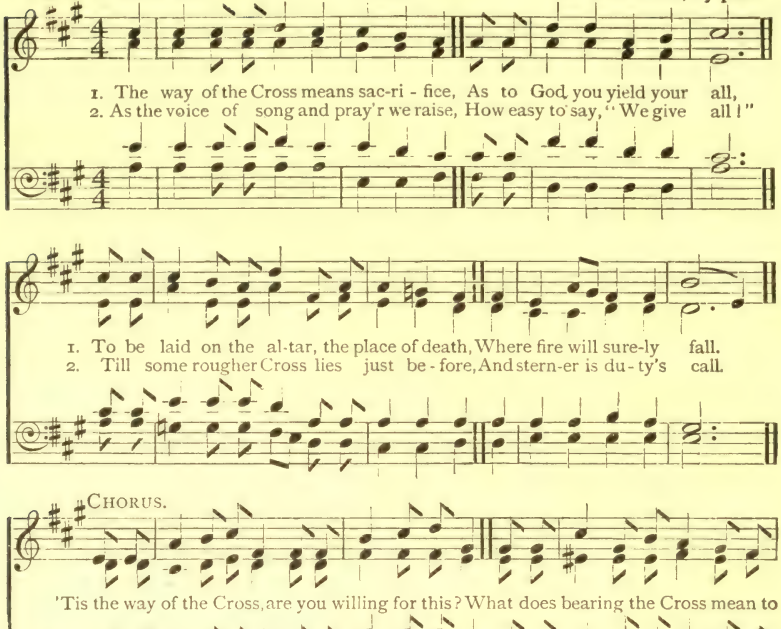
4. Lord, I was dead! I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee:
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5. For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and, lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

Rev. W. T. Matson.

No. 60. The way of the Cross.

MARY E. MAXWELL. P.M. ADA ROSE, by per.



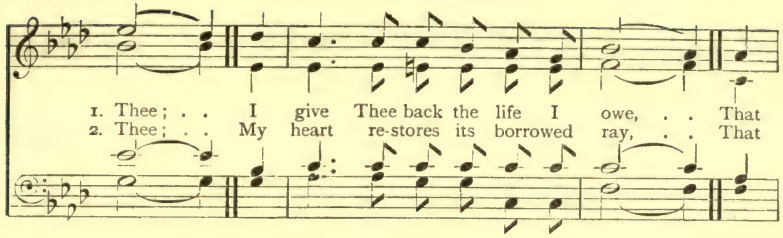
3. Do you falter then, or, true to death,
Just die on the Cross in the way,
Till the fulness of life from the Living One
Is filling you day by day?

4. 'Tis the plan of life—for you die to live—
One with Jesus crucified;
With the life alone to be lived thro' you,
Of the risen, the glorified!

No. 61. O Love, that will not let me go.

REV. DR. GEO. MATHESON. ST. MARGARET'S. 8.8.8.8.6. DR. A. L. PEACE.





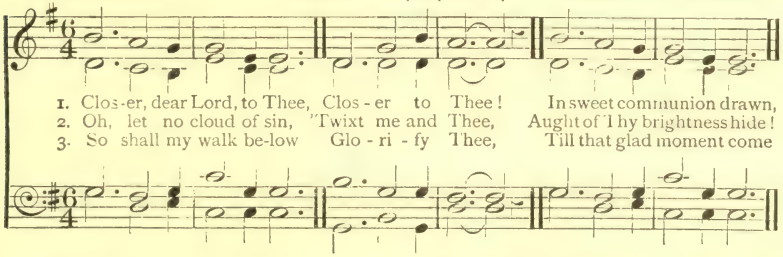


3. O Joy, that seeketh me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

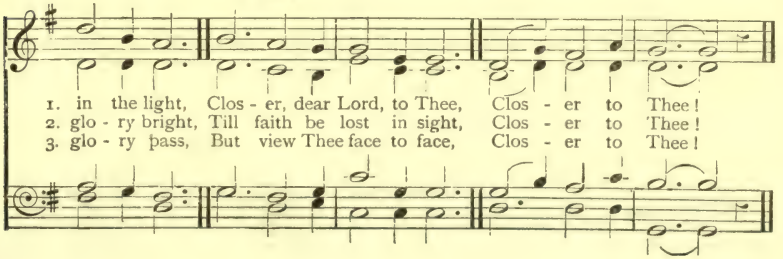
4. O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

No. 62. Closer, dear Lord, to Thee.

G. M. TAYLOR. BETHANY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. DR. LOWELL MASON.







No. 63. Not I, but Christ.

A. A. W. 11.10.11.10, with Refrain. C. H. FORREST.



4. Not I, but Christ, my every need supplying,
Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be;
Christ, only Christ, for spirit, soul, and body,
Christ, only Christ, live then Thy life in me.

5. Christ, only Christ, ere long will fill my vision,
Glory excelling soon, full soon I'll see;
Christ, only Christ, my every wish fulfilling—
Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be.

No. 64. Lower and lower.

10. 10. 10. 10, with Refrain.

E. E. HEWITT. *Copyright.* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 65. My All is on the Altar.

MRS. JAMES. 7.6.7.6, with Refrain. MRS. KNAPP.

Very slow.

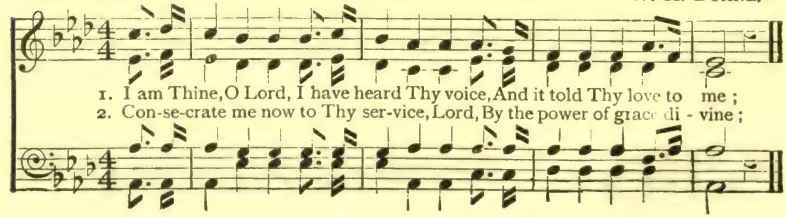


4. Oh, blissful self-surrender,
To live, my Lord, by Thee!
Now, Son of God, my Saviour,
Live out Thy life in me.

5. I'm Thine, O blessèd Jesus,
Washed in Thy precious blood,
Sealed by Thy Holy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

No. 66. I am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY CROSBY. P.M. W. H. DOANE.





3. Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4. There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

No. 67. Ready.

A. C. PALMER. C.M. C. H. FORREST.

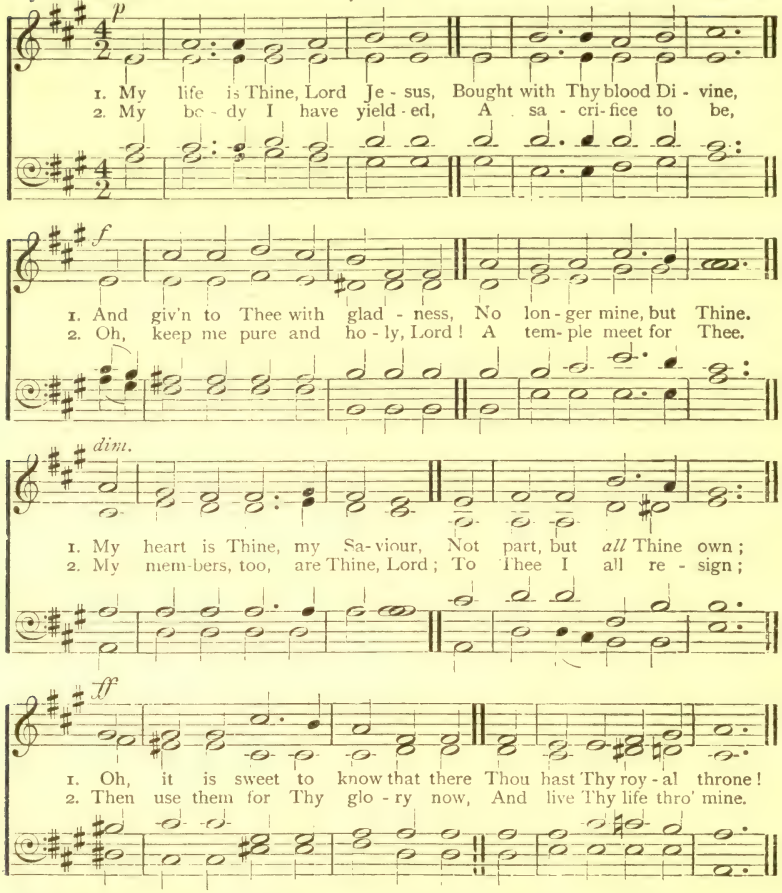


4. Ready to speak, ready to think,
Ready with heart and brain;
Ready to start when He sees fit,
Ready to share the strain.

5. Ready to seek, ready to warn,
Ready o'er souls to yearn;
Ready in life, ready in death,
Ready for His return.

No. 68. My Life is Thine, Lord Jesus.

J. WOODFALL. 7.6.8.6. D. Anon.

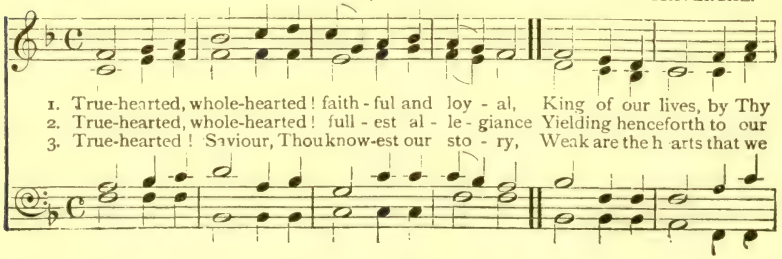


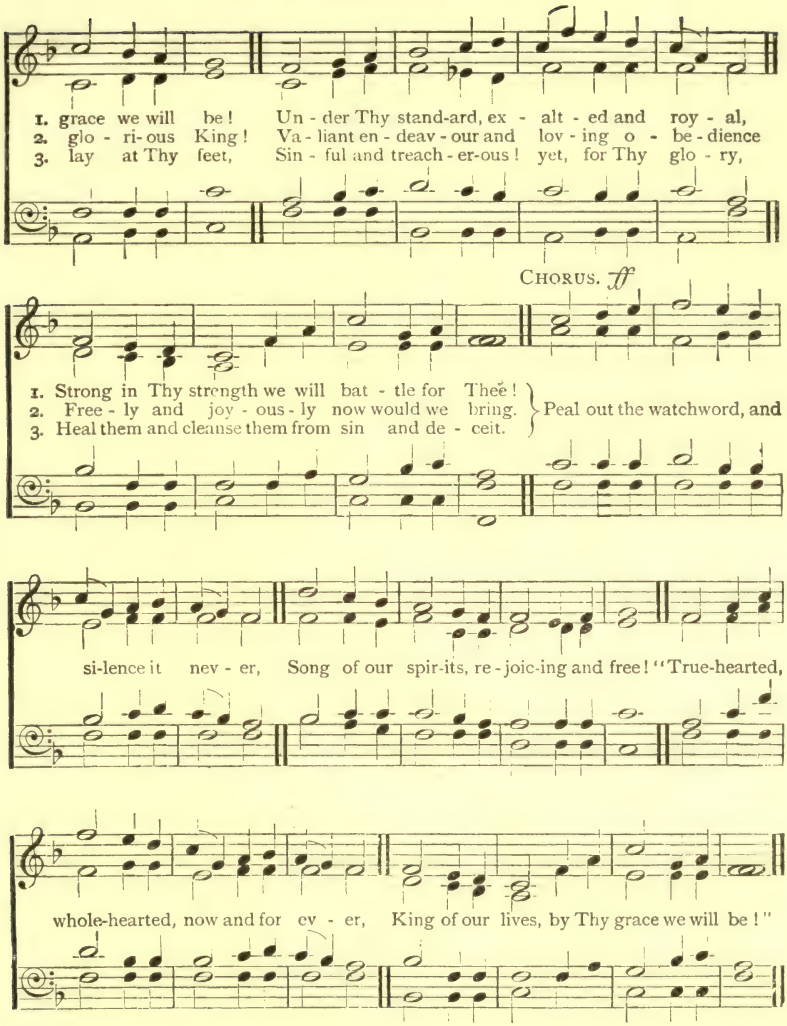
3. My house is Thine, Lord Jesus,
And all that I possess;
Use it for whatsoe'er Thou wilt,
Thou comest but to bless.
The gold that came from Thee, Lord,
To Thee belongeth still;
Oh, may I always faithfully
My stewardship fulfil!

4. Yea, everything is Thine, Lord,
Let this my portion be—
That I have nothing of my own,
And yet have all in Thee.
And make my life, Lord Jesus,
Brightly for Thee to shine:
That word and deed, that look and tone,
May witness I am Thine.

No. 69. True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

F. R. H. 11.10.11.10, with Refrain. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.





4. Whole-hearted! Saviour, beloved and glorious, [alone,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou
Over our wills and affections victorious—
Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.

5. *Half*-hearted, *false*-hearted! Heed we the warning!
Only the whole can be perfectly true;
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

6. Half-hearted! Saviour, shall ought be withholden,
Giving Thee part Who hast given us all?
Blessings outpouring, and promises golden
Pledging, with never reserve or recall!

7. Half-hearted? Master, shall any who know Thee, [down Thine own?
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid
Nay! we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

8. Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abounding?—
"True-hearted, whole-hearted!" ringing again.

9. Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above!
Brethren, dear brethren, in gathering chorus, [love!
Peal out the watchword of courage and

No. 70. Make me a captive, Lord.

REV. DR. G. MATHESON. LEOMINSTER. D.S.M. G. W. MARTIN.

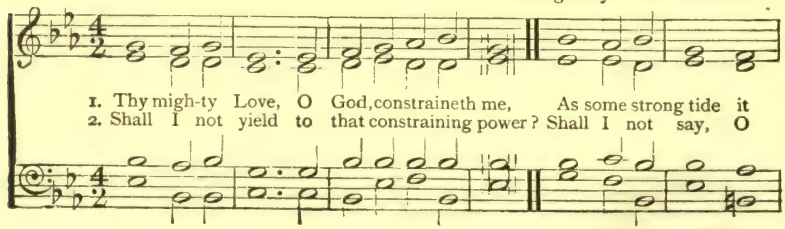


3. My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve:
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

4. My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach the monarch's throne
It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.

No. 71. Loving, because God loved.

E. MAY GRIMES. RIBER. 10s. C. S. BEATSON.
Arranged by G. B. BRAMLEY.





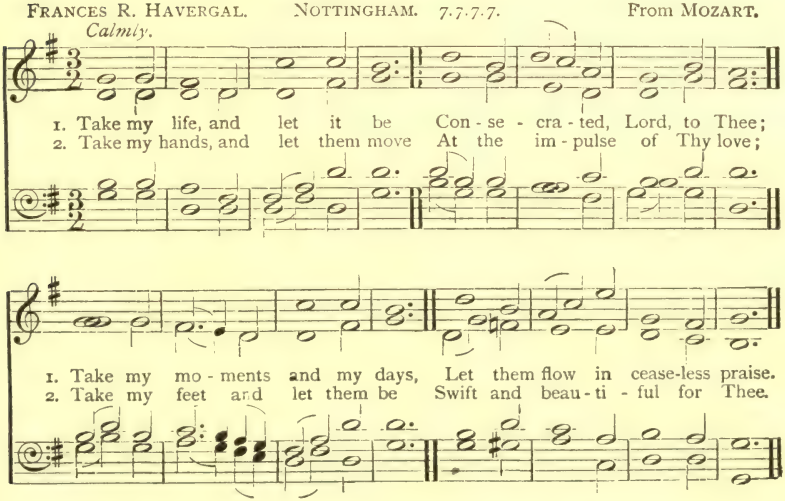
3. Break through my nature, mighty, heavenly Love,
Clear every avenue of thought and brain,
Flood my affections, purify my will,
Let nothing but Thine own pure life remain.

4. Thus wholly mastered and possessed by God,
Forth from my life, spontaneous and free,
Shall flow a stream of tenderness and grace—
Loving, because God loved, eternally.

No. 72. Full Consecration.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. NOTTINGHAM. 7.7.7.7. From MOZART.

Calmly.



3. Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4. Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Ev'ry power as Thou shalt choose.

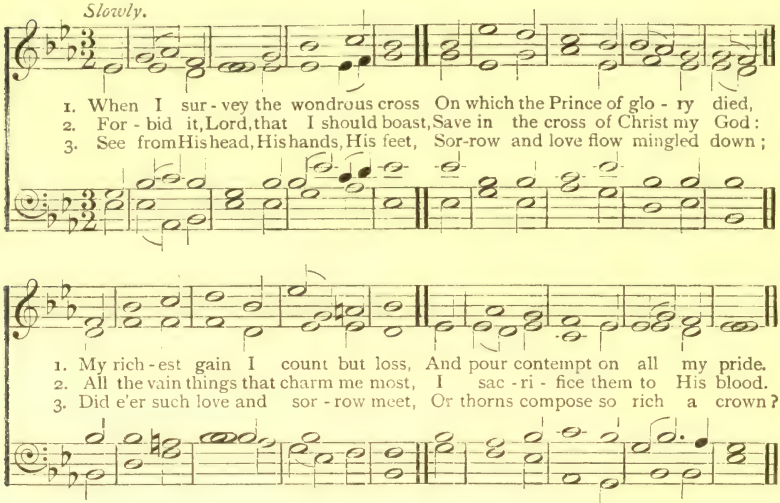
5. Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart; it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store,
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

No. 73. When I survey the wondrous Cross.

DR. WATTS. ROCKINGHAM. L.M. DR. MILLAR.

Slowly.



4. His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

No. 74. Thine for ever.

NEWINGTON. 7.7.7.7.

MARY F. MAUDE. By permission of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

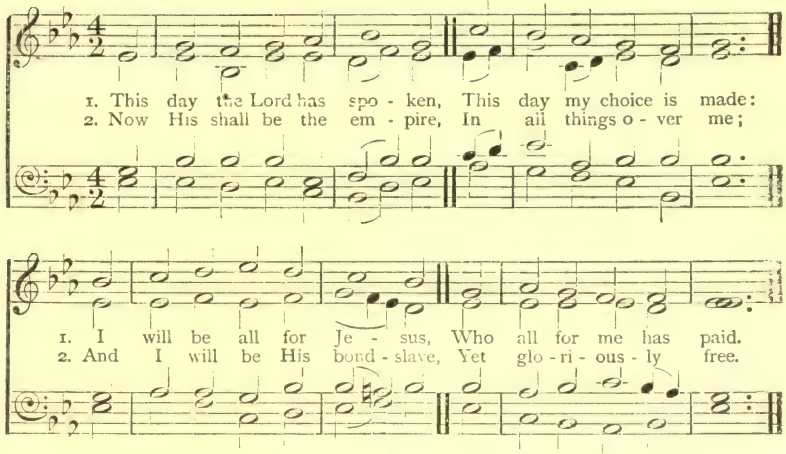


4. Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5. Thine for ever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

No. 75. This day the Lord hath spoken.

ANNIE W. MARSTON. BREMEN. 7.6.7.6. M. VULPIUS.



3. From henceforth, owning nothing,
I cannot lose at all:
I cannot well be poorer,
Whatever may befal.

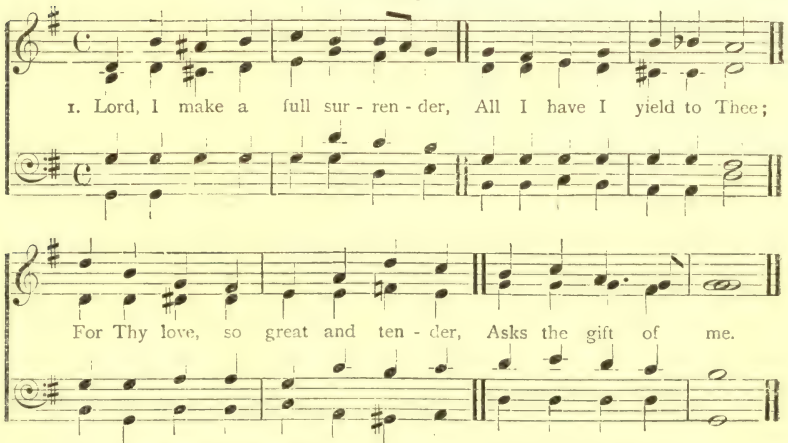
4. Yet could I not be richer,
If I the world should gain;
For heav'n and earth shall perish,
But Jesus will remain.

5. And He will be my treasure,
And He my boundless store;
And those who live on Jesus,
Will never hunger more.

6. Though I am utter weakness,
In Him I shall prevail;
And though my love may falter
Yet His will never fail.

No. 76. Full Surrender.

8.7.8.5.



2. Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own,
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

3. Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly now no longer mine:
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.

4. Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear, this hour, the sacred vow!
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

5. Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I have given my all to God;
And I now have full salvation,
Through the precious blood.

No. 77. O Jesus! I have promised.

JOHN E. BODE. AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. DR. S. S. WESLEY.
From "The European Psalter," by per.



3. Oh let me hear Thee speaking,
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh speak! to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
Oh speak! to make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4. Oh let me see Thy features,
The look that once could make
So many a true disciple
Leave all things for Thy sake:
The look that beamed on Peter
When he Thy name denied;
The look that draws Thy lovers
Close to Thy pierced side.

5. O Jesus! Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Oh give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

6. Oh let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

No. 78. Jesus, I my cross have taken.

REV. H. F. LYTE. 8.7.8.7, with Refrain.



3. Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too—
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

4. And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me:
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

5. Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

6. Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

No. 79. I love, I love my Master.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. HAPPY PILGRIMS. 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.
Written expressly for this work.

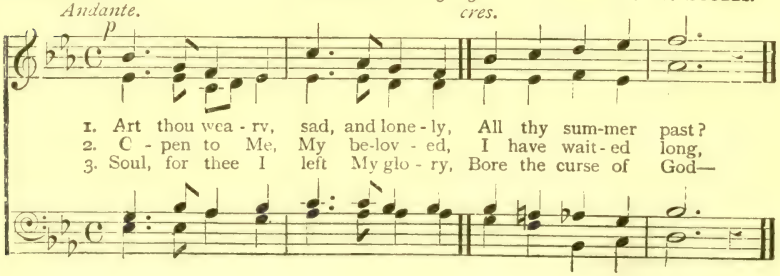


2. My Master shed His life-blood
My vassal life to win,
And save me from the bondage
Of tyrant self and sin.
He chose me for His service,
And gave me power to choose
That blessèd, perfect freedom,
Which I shall never lose.

3. I would not halve my service,
His only it must be!
His *only*—Who so loved me,
And gave Himself for me.
Rejoicing and adoring,
Henceforth my song shall be,—
"I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free!"

No. 80. The last knock.

TERSTEEGEN. EVENFALL. 8.5.8.5. M. W. STUBBS.





4. Soul, for thee I died dishonoured
As a felon dies;
For thou wert the pearl all priceless
In thy Saviour's eyes.

5. Soul, for thee I rose victorious,
Glad that thou art free;
Entered heaven in triumph glorious,
Heaven I won for thee.

6. Sorrow, sin, and desolation,
These thy claim to me:
Love that won thee full salvation,
This My claim to thee.

7. Soul, I knock, I stand beseeching,
Turn Me not away;
Heart that craves thee, love that needs thee,
Wilt thou say Me nay?

No. 81. Not by wrestling, but by clinging.

1. NOT by wrestling, but by clinging
Shall we be most blest;
Wrestling only brings us sorrow;
Clinging brings us rest.

2. When we stay our feeble efforts,
And from struggling cease,
Unconditional surrender
Brings us God's own peace.

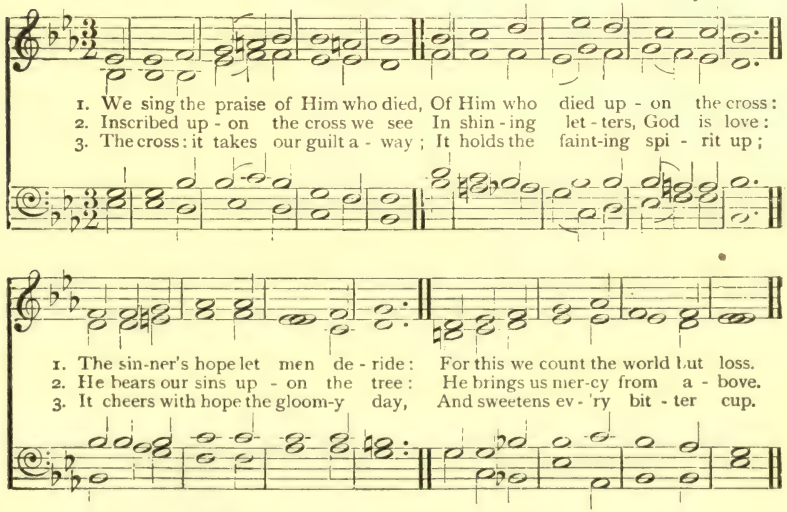
3 Lean we all our weight on Jesus,
Who alone can save;
He by might of love hath triumphed
O'er His willing slave.

4. Yielding, we shall know true conquest,
Dying, we shall live,
"Not my will, but Thine" prevaileth,
Victory to give.

J. H. Stuart.

No. 82. We sing the praise of Him who died.

T. KELLY. ANGELUS. L.M. G. JOSEPH.



4. It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5. The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

No. 83. Full Decision for Christ.

R. JUKES. P.M.

Joyfully. *f*

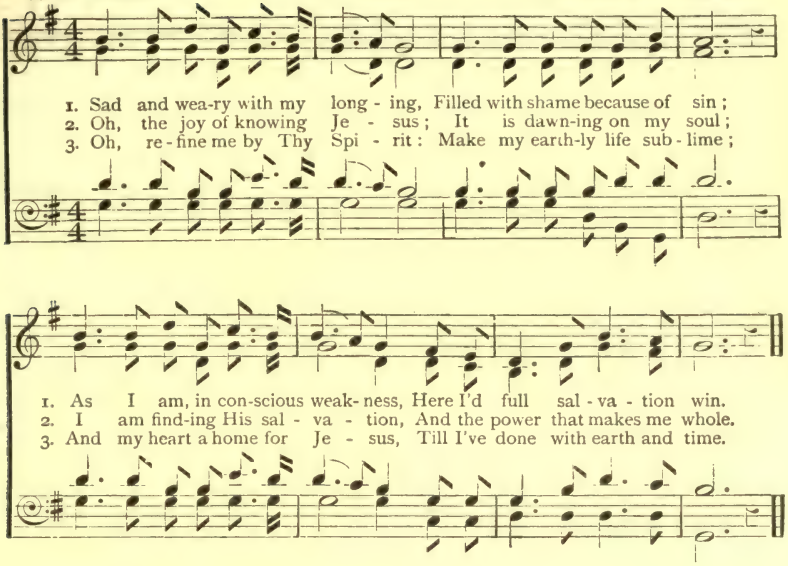


3. Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honours perish in a day;
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

4. In pining sickness, or in health,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
In deepest poverty or wealth,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
And in that all-important day,
When I the summons must obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

No. 84. Sad and Weary.

B. M. ADAMS. P.M. Arr. from E. T. COFFIN.



CHORUS.



No. 85. I give my heart to Thee.

DR. RAY PALMER. ST. MICHAEL. S.M. From "Day's Psalter."



3. What off'ring can I make
Dear Lord, to love like Thine—
That Thou, the Word, didst stoop to take
A human form like mine?

4. "Give Me thy heart, My son:"
Lord, Thou my heart hast won;
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired.

5. Thy heart is opened wide,
Its offered love most free,
That heart to heart I may abide,
And hide myself in Thee:

6. Ah, how Thy love doth burn,
Till I that love return!
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired.

7. Here finds my heart its rest,
Repose that knows no shock,
The strength of love that keeps it blest
In Thee, the riven Rock:

8. My soul, as girt around,
Her citadel hath found:
I would love Thee as Thou lov'st me,
O Jesus most desired.

No. 86. My Saviour's call I hear.

1. My Saviour's call I hear,
"Stand forth, that I may bless;
Thy withered hand, thy lack of power,
Thy every need confess."

2. Confessing all my need,
Before Thee now I stand,
And hear Thy Voice ring strong and clear,
"Stretch forth thy withered hand."

3. By faith I bring Thee now,
My lack of power and skill,
My withered hopes, my fruitless work,
My weak and wayward will.

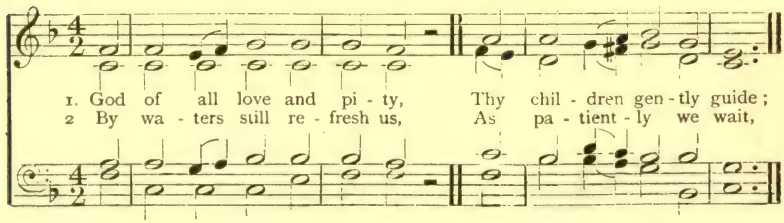
4. Thy cleansing Blood now flows
O'er all the dreary past,
Abundantly Thy life is mine,
Eternally to last.

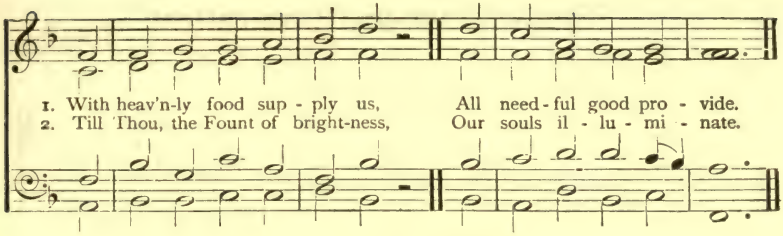
5. Engrafted in the Vine,
Abiding, Lord, in Thee,
Thy power, Thy strength, Thy fruitfulness,
I now believe to see.

Bertha Fennell.

No. 87. God of all Love and Pity.

CAROLINE M. NOEL. KNOCKER. 7.6.7.6. CONRAD KNOCKER.





3. Our wishes and affections,
Our impulses and pow'rs,
We yield unto Thy guidance;
For they are Thine, not ours.

4. Our spirits we surrender,
Our purposes resign,
To be conformed for ever
Unto the Will Divine.

5. With strong attraction draw us
Unto Thyself alone,
O King of Saints, and bring us
Unto Thy sapphire throne.

6. And till the morning dawneth
For each tired soul's release,
Sustain us with the brightness
Of Thine own perfect peace.

No. 88. In full and glad surrender.

1. IN full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only,
And evermore to be.

2. O Son of God who lov'st me,
I will be Thine alone,
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3. Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
O make my heart Thy throne!
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

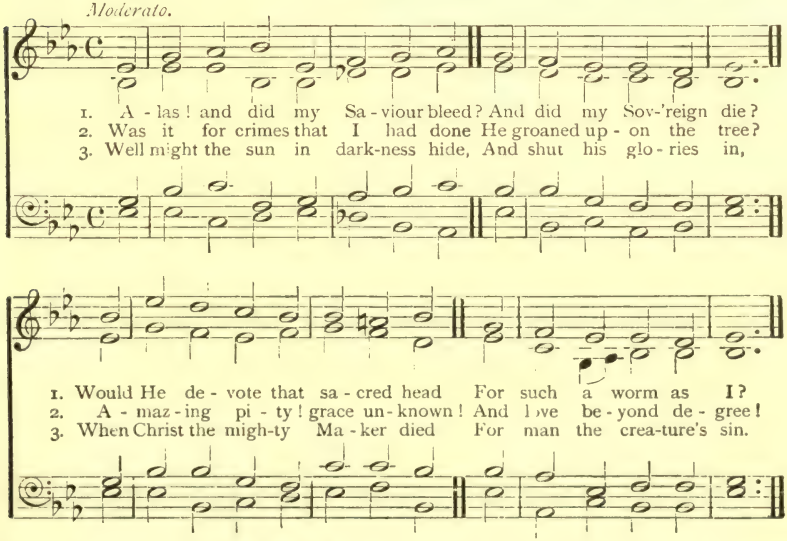
4. Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus;
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King!

Frances R. Havergal.

No. 89. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?

DR. WATTS. DUNDEE. C.M. From "Hart's Psalter."

Moderato.

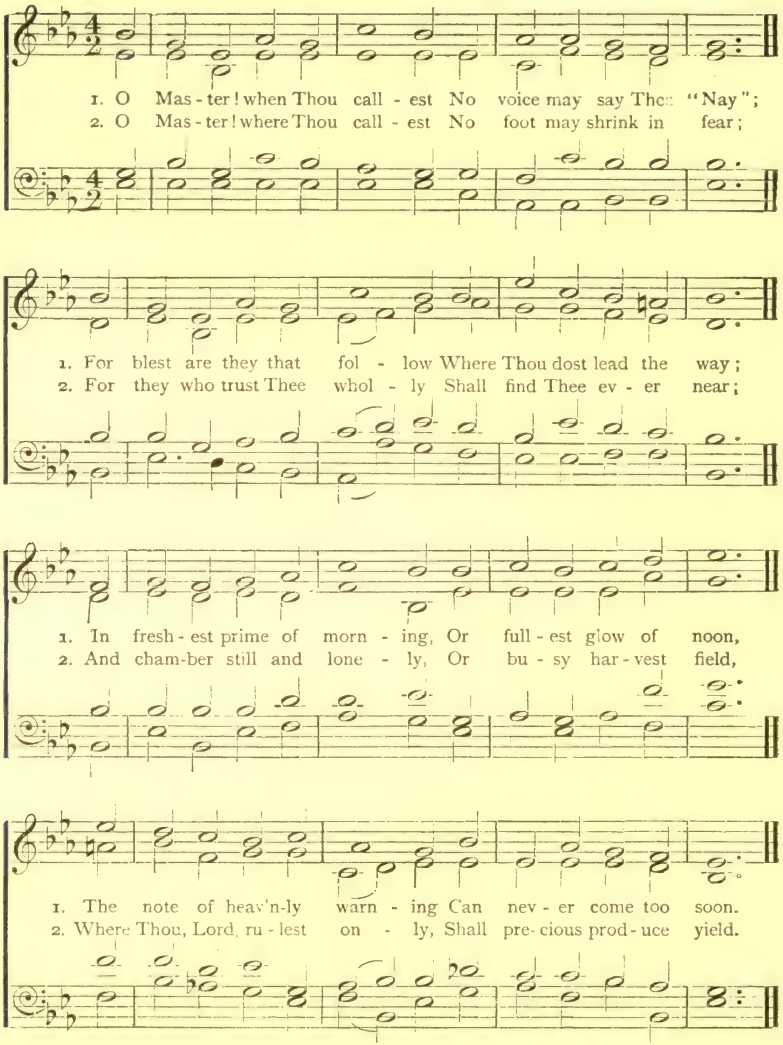


4. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 90. O Master! when Thou callest.

S. G. Stock. CHEBAR. 7.6.7.6. D. Sir H. Smart.
By per. from "Book of Praise."



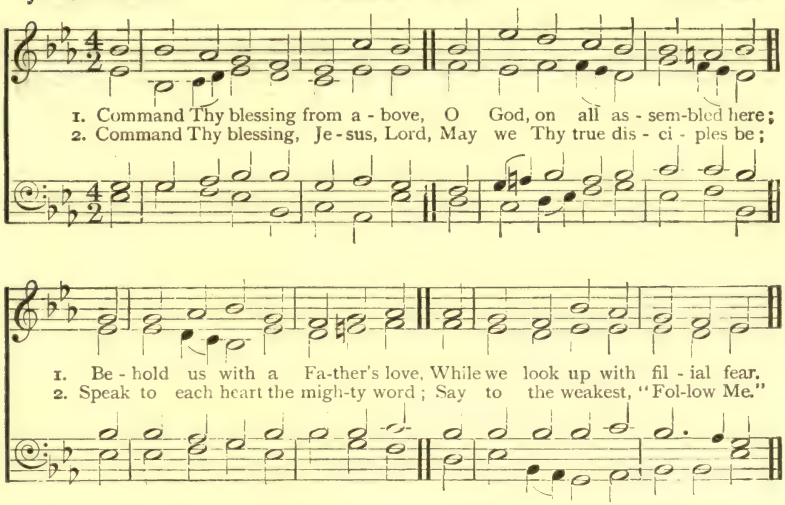
3. O Master! whom Thou callest
No heart may dare refuse;
'Tis honour, highest honour,
When Thou dost deign to use
Our brightest and our fairest,
Our dearest,—all are Thine;
Thou who for each one carest,
We hail Thy love's design.

4. They who go forth to serve Thee,
We too, who serve at home,
May watch and pray together
Until Thy Kingdom come.
In Thee for aye united,
Our song of hope we raise,
Till that blest shore is sighted,
Where all shall turn to praise!

May also be sung to No. 77.

No. 91. Command Thy blessing.

J. MONTGOMERY. MELCOMBE. L.M. S. WEBBE.



3. Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4. O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion bless'd.

No. 92. Oh, blessed Life.

1. OH, blessèd life—the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems,
That trusts a higher Will, and deems
That higher Will, not mine, the best.

2. Oh, blessèd life—the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

3. Oh, blessèd life—the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4. Oh, blessèd life—heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

5. O life, how blessèd, how divine,
High life, the earnest of a higher;
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessèd life be mine.

Rev. W. T. Matson.

No. 93. O happy day that fixed my choice.

1. O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

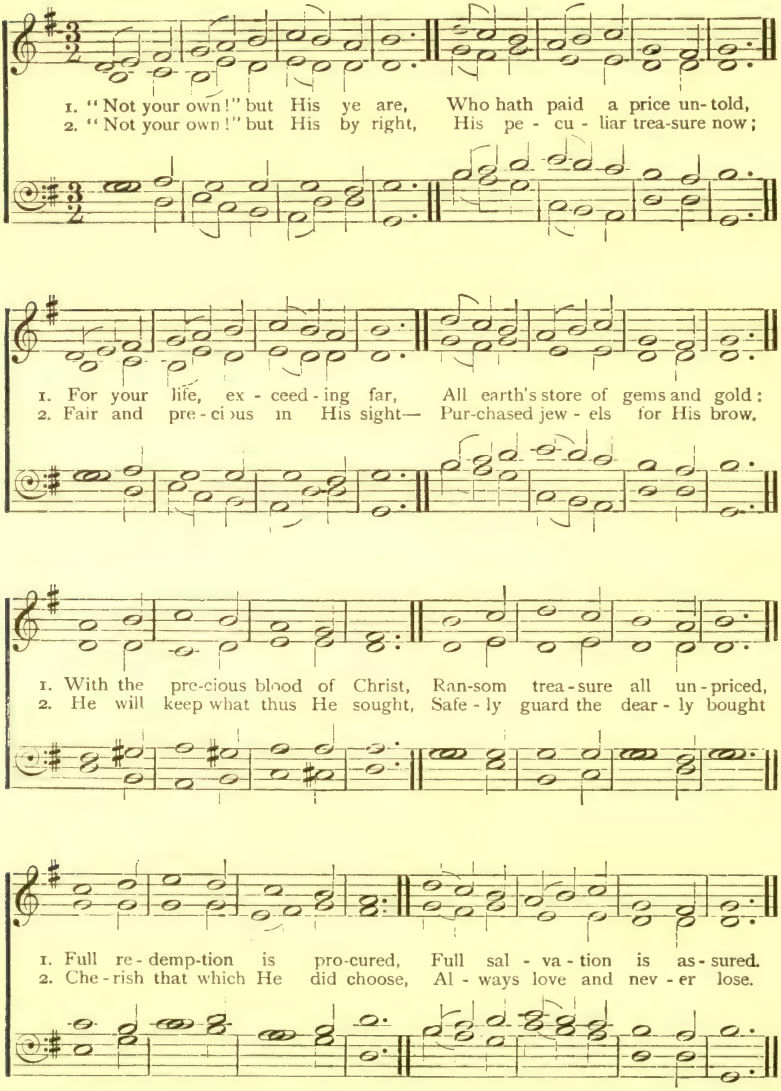
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possest.

5. High Heaven, that heard that solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Dr. Doddridge.

No. 94. "Not your own!" but His ye are.

F. R. HAVERGAL. MAIDSTONE. 7.7.7.7. D. DR. W. B. GILBERT.



3. "Not your own!" to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

4. Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high—
Thee to serve and glorify!
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine for ever, Thine alone!

PART III.—FAITH.

No. 95. Simply trusting every day.

A. PAGE. 7·7·7·7. D. SWENEY.

Smoothly.



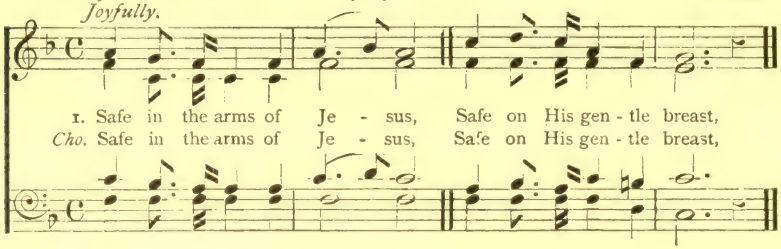
3. Singing if my way be clear;
Singing if the path be drear;
If in danger, for Him call—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4. Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting Him, whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

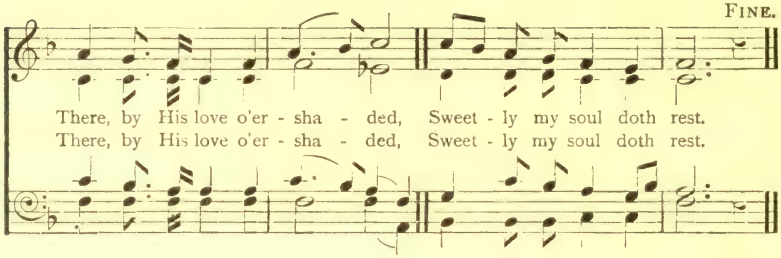
No. 96. Safe in the arms of Jesus.

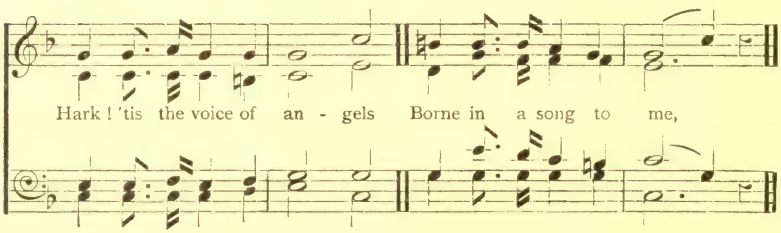
FANNY J. CROSBY. 7.6.7.6. D. W. H. DOANE.

Joyfully.



FINE.





D.C. CHORUS.



2. Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3. Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

No. 97. Since thy Father's arm sustains thee.

P.M. P. P. BLISS.



3. Without murmur, uncomplaining,
Follow on, follow on,
Saying, "Whatsoe'er God doeth
Is well done; is well done."
Bear to-day thy cross of sorrow,
Wear thy crown of life to-morrow,
Sing, while calmly trusting still,
"'Tis His will! 'tis His will!"

4. To His own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength; daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length; peace at length.
Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Know His love for thee provideth:
Do not question, "Why?" or "How?"
Only bow, only bow.

No. 98. Take God at His Word!

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. 11.11.11.11, with Refrain. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



3. He says He will guide thee through sunshine and gloom;
His presence shall brighten thy path to the tomb;
And down in death's valley His voice shall be heard:
Fear not, tempted Christian, take God at His Word!

4. An heir to a kingdom, and promis'd a crown;
With God thy protector—oh, why be cast down?
Oh, think of the triumphs of faith thou hast heard;
Be not unbelieving; take God at His Word!

No. 99. Trust and obey!

REV. J. H. SAMMIS. P.M. REV. D. B. TOWNER.



4. But we never can prove
The delights of His love,
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favour He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for them who will trust and obey!

5. Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do;
Where He sends, we will go—
Never fear, only trust and obey!

No. 100. The Cross of Jesus.

E. C. CLEPHANE. P.M. IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato. p



4. Upon that Cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess,
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5. I take, O Cross, Thy shadow
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,
My glory all the Cross.

No. 101. The Lord's Gifts.

WILLIAM LUFF. P.M. MAY CHENEVIX-TRENCH.



4. Perhaps He will give a message,
A message that I may bear,—
A message that tells of a Father's love,
To the lone one in despair.
Perhaps He will let me serve Him,
And give me a work to do,—
A place in the fields where the harvest waits,
And the reapers are but few.

5. I know not what He'll give me
In the year that is dawning now;
Enough that the light of His promise breaks,
And brightens its ruddy brow.
Come sorrow, or laughing pleasure,
The harp, or the smiting rod,
Whatever He gives will be ever best,
The gift of a faithful God!

No. 102. I cannot drift beyond Thy love.

IDA L. REED. *Copyright.* C.M.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



No. 103. O ye that are weary.

REV. F. BOTTOME. 11.11.11.11, with Refrain. ROSE MEYER.

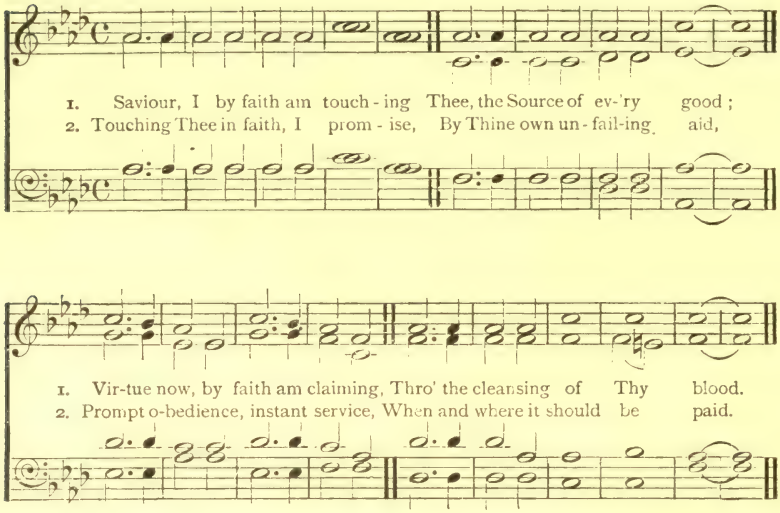


3. Then come to the Saviour, ye weary and worn,
Your burdens and sorrows for you He hath borne;
No anguish that pierceth but pierced Him before,
No thorn is so sharp as the crown which He wore.

4. Rest, rest, blessèd Jesus! oh, sweet rest at last,
Like calm on the ocean when tempest is past:
The morning light breaketh in joy from above,
And illumines my soul with His rainbow of love!

No. 104. Saviour, I by faith am touching.

BERTHA FENNELL. CRYSTAL SEA. 8.7.8.7. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. Touching now Thine outstretched sceptre,
O most mighty King of kings;
Of Thy fulness now receiving,
High I mount on eagle wings.

4. Grace and virtue, strength and wisdom,
All my need, by Thee supplied,
Keep me touching, keep me claiming,
Keep me ever at Thy side.

No. 105. Thou my Shield.

7.7.7.7, with Refrain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. (By per.)



3. When afflictions o'er my soul
Like the waves of ocean roll:
When the clouds above me frown
And my burden weighs me down:

4. When the storms of life shall cease,
When the waves are hush'd in peace;
When I reach my home at last,
Ev'ry danger safely passed:

No. 106. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. 8.7.8.7, with Refrain. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just from sin and self to cease;
Just from Jesus simply taking
Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee,
Precious Jesus, Saviour, Friend;
And I know that Thou art with me,
Wilt be with me to the end.

No. 107. Jesus, keep me near the Cross.

FANNY CROSBY. 7.6.7.6, with Refrain. W. H. DOANE.

Smoothly.







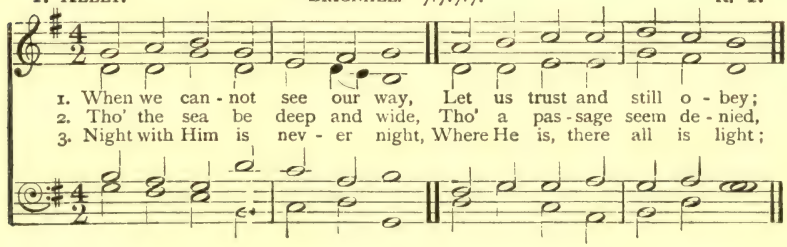


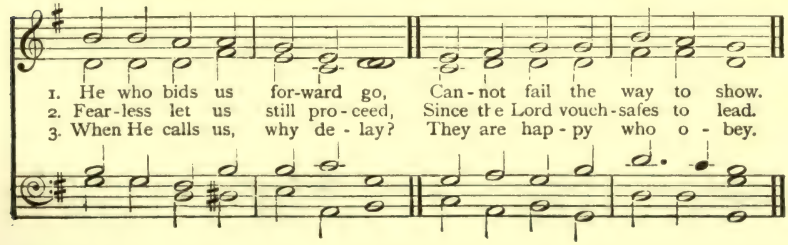
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God!
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

No. 108. When we cannot see our way.

T. KELLY. BRIGNALL. 7.7.7.7. R. T.





No. 109. Trust and tremble.

REV. C. A. FOX. INFANTS' PRAYER. 7.7.7.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.



4. Two glad services are ours,
   Both the Master loves to bless,
   First we serve with all our powers,
   Then with all our feebleness.

5. Nothing else the soul uplifts
   Save to serve Him night and day,
   Serve Him when He gives His gifts,
   Serve Him when He takes away.

6. Children of the cloud, well done!
   Sanguine buds break white in flower;
   Rainbows follow when the sun
   Looks back fondly on the shower.

7. Hallelujah, Christ is Lord!
   Trust and tremble at His grace,
   Trust the Mighty Master's Word,
   Tremble-- He unveils His face!

No. 110. Prince of Peace, control my will.

1. PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
   Bid this struggling heart be still;
   Bid my fears and doubtings cease:
   Hush my spirit into peace.

2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
   Opened wide the gate to God;
   Peace I ask, but peace must be,
   Lord, in being one with Thee.

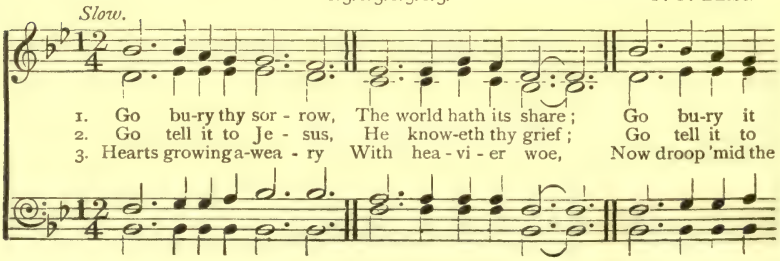
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done;
   May Thy will and mine be one;
   Chase these doubtings from my heart:
   Now Thy perfect peace impart.

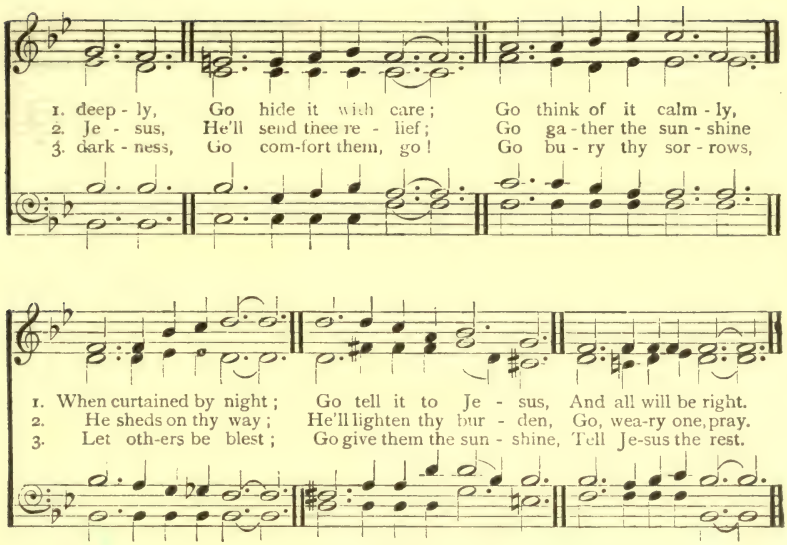
4. Saviour, at Thy feet I fall!
   Thou, my life, my God, my all!
   Let Thy happy servant be
   One for evermore with Thee!

C. Wesley.

No. 111. Go bury thy sorrow.

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. P. P. BLISS.

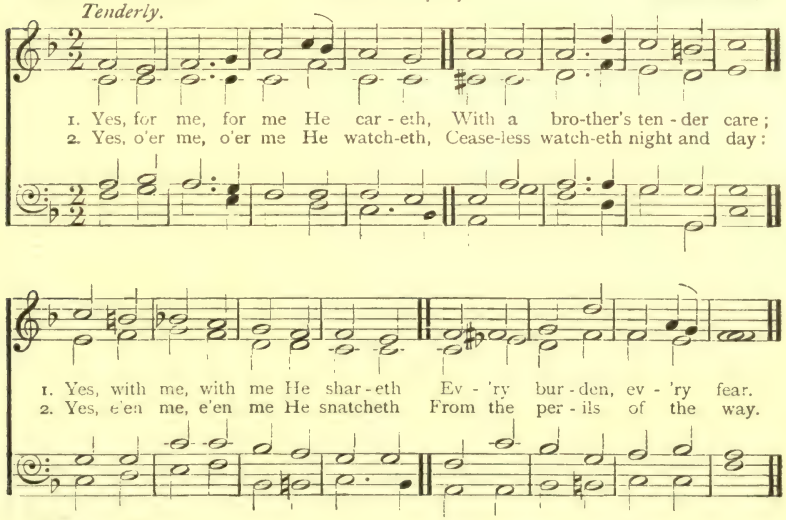




No. 112. Yes, for me, for me he careth.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. SARDIS. 8.7.8.7. BEETHOVEN.

Tenderly.



3. Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4. Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly—love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

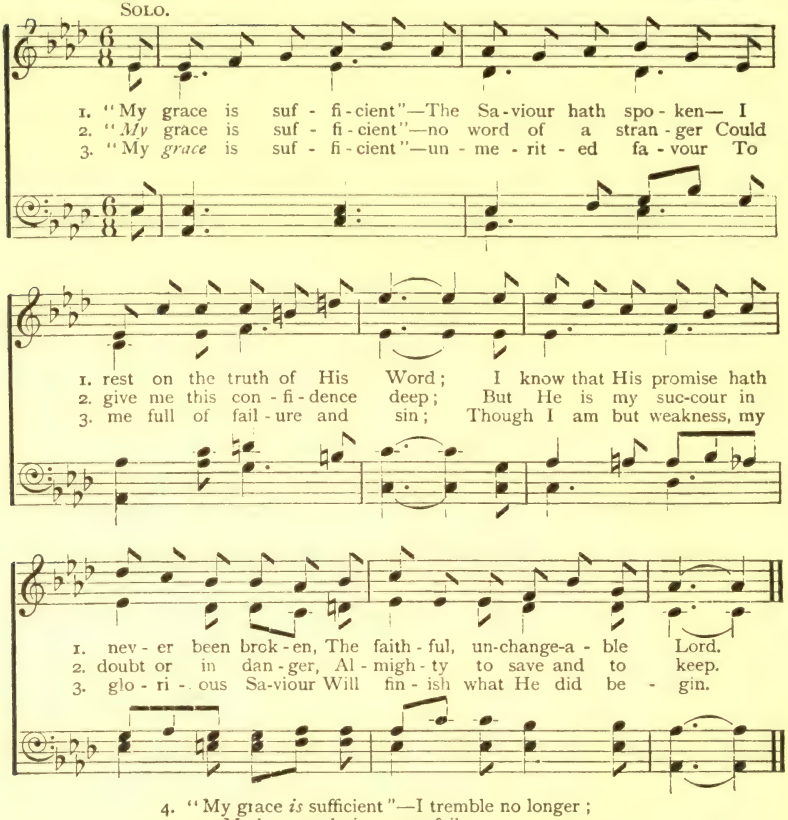
5. Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

6. Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

No. 113. "My grace is sufficient."

S. F. FORREST. 12.8.12.8. C. H. FORREST.

SOLO.



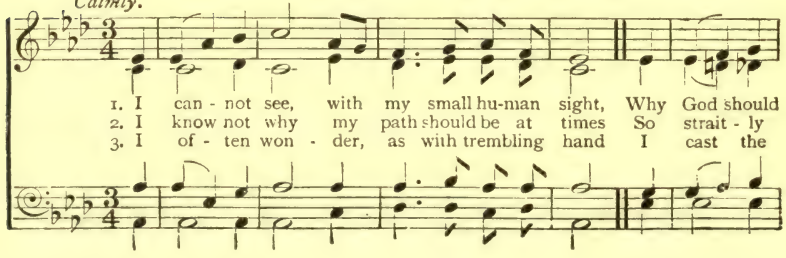
4. "My grace *is* sufficient"—I tremble no longer;
My best resolutions may fail;
Yet I trust Him with faith ever stronger and stronger,
His promise must ever prevail.

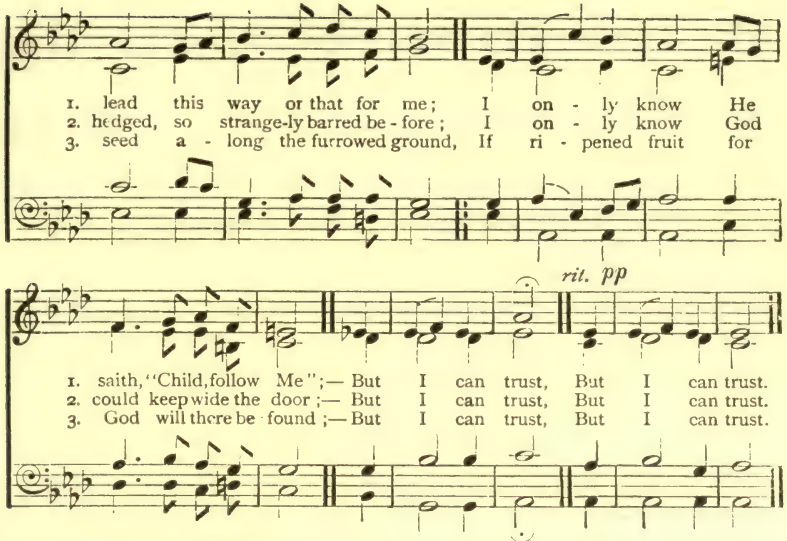
5. "My grace is *sufficient*,"—exhaustless in measure,
Though millions appeal in their need;
My Saviour, I praise Thee, I take of the treasure,
Thy grace is sufficient indeed.

No. 114. I cannot see, but I can trust.

10.10.10.8. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Calmly.





4. I cannot know why suddenly the storm
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath; [path;—
But this I know, God watches all my
And I can trust.

5. I may not draw aside the mystic veil
That hides the unknown future from my sight; [light;—
Nor know if for me waits the dark or
But I can trust.

No. 115. My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL. 8.8.8.7. *Copyright.* WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



2. I take Him at His word indeed:
"Christ died for sinners," this I read;
For in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour!

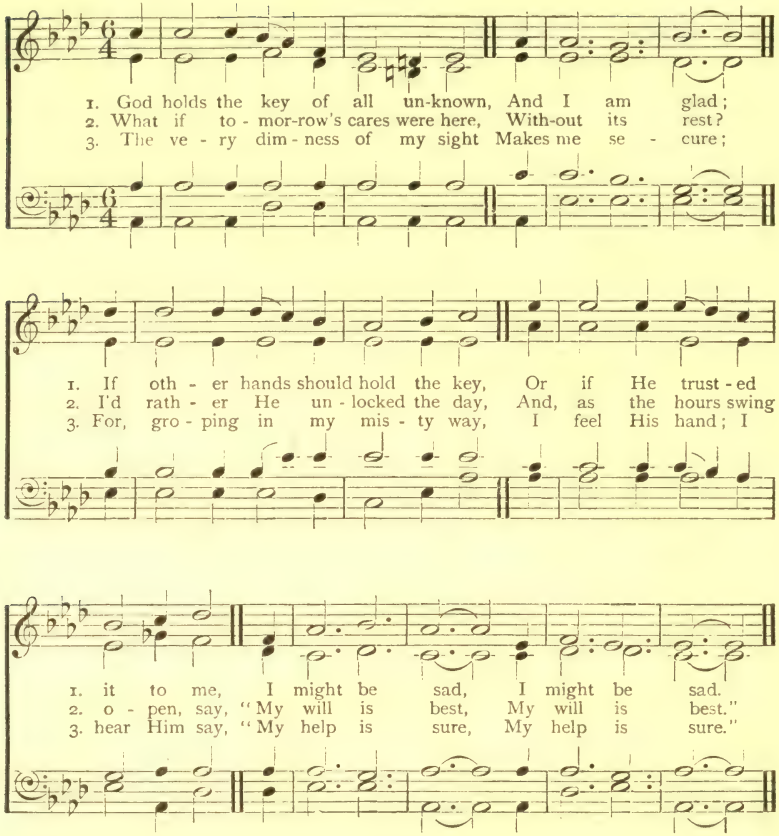
3. That He should leave His place on high,
And come for sinful man to die,
You count it strange?—so once did I,
Before I knew my Saviour!

4. And oh, that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

5. Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour!

No. 116. God holds the key.

REV. J. PARKER. 8.4.8.8.4.4. G. C. STEBBINS.

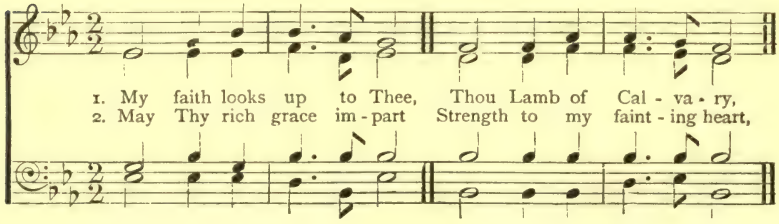


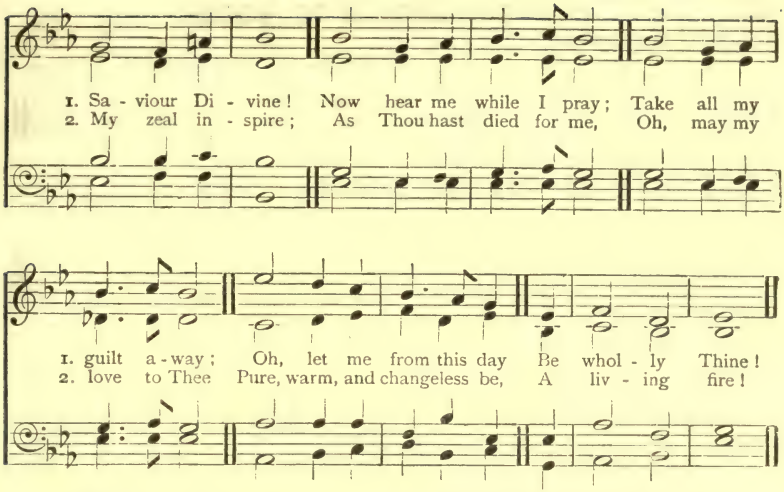
4. I cannot read His future plans;
But this I know:
I have the smiling of His face,
And all the refuge of His grace
While here below.

5. Enough; this covers all my wants;
And so I rest!
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His care I saved shall be,
For ever blest.

No. 117. My faith looks up to Thee.

REV. RAY PALMER. OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.4. DR. LOWELL MASON.



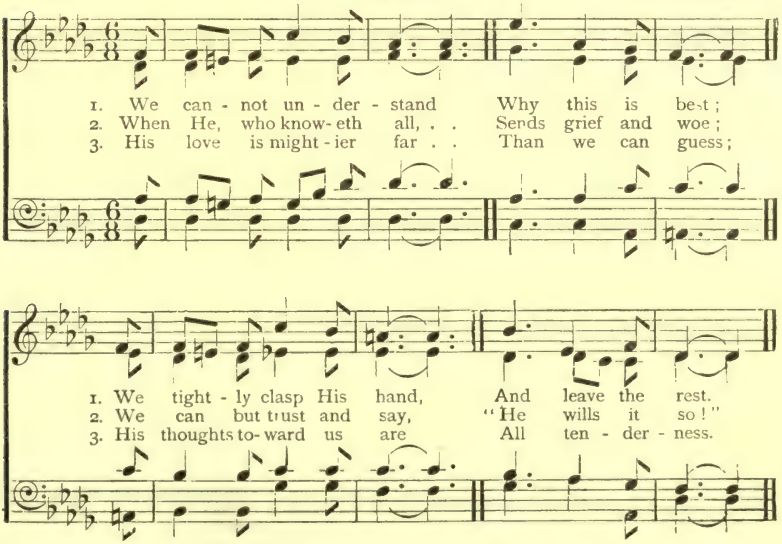


3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul!

No. 118. He knows best.

Anon 6.4.6.4. C. H. FORREST.



4. He is our loving Lord,
Our Father dear!
He knows our every want;
Why should we fear?

5. Then, though our hearts are sad,
We still can pray,
And He will make us glad
In His own day.

No. 119. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6. D. DR. S. S. WESLEY.
From "The European Psalter," by per.



3. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When daily cares perplex,
And trifles seem so mighty
Thy inner soul to vex;
Then is the hour for grasping
His hand who walked the sea;
Then is the time for singing,
"He makes it calm for me."

4. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art wearied sore,
When head or hand refuses
To think or labour more:
Then is the hour for leaning
Upon the Master's breast:
Then is the time for singing,
"My Saviour gives me rest."

5. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When thou art full of care,
For loved ones still refusing
Our blessèd hope to share:
Then is the hour for trusting
Thy Lord to bring them nigh;
Then is the time for singing,
"He loves them more than I."

6. Oh, trust thyself to Jesus
When loved ones pass away,
And life is sad and lonely,
And very dark the way:
Then is the hour for yielding
Entirely to His will;
Then is the time for singing,
"I have my Saviour still."

No. 120. "I take"—"He undertakes."

REV. A. B. SIMPSON. 8.8.8.6. C. H. FORREST.



3. I take Him as my holiness,
My spirit's spotless, heavenly dress,
I take the Lord, my righteousness,
"I take"—"He undertakes."

4. I take the promised Holy Ghost,
I take the power of Pentecost,
To fill me to the uttermost,
"I take"—"He undertakes."

5. I take Him for this mortal frame,
I ta e my healing through His Name,
And all His risen life I claim,
"I take"—"He undertakes."

6. I simply take Him at His word,
I praise Him that my prayer is heard,
And claim my answer from the Lord,
"I take"—He undertakes."

No. 121. Standing on the promises.

R. K. C. P.M. R. KELSO CARTER.

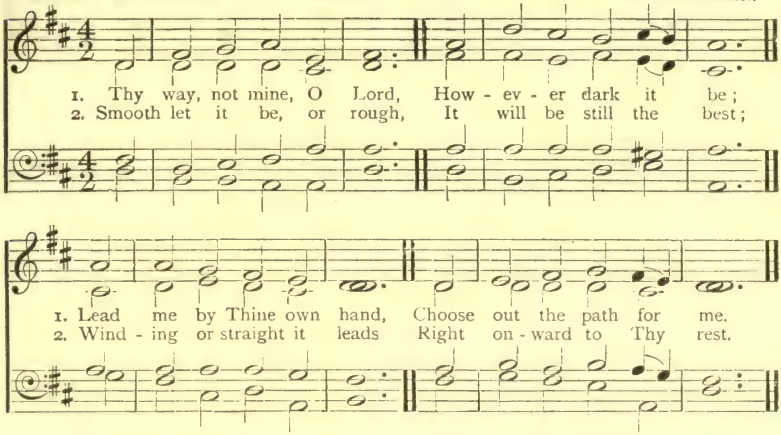


4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong [cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5. Standing on the promises I shall not fall,
List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Saviour as my All in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

No. 122. Thy way, not mine, O Lord.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. IBSTONE. 6.6.6.6. MARY TIDDEMAN.



3. I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

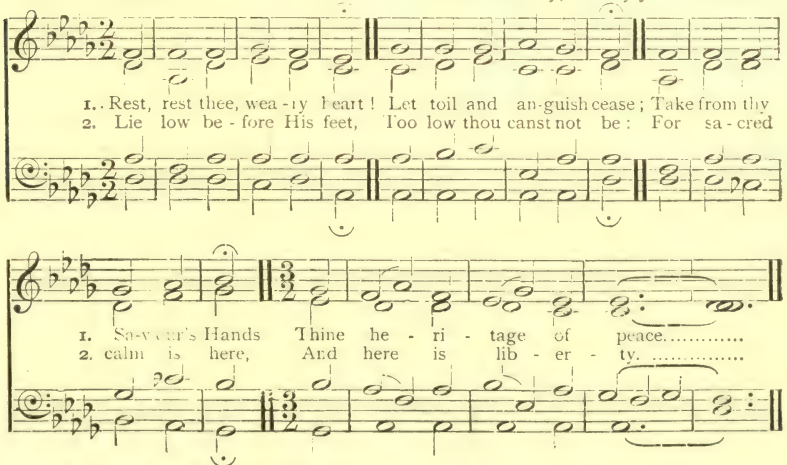
4. Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

5. Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

6. Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all!

No. 123. Peace I leave with you.

LUCY A. BENNETT. 6.6.6.6. Austrian Melody, har. by J. T. COOPER.



3. Submit, lay down thine arms,
Nor question, nor rebel;
So shalt thou hear erewhile
His whisper, "It is well."

4. No secret wound of thine,
Or be it great or small,
Presume to hide from Him;
Confess, confess it all.

5. Nor merit of thine own
Upon His altar place;
All is of Christ alone,
And of His perfect grace.

6. Rest, rest thee, weary heart!
Let care and anguish cease;
Take from thy Saviour's Hands
Thine heritage of peace.

No. 124. Father, I know.

A. L. WARING. CONTENTMENT. 8.6.8.6.8.6. SIDNEY VICTOR HAYS.



4. Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

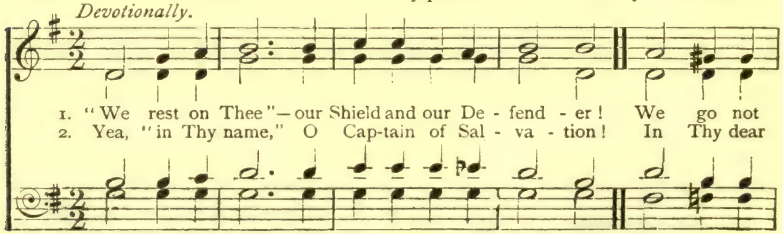
5. I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

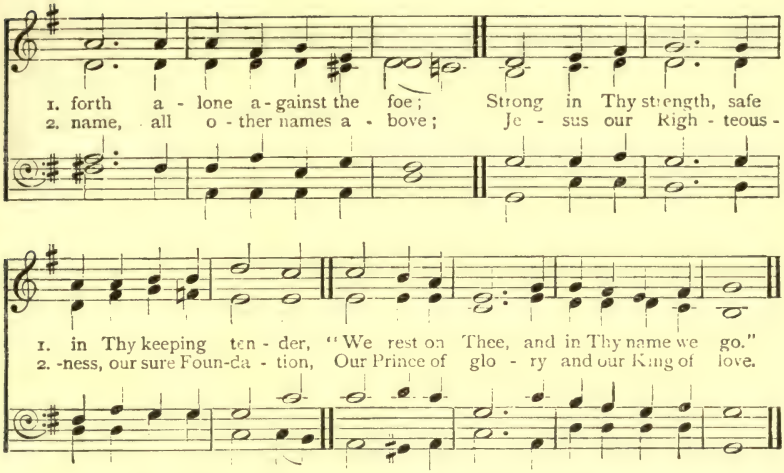
6. Briars beset our every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy anywhere.

7. In service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

No. 125. We rest on Thee.

EDITH GILLING CHERRY. 11.10.11.10. By permission. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.





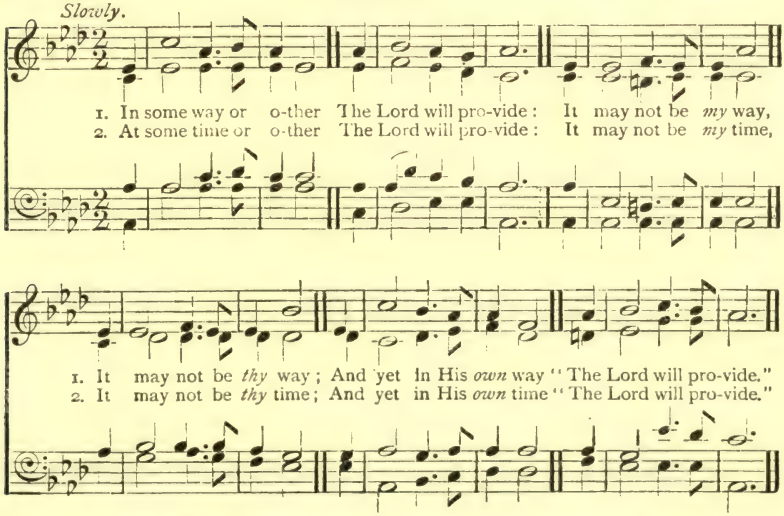
3. "We go" in faith, our own great weakness feeling,
And needing more each day Thy grace to know:
Yet from our hearts a song of triumph pealing;
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go."

4. "We rest on Thee"—our Shield and our Defender!
Thine is the battle, Thine shall be the praise
When passing through the gates of pearly splendour,
Victors—we rest *with* Thee, through endless days.

No. 126. The Lord will provide.

MRS. COOK. 6.5.6.6.6.5. C. S. HARRINGTON.

Slowly.



3. Despond then no longer:
The Lord will provide:
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Hath ever been broken:
"The Lord will provide."

4. March on then right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

No. 127. Oh, bliss of the purified!

REV. F. BOTTOME. P.M. W. B. BRADBURY.



3. Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest;
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4. O Jesus the Crucified! Thee will I sing;
My blessèd Redeemer, my God and my King:
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 128. I hear Thy welcome voice.

L. H. By per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS. P. M. L. HARTSOUGH.



3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4. 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5. And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6. All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

No. 129. I take Thy promise, Lord.

REV. RICHMOND DECK. REPOSE. 10. 10. 10. 10. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. There may be days of darkness and distress,
When sin has power to tempt, and care to press—
Yet in the darkest day I will not fear,
For, 'mid the shadows, Thou wilt still be near.

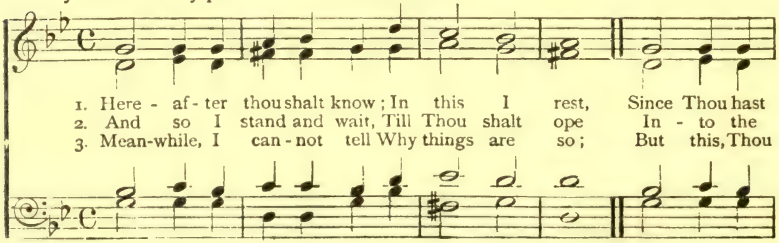
4. Days there may be of joy, and deep delight,
When earth seems fairest, and her skies most bright;
Then draw me closer to Thee, lest I rest
Elsewhere, my Saviour, than upon Thy breast.

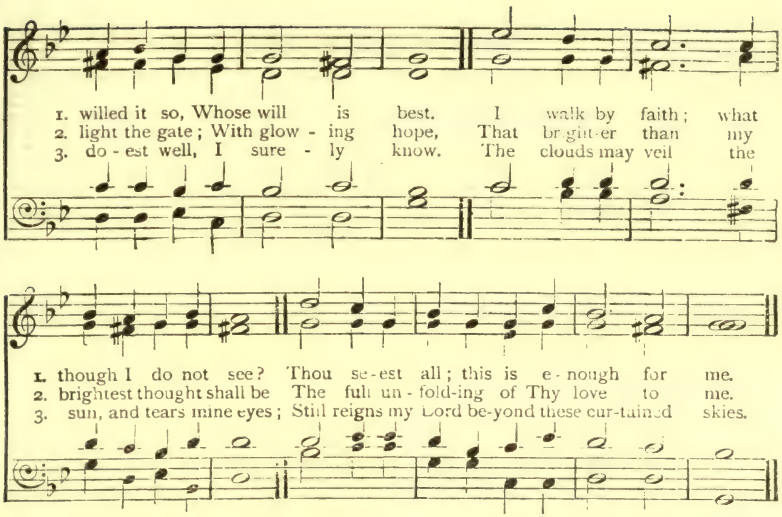
5. And all the other days that make my life,
Marked by no special joy or grief or strife,
Days filled with quiet duties, trivial care,
Burdens too small for other hearts to share;

6. Spend Thou these days with me, all shall be Thine—
So shall the darkest hour with glory shine.
Then when these earthly years have passed away,
Let me be with Thee in the perfect day.

No. 130. Hereafter thou shalt know.

W. J. GOVAN. By per. 10. 10. 10. 10.



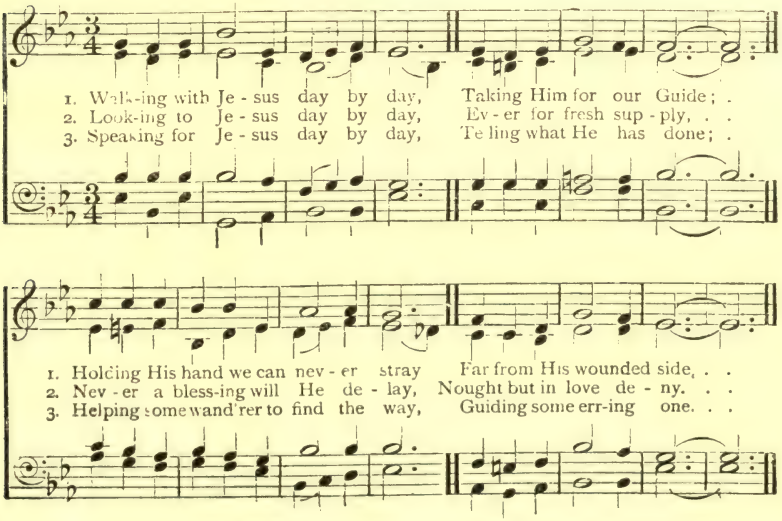


4. And so I quiet my heart
As on Thy breast;
That Thou my Father art
Lulls me to rest:
A weary child, on Thee my soul is stilled;
Do as Thou wilt, for Thou the best hast willed.

5. Have Thine own way with me;
All things perform
If in the calm I be,
Or in the storm;
How sweet, when cloud and storm are overpast,
Just to be home, and with my God at last.

No. 131. Walking with Jesus.

Words and Air by MRS. L. SHOREY. C.M. Arr. by H. A. MCKENZIE.



4. Singing for Jesus day by day,
Praising His name in song;
Telling His love in a happy lay
Gladly the whole day long.

5. Living for Jesus day by day,
Sharing His grace and love,
Bearing His cross, that by this we may
Share in His joy above.

No. 132. Blessèd Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. P.M. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.



No. 133. "For Jesus' Sake!"

P.M. G. M. TAYLOR.



3. When often like a wayward child,
I murmur at His will,
Then this sweet word, "For Jesus' sake,"
My restless heart can still:
I bow my head, and gently led.
His easy yoke I take;
And all the day, and all the way,
An echo in my heart shall say
"For Jesus' sake!"

4. In suffering sore or toilsome task,
His burden light I'll bear;
"For Jesus' sake" shall sweeten all,
Till His bright home I share; [strong,
And then this song, more sweet, more
In heaven my harp shall wake:
Led all the way, till that glad day,
Eternally my heart shall say,
"For Jesus' sake!"

No. 134. Lord God, in Thee confiding.

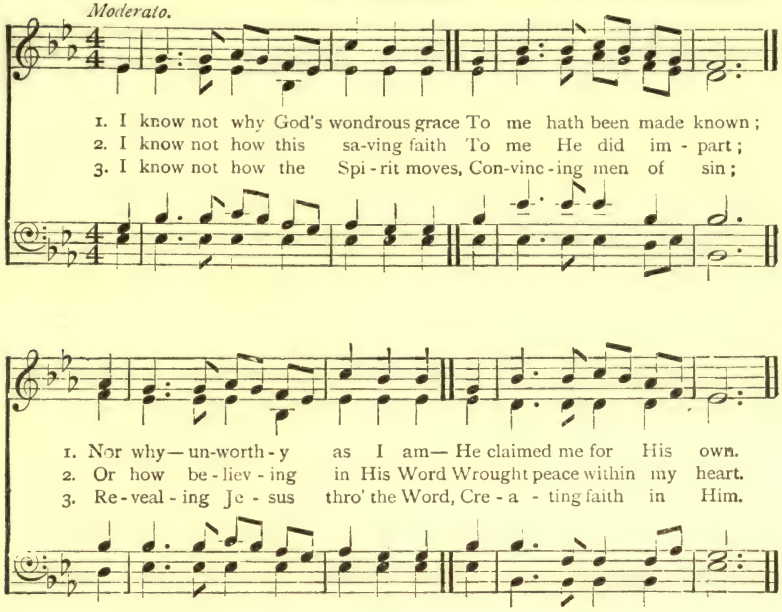
REV. HENRY MOULE. HAPPY PILGRIMS. 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.



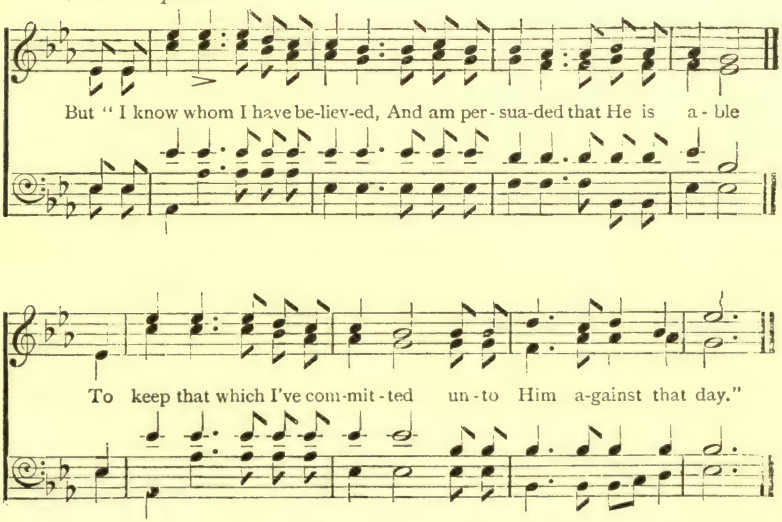
No. 135. I Know Whom I have Believed.

EL NATHAN. C.M., with Refrain. JAMES MC GRANAHAN.

Moderato.



CHORUS. *Spirited.*



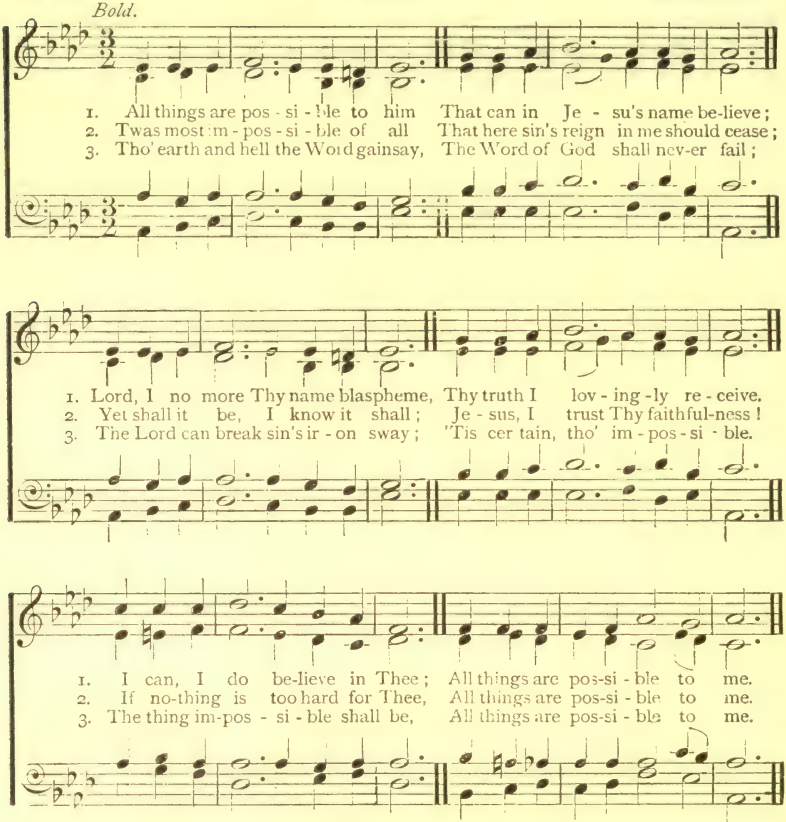
4. I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me—
Of weary ways or golden days
Before His face I see.

5. I know not when my Lord may come;
I know not how, nor where;
If I shall pass the vale of death,
Or "meet Him in the air."

No. 136. The Possibilities of Faith.

REV. C. WESLEY. 8.8.8.8.8.8. WOODBURY.

Bold.

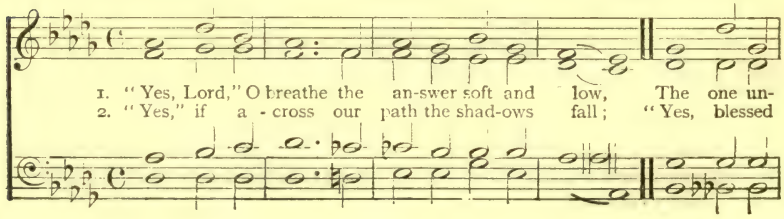


4. All things are possible to God;
To Christ, the power of God in man;
To me when I am all renewed,
In Christ am fully formed again,
And from the reign of sin set free,—
All things are possible to me.

5. All things are possible to God;
To Christ, the power of God in me;
Now shed Thy mighty Self abroad,
Let me no longer live, but Thee;
Give me this hour in Thee to prove
The sweet omnipotence of love.

No. 137. "Yes, Lord."

LUCY A. BENNETT. 10.10.10.4. JOHN E. GAUL.





3. "Yes," when the Spirit's prompting voice is heard;
"Yes," to each ancient promise of the Word;
"Yes," though fulfilment seemeth long-deferred—
Alleluia!

4. "Yes," though a thousand bid us answer "No;"
Faith cleaves a passage through the ambushed foe;
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go,"—
Alleluia!

No. 138. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 8.5.8.3. REV. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D.



3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing,
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy,
By Thy blood.

4. I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead,
Ev'ry day and hour supplying
All my need.

5. I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

6. I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fail!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

No. 139. Trusting in Jesus Only.

E. MOTE. L.M., with Refrain. W. B. BRADBURY.



3. His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4. And when I hear the trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found,
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before His throne.

No. 140. Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

1. JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
On Christ, the Solid Rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2. Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

3. When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then, shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

4. Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, by Thee, absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

5. This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
Its glory is for ever new.

6. Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let all the world Thy mercy prove;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord, our Righteousness!

Zinzendorf.

No. 141. Saviour! I follow on.

REV. C. S. ROBINSON. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. REV. R. LOWRY.

Smoothly.



No. 142. Saviour! Thy dying love.

1. SAVIOUR ! Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee ;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee !

2. At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee :
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee !

3. Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to Thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee !

4. All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee !
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee !

S. D. Phelps.

No. 143. Lord of our life.

CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5.

M. A. von Löwenstern. Sir Joseph Barnby.

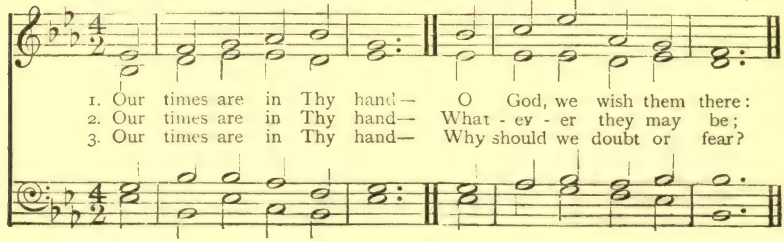


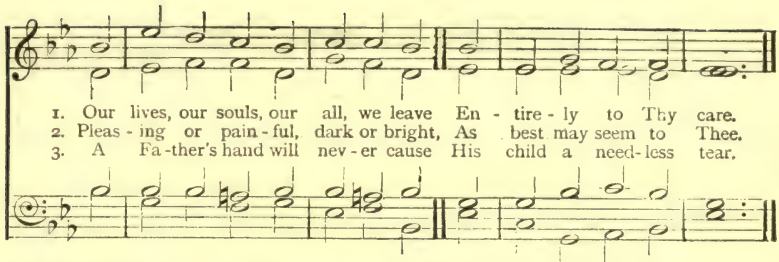
3. Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4. Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

No. 144. Our times are in Thy hand.

W. F. Lloyd. Franconia. S.M. Lutheran Melody.





4. Our times are in Thy hand:
Jesus, the Crucified,
Whose hand our many sins have pierced,
Is now our guard and guide.

5. Our times are in Thy hand:
We'll always trust to Thee,
Till we possess the promised land,
And all Thy glory see.

No. 145. Put thou thy trust in God.

1. PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

2. Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works unto His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

3. Though days and years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His face,
The promised grace is sure.

4. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
His power will clear thy way;
Wait thou His time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

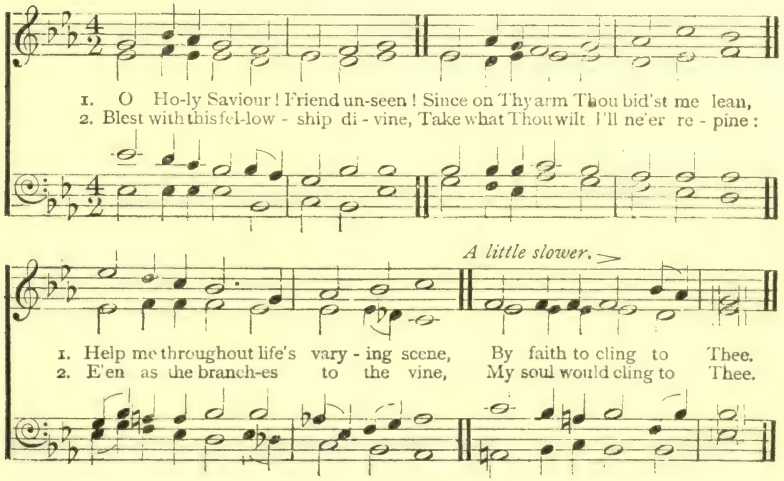
5. Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee.

6. Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Gerhardt, tr. J. Wesley.

No. 146. O Holy Saviour!

C. ELLIOTT. 8.8.8.6. J. DOWNING FARRER.



3. What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove!
With patient uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee

4. Oft when I seem to tread alone [grown.
Some barren waste, with thorns o'er-
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

5. Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

6. They fear not Satan, nor the grave;
They feel Thee near, and strong to save,
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave;
Because they cling to Thee.

No. 147. I lean upon no broken reed.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. MANOAH. C.M. Arr. from ROSSINI.



3. "Hold Thou me up" is still my cry,
As o'er the rugged road
Of this my pilgrimage I move,
That leads me nearer God.

4. Lord Jesus, Thou the first and last,
Oh, when wilt Thou appear?
And bring the long, long-looked-for dawn
Of the eternal year.

No. 148. As seemeth best to Thee, my God.

1. As seemeth best to Thee, my God;
I ask no other thing.
All care beside may be at rest,
For Thine is on the wing.

2. As seemeth best to Thee, my God!
Give me the broken will,
Which, leaning on Omnipotence,
Is "more than conqueror" still.

3. If Thou, eternal Lord, to-day
Should'st yield the choice to me,
Then, most of all, my heart would pray,
"As seemeth best to Thee."

Lucy A. Bennett.

No. 149. The Lord my Shepherd is.

REV. I. WATTS. TRENTON. S.M. DR. WALTER B. GILBERT.



4. While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [dark shade,
Though I should walk through death's
My Shepherd's with me there.

5. In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

No. 150. Give to the winds thy fears.

1. GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3. He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

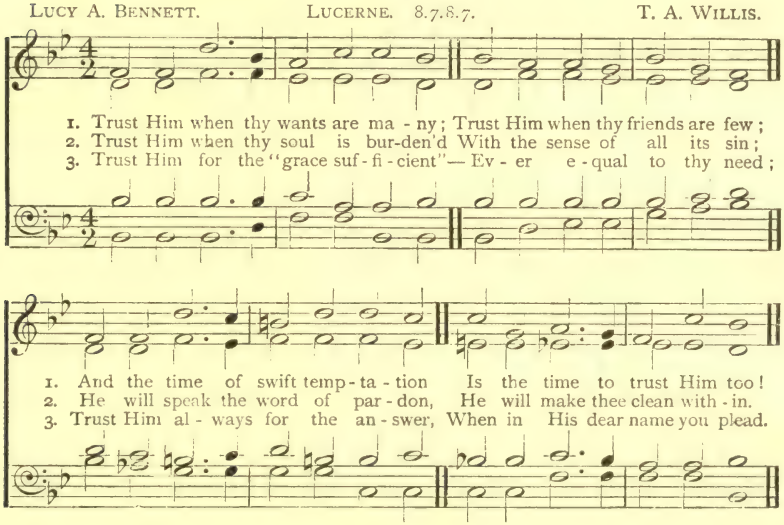
4. Leave to His sov'reign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.

5. Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee:
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Rev. C. Wesley.

No. 151. Trust Him!

LUCY A. BENNETT. LUCERNE. 8.7.8.7. T. A. WILLIS.



4. Trust Him for the grace to conquer—
He is "able to subdue";
Trust Him for the power for service;
Trust Him for the blessing too.

5. Trust Him when dark doubts assail thee,
Trust Him when thy strength is small,
Trust Him when to simply trust Him
Seems the hardest thing of all.

6. Trust Him! He is ever faithful;
Trust Him—for His will is best;
Trust Him—for the heart of Jesus
Is the only place of rest.

7. Trust Him, then, through cloud or sun-
All Thy cares upon Him cast; [shine,
Till the storm of life is over,
And the trusting days are past.

No. 152. Always with us.

1. ALWAYS with us, always with us,
Words of cheer, and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.

2. With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

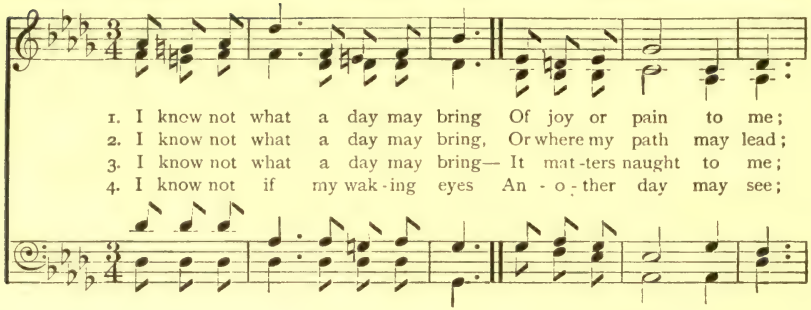
3. With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

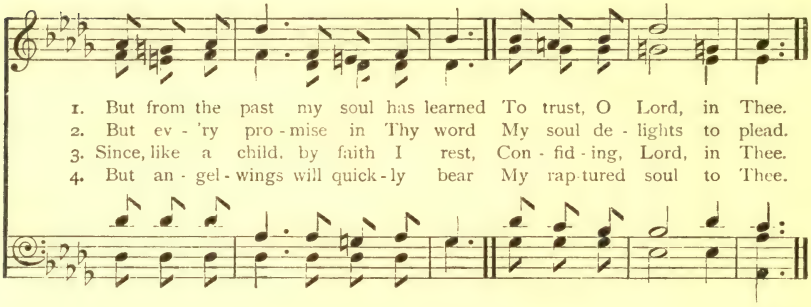
4. With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream:
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

Nevin.

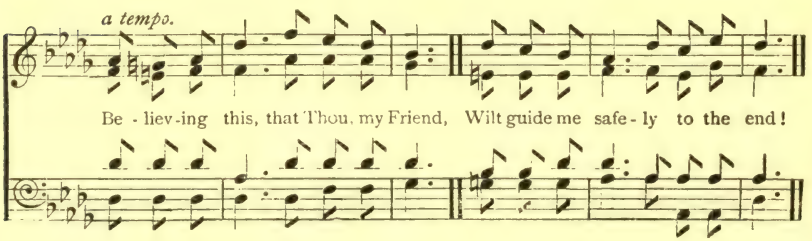
No. 153. I Trust and Wait.

FANNY J. CROSBY. *Copyright.* P.M. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.









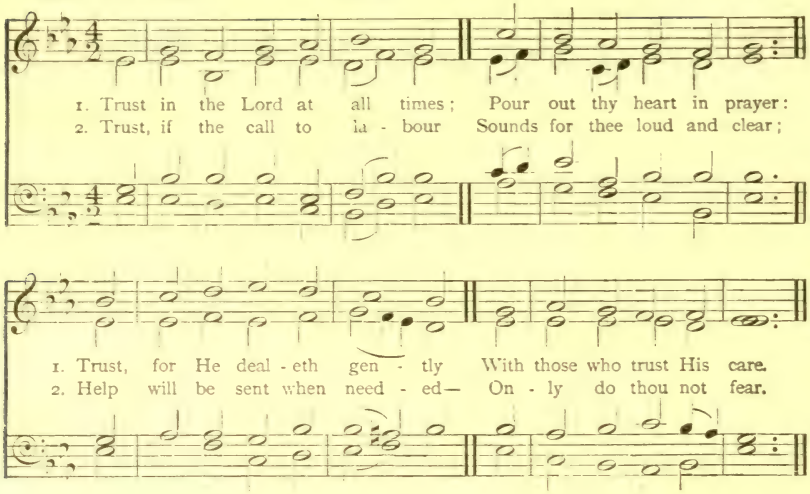
No. 154. Thou Knowest, Lord.

ANNA SHIPTON. 11.10.11.10. M. L. BRADSHAW.



No. 155. Trust in the Lord.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. BREMEN. 7.6.7.6. M. VULPIUS.



3. Trust; if thy plans are thwarted,
Quietly stand thou still;
Listen for God's direction,
Patiently wait His will.

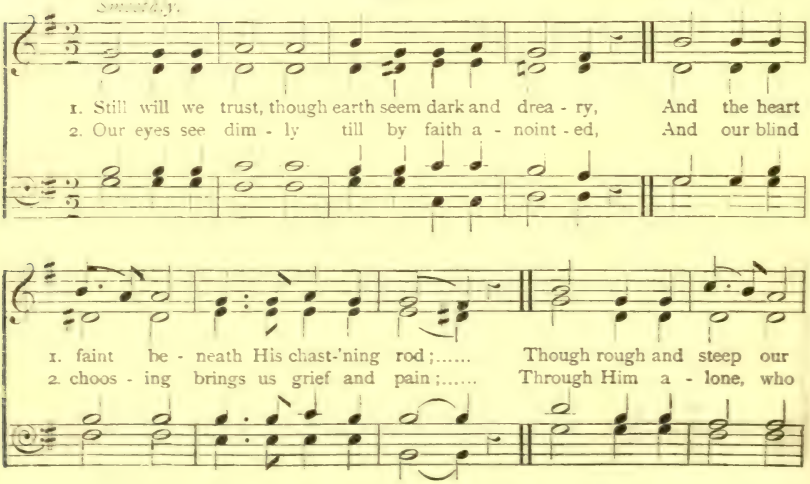
4. Trust, if the Master bids thee
Serve Him in trying ways;
Strength shall be surely given—
Equal to all thy days.

5. Trust, if a cloud of worries
Darken thy path each day;
One at a time they meet thee—
Trust, and they pass away.

6. Trust, in each hour of darkness:
Light will appear ere long:
Then, oh, the joy of singing
Faith's hallelujah song!

No. 156. Still will we Trust.

W. H. BURLEIGH. 11.10.11.6. JOHN CRÜGER.





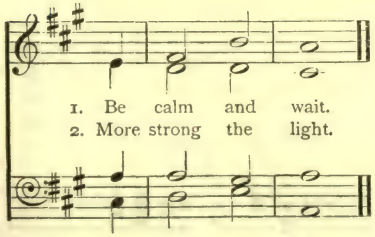
3. Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good Thou hast for us designed:
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4. Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss:
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

No. 157. Have Faith in God.

W. J. GOVAN, by per. P.M. P. SKENE.





3. Have faith in God!
Not in thyself, or thou shalt fail,
For strength of arm has no avail
'Gainst spirit foes. In God alone
Is victory known.

4. Have faith in God!
The hosts of light shall guard thee round
From open heavens, thy Lord be found
Far better than thy highest thought.
Be strong, fear not!

No. 158. Have Faith in God.

M. A. 12.11.12.11., with Refrain. MAY AGNEW.

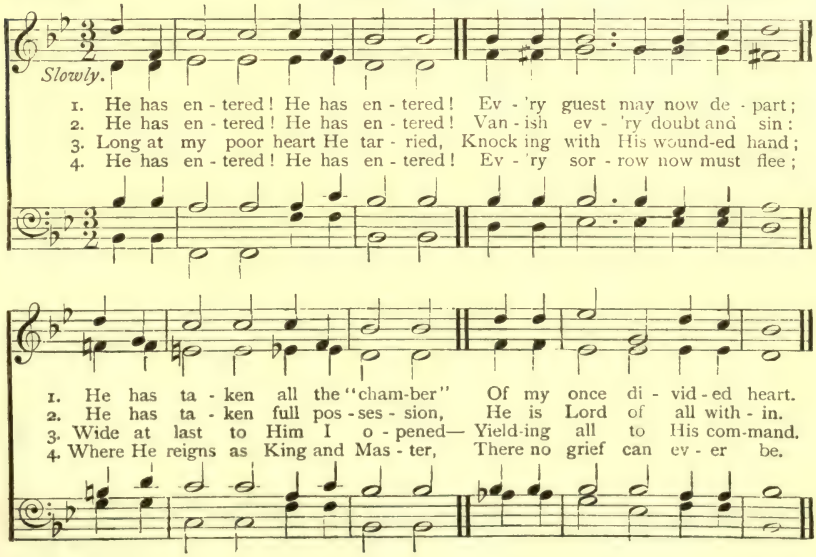
By per. of Salvation Army Musical Board.





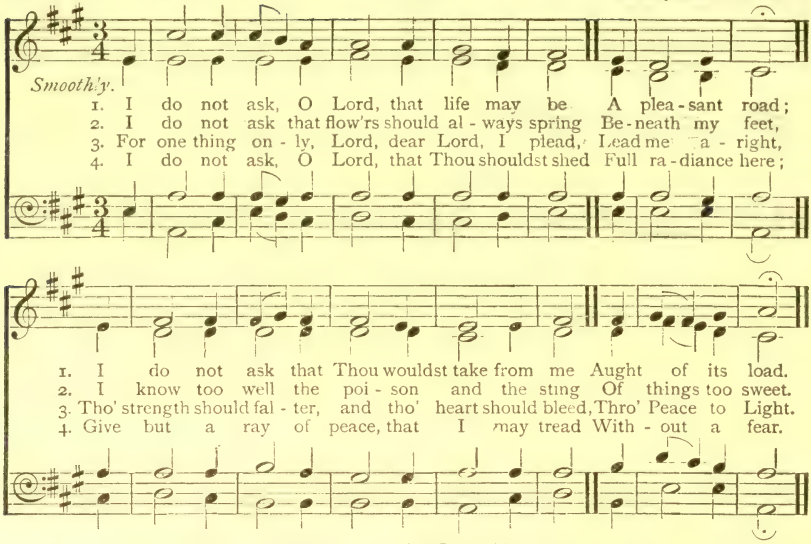
No. 159. The has Entered!

S. A. H. GALILEE. 8.7.8.7. W. H. JUDE.



No. 160. Resignation.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. 10.4.10.4. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

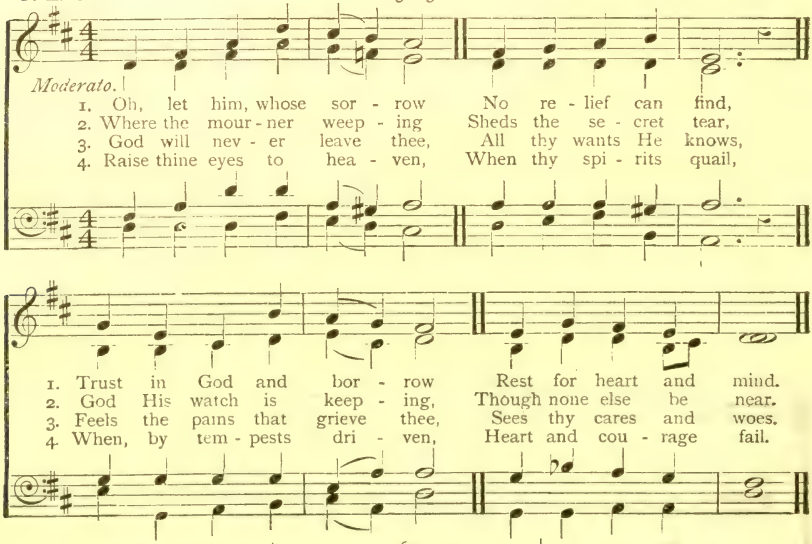


5. I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

6. Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through Peace to Light.

No. 161. The Ever-Present Saviour.

F. E. COX. 6.5.6.5. MRS. S. COOPER.



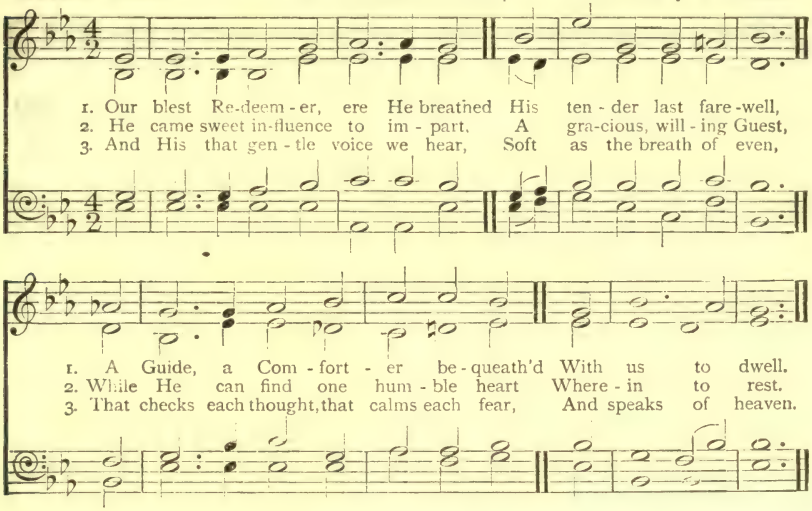
5.
When in grief we languish
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

6.
All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

7.
Jesu, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crown us with Thy favour,
Fill us with Thy love.

No. 162. The Divine Comforter.

HARRIET AUBER. ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.

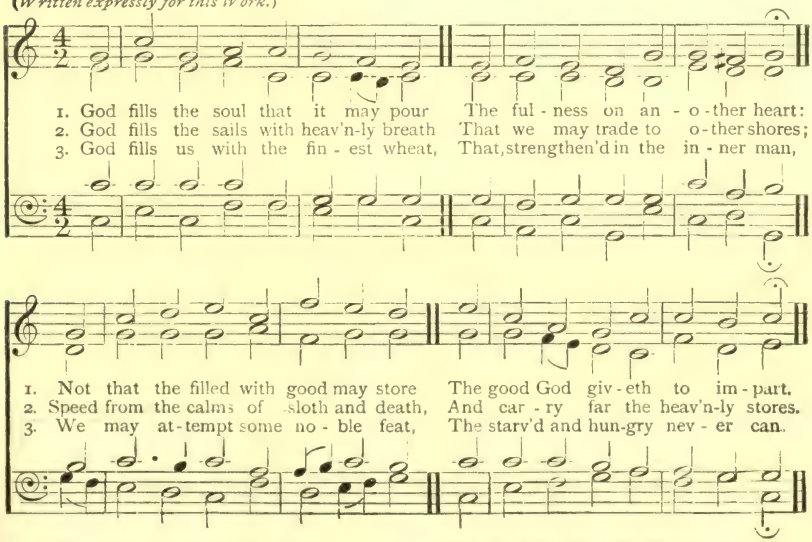


4. And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

No. 163. God Fills the Soul that it may Pour.

WILLIAM LUFF. WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. German.
(Written expressly for this Work.)

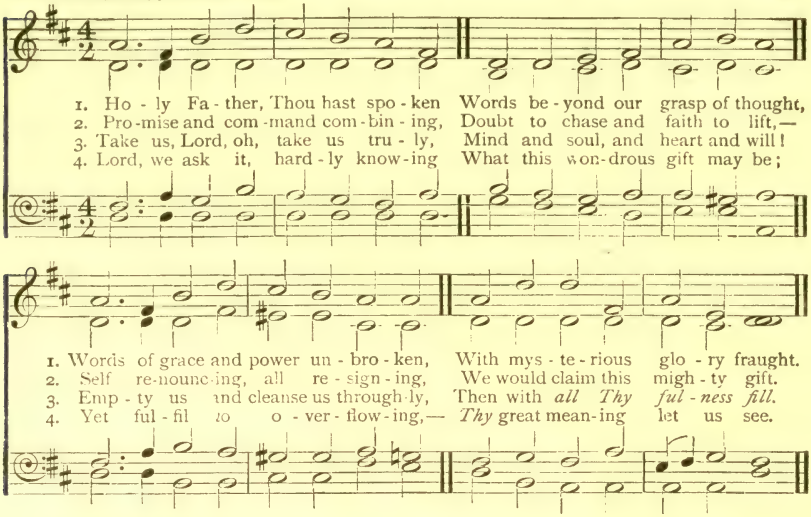


4. He fills us that our souls may rise
Above the lower earthly things:
Mount upward to the cloudless skies,
Arising as on eagles' wings.

5. Hast thou this filling? Give thy store!
Speed onward! hoist thy every sail!
Made strong, put forth thy strength the more,
Rise high above earth's misty vale.

No. 164. Filled with All the Fulness of God.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (*Written expressly for this Work.*) ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



5. Make us in Thy royal palace
Vessels worthy for the King;
From Thy fulness fill our chalice
From Thy never-failing spring.

6. Father, by this blessèd filling,
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray!
We are waiting, Thou art willing!
Fill us with Thyself to-day!

No. 165. Holy Ghost, Dispel our Sadness.

1. HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night:
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light!

2. From that height that knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, and God can send.

P. Gerhardt.

No. 166. Come, Thou Fount of every Blessing!

1. COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2. Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

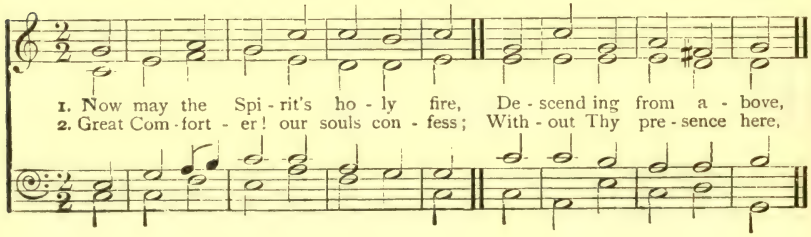
3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

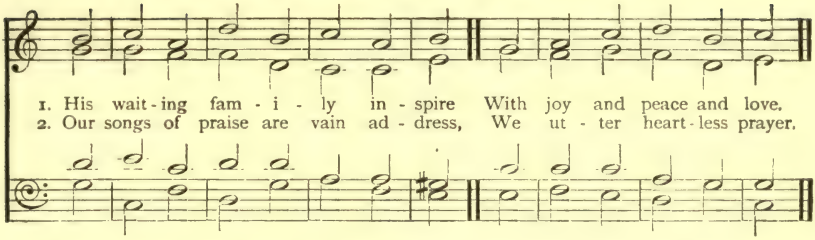
4. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Take my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson.

No. 167. Now may the Spirit's Holy Fire.

TOPLADY. ST. ANN. C.M. DR. W. CROFT.





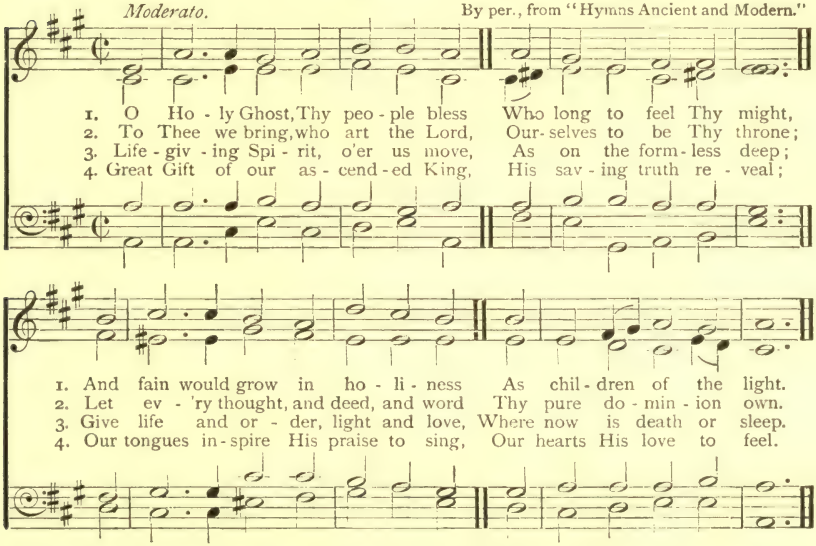
3. Wake, heavenly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices, then, shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

4. Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim Thy word;
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

No. 168. O Holy Ghost, Thy People Bless.

REV. SIR H. W. B. ST. TIMOTHY. C.M. REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

Moderato. By per., from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."



5. True Wind of heaven, from south to north,
For joy or chastening, blow;
The garden-spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

6. O Holy Ghost, of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee;
Grant us to know and serve aright
One God in Persons Three.

No. 169. "Baptize us with Thy Spirit, Lord."

1. "BAPTIZE us with Thy Spirit, Lord,"
Out of the depths we cried.
No tongues of fire came down; it seemed
Our prayers, in silence, died.

2. But, "though it tarry, wait for it,"
Not lightly God imparts
His mighty blessings; grace and power
Need long-prepared hearts.

3. Say, canst thou drink of that dark cup,
Where tears of anguish flow,
And, ere the baptism of fire,
Be first baptized in woe?

4. Before the voice of God doth speak,
"As man speaks to his friend,"
A great strong wind perchance may break
The rocks, and mountains rend.

5. Still wilt thou stand before the Lord,
And for His promise wait?
The earth may quake, and shattered hopes
Leave thy life desolate.

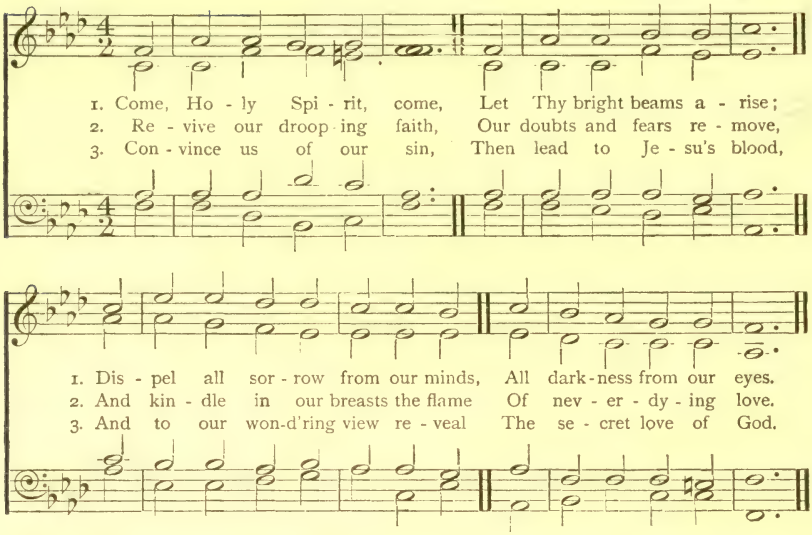
6. Within thy heart His fire must burn,
Consuming all the dross;
Till, midst the ashes of a world,
Stands nothing but the Cross.

7. Then, in the calm, "a still small voice
Shall speak, yea, speak to thee;
Wrapped in the mantle of God's truth
And power thy lips shall be.

J. H. S.

No. 170. Come, Holy Spirit, Come!

J. HART. SOUTHWELL. S.M. DENHAM'S Psalter.



4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul;
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5. Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

No. 171. Lord, let me Feel Thy Power.

1. LORD, let me feel Thy power,
The power of Thine own love,
And all that hinders in my heart
I trust Thee to remove.

2. Lord, let me feel Thy power,
And with Thy Spirit fill,
That sweeter far than aught beside,
Shall be to do Thy will.

3. Lord, let me feel Thy power,
When dark before my eyes,
Some rugged steep, some fiercer storm,
Some sterner conflict lies.

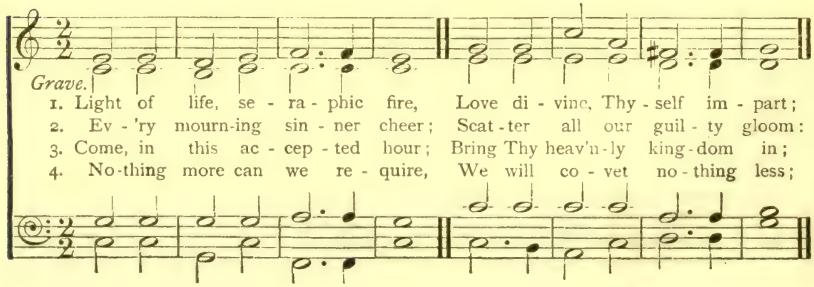
4. Lord, let me feel Thy power,
All service then is sweet;
Thy way will always be the best
To quickened, loving feet.

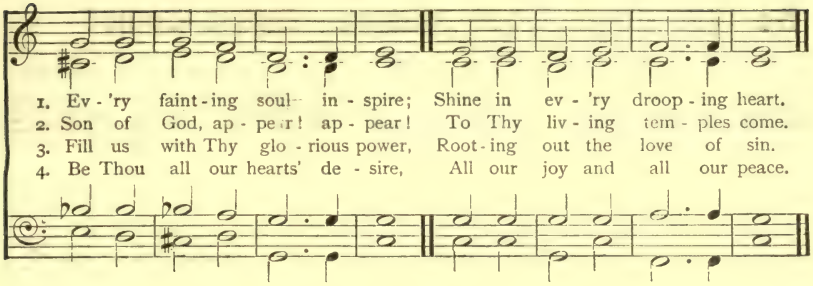
5. Lord, let me feel Thy power,
Possess me, let me be
A channel only in Thy hand,
Kept to be used by Thee.

Mary E. Maxwell.

No. 172. Light of Life.

C. WESLEY. CAPERNAUM. 7.7.7.7. R. REDHEAD.





No. 173. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

1. HOLY GHOST, with light Divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2. Holy Ghost, with power Divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin without control
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3. Holy Ghost, with joy Divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

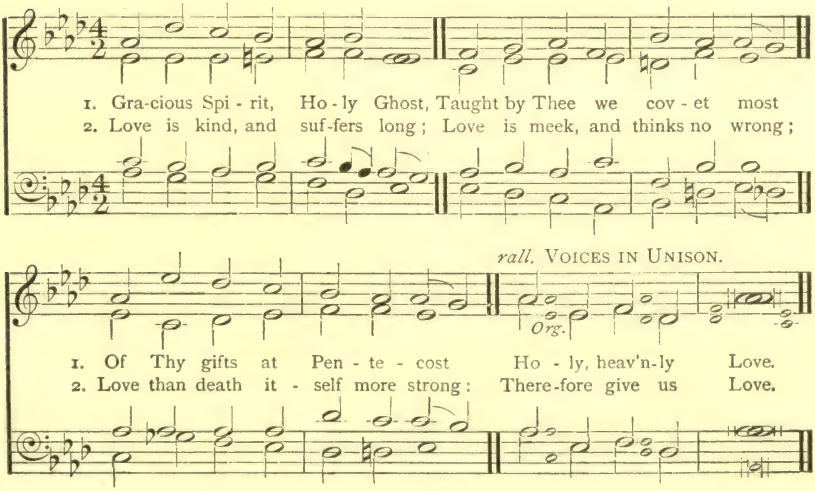
4. Holy Spirit, all Divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

A. Reed.

No. 174. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

CHARITY. 7.7.7.5.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP C. WORDSWORTH. SIR JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc.



3. Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore give us Love.

4. Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore give us Love.

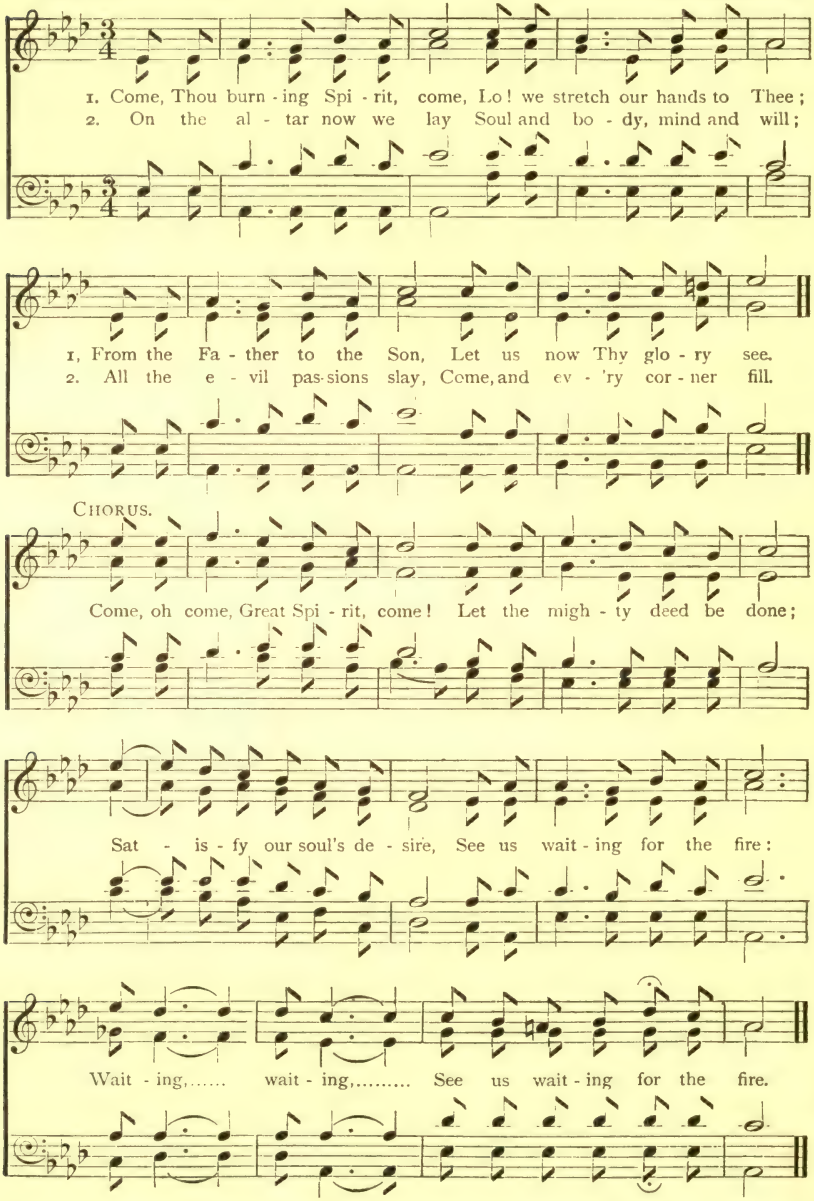
5. Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three
And the best is Love.

6. From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us who to Thee sing
Holy, heavenly Love.

No. 175. Come, Thou Burning Spirit, Come!

The late BANDMASTER C. FRY. P.M.

By per of the Salvation Army Musical Board.



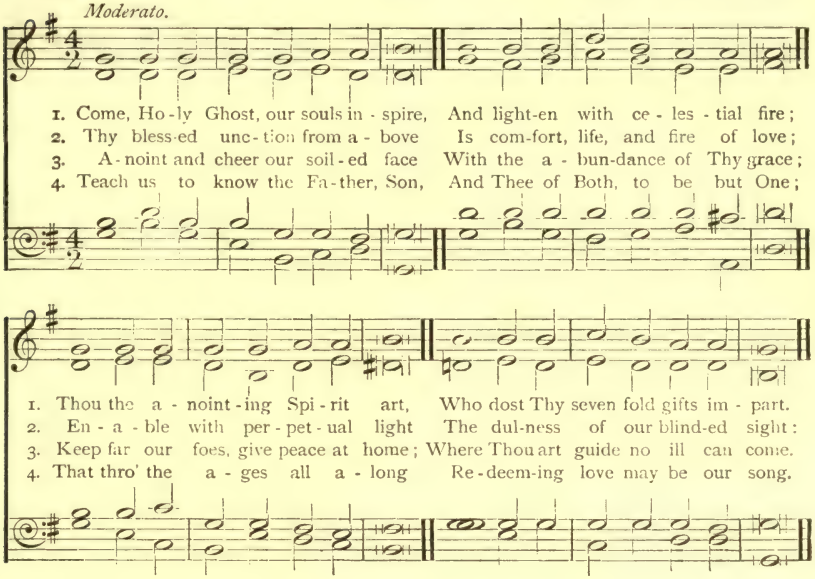
3. Now the sacrifice we make,
Though as dear as a right eye,
For our blessèd Saviour's sake,
Who for us did bleed and die.

4. Now, by faith, the gift I claim,
Bought for me by blood Divine:
Through the all-prevailing Name
All the promises are mine.

No. 176. Come, Holy Ghost, our Souls Inspire.

From the Latin, 9th Century. L.M. REV. CANON HAVERGAL.

Moderato.



No. 177. O Thou Exalted Son of God.

1. O THOU exalted Son of God,
High seated on Thy Father's throne!
The gifts, the purchase of Thy blood,
To us Thy waiting saints make known.

2. Come, Holy Ghost, all-sacred Fire!
Come, fill Thy earthly temples now;
Emptied of every base desire,
Reign Thou within, and only Thou.

3. Thy sovereign right, Thy gracious claim,
To every thought and every power;
Our lives,—to glorify Thy name,
We yield Thee in this sacred hour,

4. Fill every chamber of the soul;
Fill all our thoughts, our passions fill;
Till under Thy supreme control
Submissive rests our cheerful will.

5. 'Tis done; Thou dost this moment come;
My longing soul is all Thine own;
My heart is Thy abiding home;
Henceforth I live for Thee alone.

6. The altar sanctifies the gift;
The blood insures the boon divine:
My outstretched hands to heaven I lift,
And claim the Father's promise mine.

7. Now rise, exulting rise, my soul,
Triumphant sing the Saviour's praise;
His name through earth and skies extol
With all thy power through all thy days,

F. Bottome.

No. 178. Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove!

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2. The light of truth to us display,
That we may know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3. Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare:
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

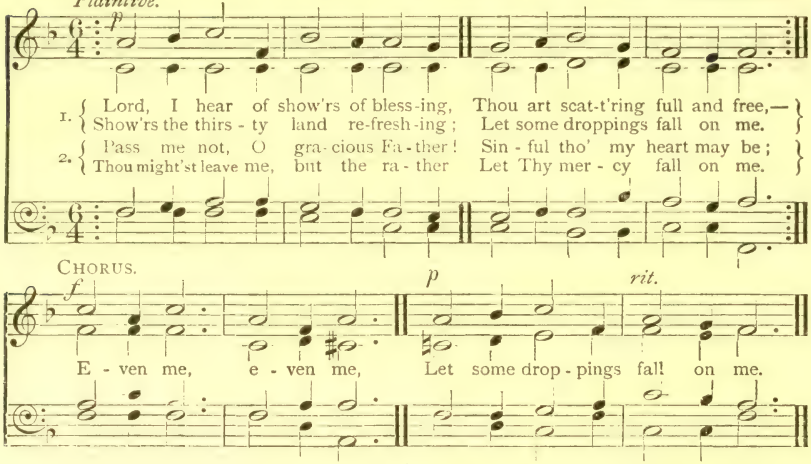
4. Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blessed!

S. Browne.

No. 179. Lord, I hear of Showers of Blessing.

MRS. CODNER. 8.7.8.7. D., with Refrain. W. B. BRADBURY.

Plaintive.



3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee:
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the Word of power to me.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless!
Blood of Christ, so rich and free!
Grace of God, so strong and boundless!—
Magnify them all in me.

6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee:
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

No. 180. Lord, Thou knowest all the hunger.

1. LORD, Thou knowest all the hunger
Of the heart that seeks Thee now;
How my soul hath long been craving
What Thou only canst bestow.
Seeking now, seeking now,
Let Thy Spirit meet me now.

2. Failure in my walk and witness,
Failure in my work I see;
Fruitless toil, un-Christlike living,
Calling forth no praise to Thee.

3. Now to Thee my soul confesses
All its failure, all its sin;
All the pride, the self-contentment,
All the "secret faults" within.

4. Save me from myself, my Father,
From each subtle form of pride;
Lead me now with Christ to Calvary,
Show me I with Him have died.

5. No more let it be *my* working,
Nor *my* wisdom, love, or power,
But the life of Jesus only,
Passing through me hour by hour.

6. Let the fulness of Thy Spirit
Resting on Him cover me,
That the witness borne to others,
May bring glory, Lord, to Thee.

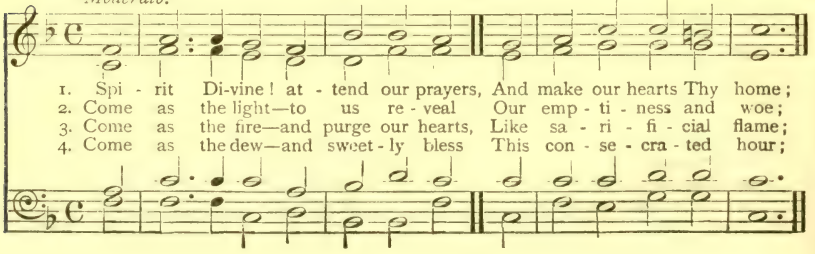
7. Father, in Thy Son's Name, pleading,
I believe my prayer is heard;
And I praise Thee for the answer,
Resting simply on Thy word.
Praising now, praising now,
Thou hast answered, Lord, I know!

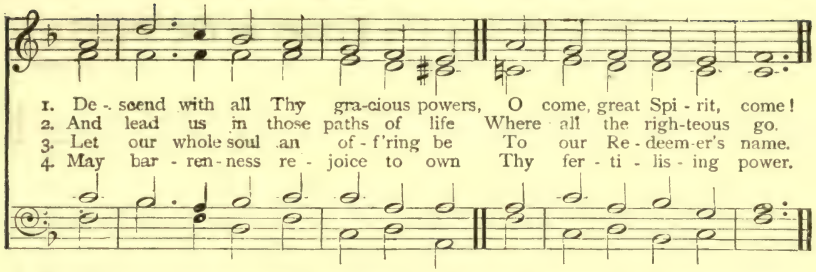
Freda Hanbury Allen.

No. 181. Spirit Divine! Attend our Prayers.

DR. A. REED. WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. Old Church Psalmody.

Moderato.





5. Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6. Come as the wind—with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

No. 182. Spirit of Holiness, do Thou.

1. SPIRIT of Holiness, do Thou
Dwell in this soul of mine;
Possess my heart and make me know
A sanctity divine.

2. Spirit of Truth, Thy word reveal,
Its treasures open wide;
Lead me to see my Father's will,
And in that will abide.

3. Spirit of Jesus, glorify
The Master's name in me;
Whether I live or if I die,
Let Christ exalted be.

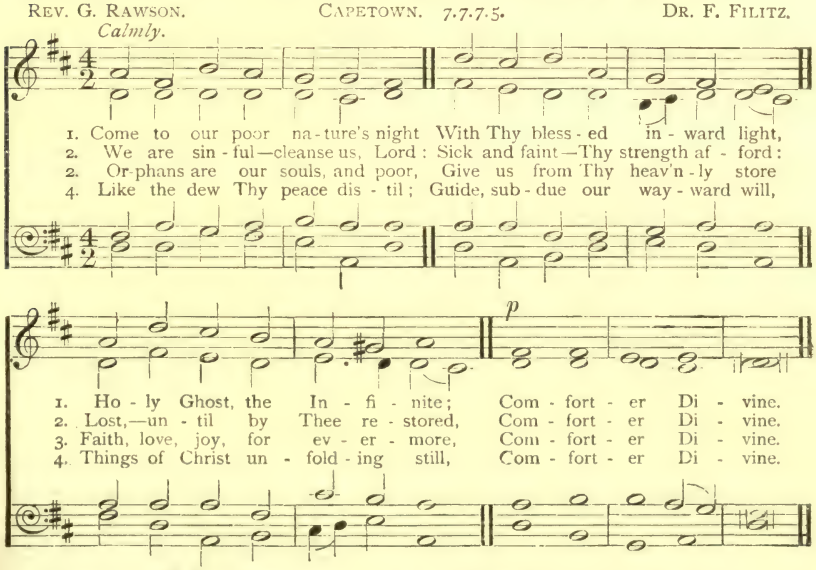
4. Spirit of Love, Thy best of gifts
Upon Thy servant pour;
Love, which another's burden lifts
And serves God every hour.

Rev. J. Holroyde.

No. 183. Come to our Poor Nature's Night.

REV. G. RAWSON. CAPETOWN. 7.7.7.5. DR. F. FILITZ.

Calmly.



5. Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast—
Shrine of purity confessed;
Comforter Divine.

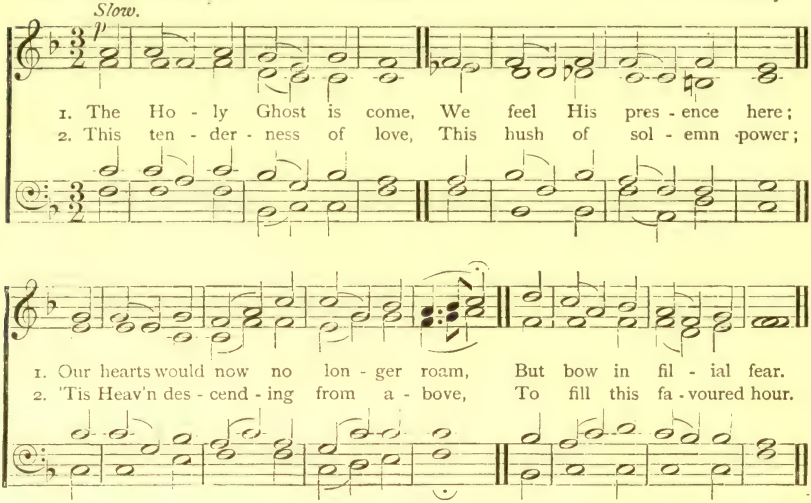
6. In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

7. Dwell in us as in the Son,
With His Father ever One
In adoring union;
Comforter Divine.

8. In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of our bliss on high:
Seal of Immortality;
Comforter Divine.

No. 184. The Holy Spirit's Power in the Heart.

REV. DR. F. BOTTOME. DENNIS. S.M. Swiss Melody.

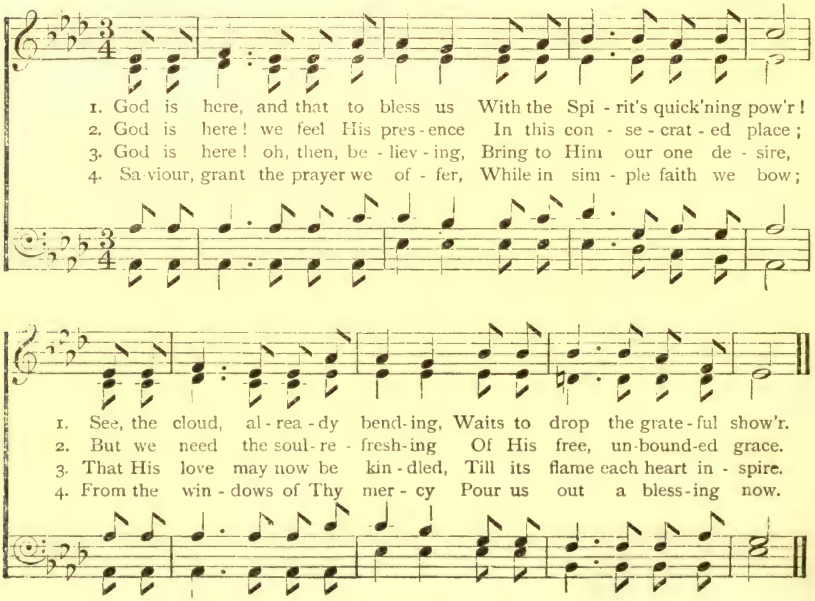


3. Earth's darkness all has fled,
Heaven's light serenely shines,
And every heart, divinely led,
To holy thought inclines.

4. No more let sin deceive,
Nor earthly cares betray:
Oh, let us never, never grieve
The Comforter away!

No. 185. Revive the Hearts of All.

JAMES L. BLACK. 8.7.8.7. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.





No. 186. Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, alone.

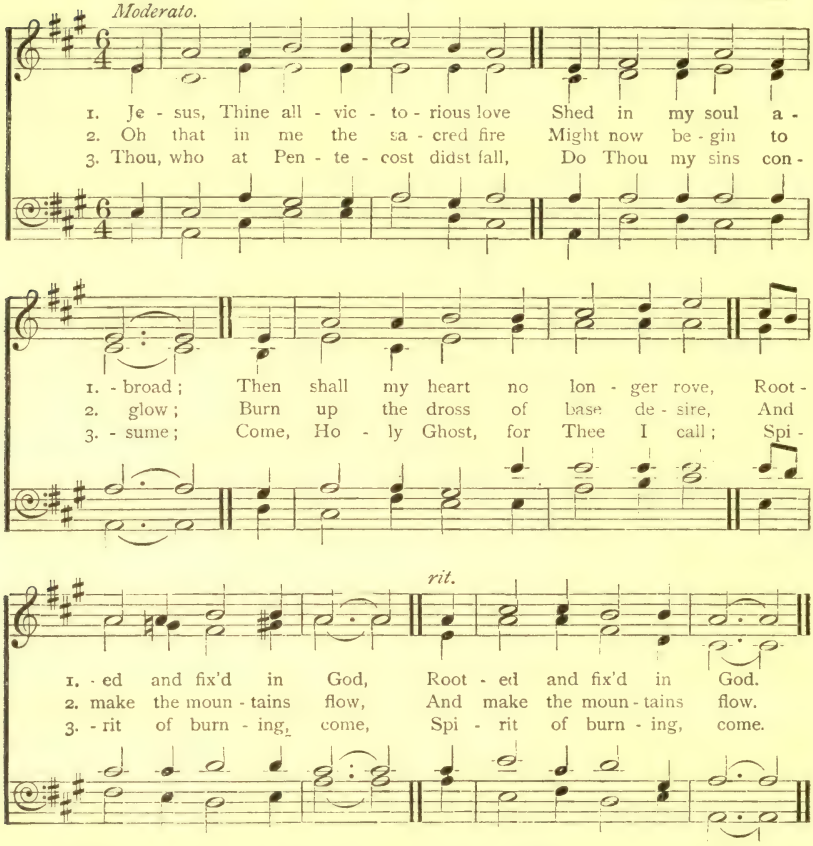
Henrietta E. Blair. P.M. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.



No. 187. Jesus, Thine All-victorious Love.

(By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.)

C.M. DR. HASTINGS.

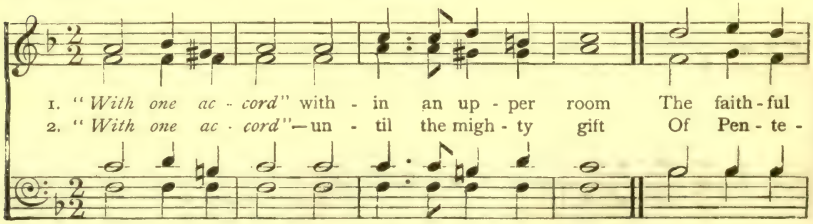


4. Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5. My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

No. 188. "With One Accord."

E. MAY GRIMES. 10. 10. 10. 10. H. GREEN.





3.

"With one accord" within the House of God
A Hallelujah song is daily raised,
As with the *voice of one*, from vocal hearts
Jehovah's name is glorified and praised

4.

Pour down Thy Spirit once again, dear Lord;
Our cry goes up to Thee for "latter rain";
Unite Thy people *as the "heart of one,"*
And Pentecostal days shall come again!

No. 189. Holy Spirit, Come, we Pray.

7·7·7. From BEETHOVEN.



3. 'Thou, of Comforters the best;
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
Sweet refreshment of the breast;

4. Thou, in labour our repose,
Cooling shade when noontide glows,
Solace sweet in all our woes!

5. Light most blissful! Fire Divine!
Fill, oh, fill these hearts of Thine;
On our inmost being shine.

6. If in Thee it be not wrought,
All in men is simply nought:
Nothing pure in deed or thought.

7. Cleanse the sordid from their stain,
On the thirsty pour Thy rain,
Heal the wounded of their pain.

8. To Thy will the stubborn mould,
Melt the frozen heart and cold,
Guide the wanderer to the fold.

9. On the faithful who confide
Solely in Thyself as Guide,
Let Thy sevenfold gifts abide.

10. Grant them virtue's full increase,
Grant them safe and sweet release,
Grant them everlasting peace.

No. 190. None but Christ can Satisfy.

B. E. (arr.). C.M.D. J. MC GRANAHAN.



3. I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they'd fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

4. The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.

No. 191. The Saviour who Saves Always.

PASTEUR THEO MONOD.
Trs. expressly for this Work by REV. WADE ROBINSON.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.



3. Long, alas! in the gloom I fought,
'Mid strife of wind and waves;
Jesus seemed only this to me:
A Saviour who *sometimes* saves.
But sweet are the light and calm
That fill my happy days,
Since now I *fully trust*
The Saviour who *saves always.*

4. O my Sun and my Shield art Thou!
Lead on where Thou hast trod;
My Salvation, my Joy, my Song,
My Brother, and yet my God.
Whate'er then my life betide,
I now can trust and praise;
Each moment Thou wilt save,
O Saviour, who *sav'st always.*

No. 192. Count your Blessings.

By permission.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jun. 11. 11. 11. 11. E. O. EXCELL.



Copyright 1897.

No. 193. The Cross is not Greater.

By per. Sal. Army Musical Board. P.M. Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by W. J. K.



3. The light of his love shineth brighter
As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of my work groweth lighter
As I stoop to raise the low.

4. His will I have joy in fulfilling
As I'm walking in His sight;
My all to the blood I am bringing,
It alone can keep me right.

No. 194. I'm More than Conqueror.

(*By permission of* PHILIP PHILLIPS.)

PARKER. 8.5.8.5.8.8.5. H. C. CAMP.

Bold.



4. Why should I ask a sign from God?
Jesus saves me now;
Can I not trust the precious blood?
Jesus saves me now.
Strong in His word, I meet the foe,
And, shouting, win without a blow:
Jesus saves me now.

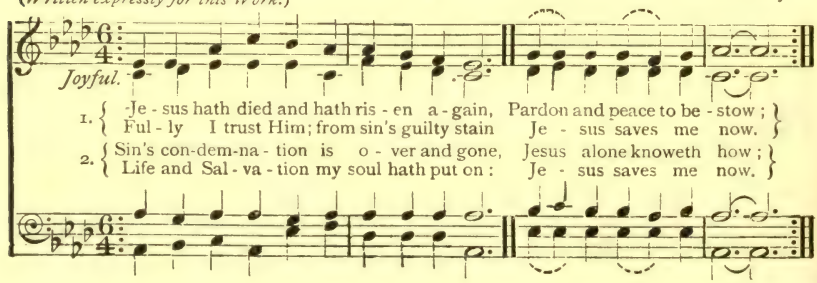
5. Should Satan come like 'whelming waves,
Jesus saves me now;
Ere trials crush, my Father saves,
Jesus saves me now.
He hides me till the storm is past,
For me He tempers every blast:
Jesus saves me now.

No. 195. Jesus Saves me Now.

A. C. D. P.M. Old Melody.

(*Written expressly for this Work.*)

Joyful.



CHORUS.



3. Satan may tempt, but he never shall reign,
That Christ will never allow;
Doubts I have buried, and this is my strain,
"Jesus saves me now."

4. Resting in Jesus, abiding in Him,
Gladly my faith can avow,—
Never again need my pathway be dim:
Jesus saves me now.

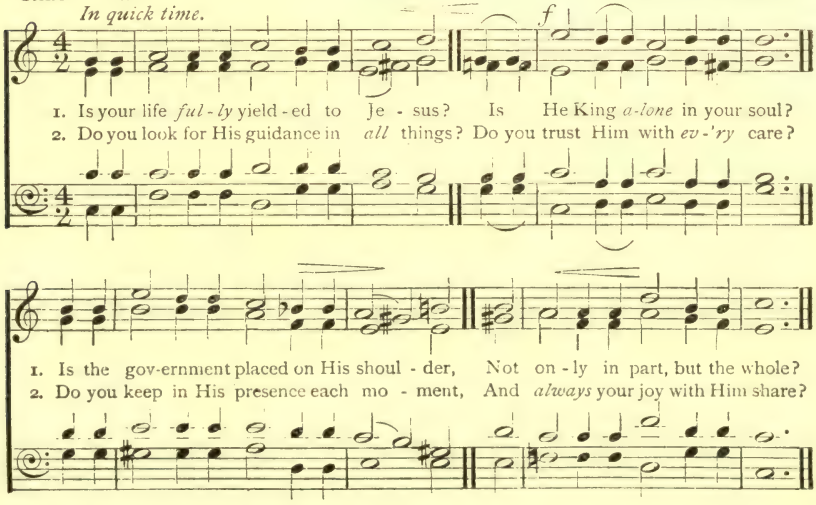
5. Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin—
Satan to Jesus must bow;
Therefore I triumph without and within:
Jesus saves me now.

6. Sorrow and pain may beset me about,
Nothing can darken my brow;
Battling in faith, I can joyfully shout:
"Jesus saves me now."

No. 196. Is your Life Fully Yielded?

CAROL FIELD. 10.8.10.8. ROSE C. MEYER.

In quick time.



3. Do you sit at His feet in the morning,
And wait ere you go on your way;
Seeking *first* for the strength and the wisdom,
To live to *His* glory all day?

4. Do you trust Him for victory ever,
Over self and Satan and sin?
Do you follow the sure, gentle leading
Of God's Holy Spirit within?

No. 197. Jesus Saves me all the Time.

7.7.7.7. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.





3. Jesus saves when sorrows come,
Jesus saves when death appears
Jesus saves and leads me home,
Now He saves from doubts and fears.

4. Jesus saves me, He is mine;
Jesus saves me, I am His;
Jesus saves as I recline
On His precious promises.

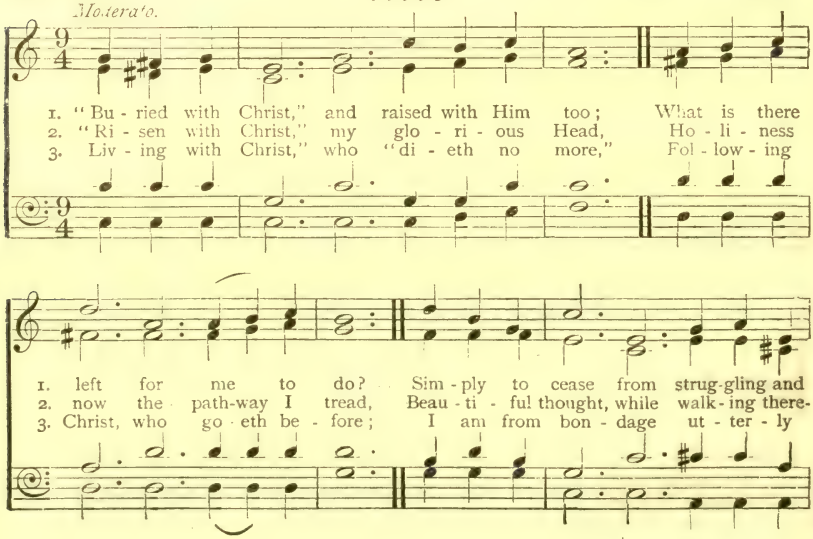
5. Jesus saves, He saves from sin,
Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh;
Jesus saves, He dwells within,
Gladly do I testify.

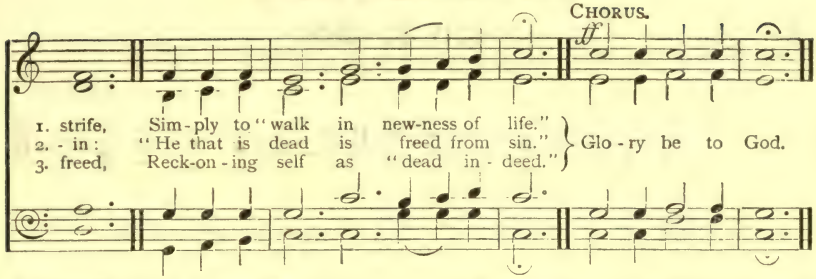
6. Jesus saves, O mighty power!
Jesus saves, O bliss sublime!
Jesus saves me hour by hour,
Jesus saves me all the time.

No. 198. Resurrection Life.

REV. T. R. 9.9.9.9.5. REV. T. RYDER.

Moderato.





4. Living for Christ, my members I yield,
Servants to God, for evermore sealed,
"Not under law," I'm now "under grace,"
Sin is dethroned, and Christ takes its place.
Glory be to God.

5. Growing in Christ; no more shall be named
Things of which now I'm truly ashamed,
"Fruit unto holiness" will I bear,
Life evermore, the end I shall share.
Glory be to God.

No. 199. Full Salvation!

ST. WERBURGH. 8.7.8.7.4 7. WEBBE.



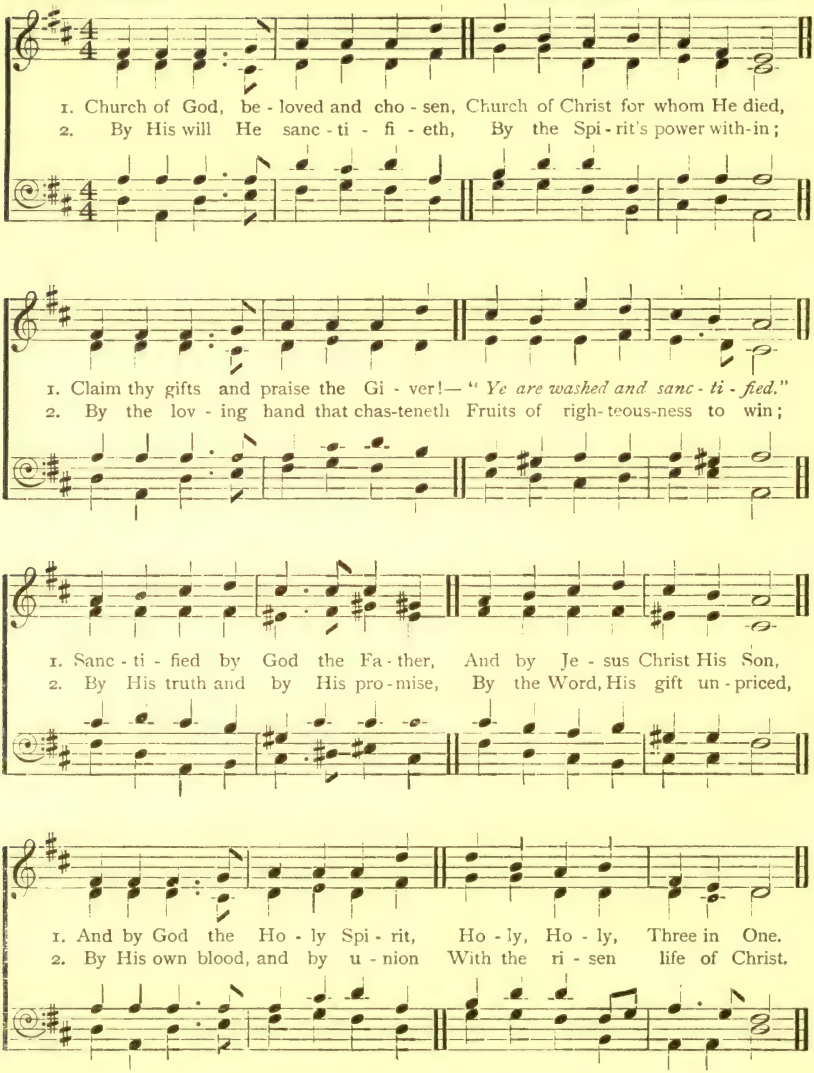
4. Life immortal, heaven descending,
Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine:
God and man in oneness blending—
Oh, what fellowship is mine!
Full salvation!
Raised in Christ to life divine!

5. Care and doubting, gloom and sorrow,
Fear and shame are mine no more;
Faith knows naught of dark to-morrow,
For my Saviour goes before:
Full salvation!
Full and free for evermore

No. 200. Church of God.

ST. ASAPH. 8.7.8.7. D.

F. R. HAVERGAL. DR. WILLIAM S. BAMBRIDGE.



3. *Holiness by faith in Jesus,*
Not by effort of thine own,—
Sin's dominion crushed and broken
By the power of *grace alone,*—
God's own holiness within thee,
His own beauty on thy brow:
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
This thy blessèd portion now.

4. He will sanctify thee wholly;
Body, spirit, soul shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming
In His glorious majesty!
He hath perfected for ever
Those whom He hath sanctified;
Spotless, glorious, and holy,
Is the Church, His chosen Bride.

No. 201. Oh, the Cleansing Blood!

LOUISE M. ROUSE. 8.7.8.7. D. DORA BOOLE.



3. Trusting, trusting every moment;
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying in the cleansing fountain,
Dwelling in my Saviour's side.

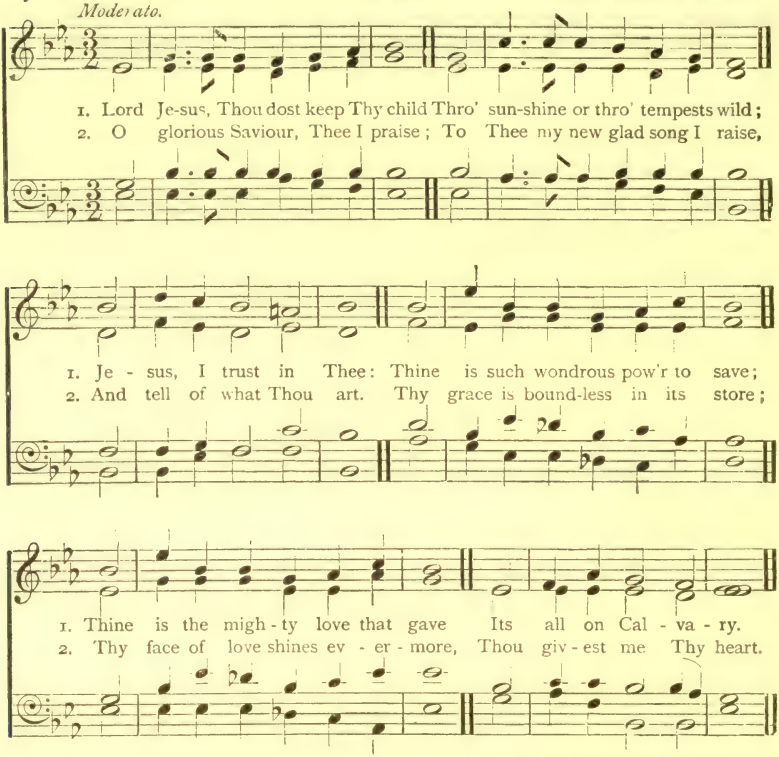
4. Consecrated to Thy service,
I will live and die to Thee;
I will witness to Thy glory,
Of salvation, full and free.

5. Yes, I will stand up for Jesus;
He has sweetly saved my soul,
Cleansed my soul from sin's corruption,
Sanctified, and made me whole.

6. Glory to the Lord who bought me,
Glory for His saving power;
Glory to the Lord who keeps me,
Glory, glory evermore!

No. 202. Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy Child.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT. 8.8.6.8.8.6. DR. LOWELL MASON.



3. Upon Thy promises I stand,
Trusting in Thee: Thine own right hand
Doth keep and comfort me;
My soul doth triumph in Thy word;
Thine, Thine be all the praise, dear Lord,
As Thine the victory.

4. Love perfecteth what it begins;
Thy power doth save me from my sins;
Thy grace upholdeth me.
This life of trust, how glad, how sweet;
My need and Thy great fulness meet,
And I have all in Thee.

No. 203. Poor weary heart, why sad and lone?

1. POOR weary heart, why sad and lone
When there is waiting for thee One
Who would be All to thee?
He knows thy cares, thy doubts and fears,
He listens to thy sighs, and hears
In deepest sympathy.

2. Oh! restless, thirsty, hungering one,
When God's own well-belovèd Son
Came down to Calvary,
He died to save thee from all sin,
That thou might'st joy and rest in Him,
For constant victory.

3. Wilt thou not yield Him *all* thy heart?
The holding back of any part
Will leave thee weary still.
He sacrificed His All for thee,
Thine All it is His wish to be:
Is He to have His Will?

4. Oh! crown Him King *this very day*,
Let this great Saviour have His Way
And be thine All in All.
Then strong in Him, go forth to prove
God's own unutterable Love
Is thine, whate'er befall.

Emmeline G. Thiselton.

No. 204. I have entered the valley.

A. WITTENMEYER. P.M. W. G. FISCHER.



3.

There is *love* in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4.

There's a *song* in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And angels would fain join the strain,
As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

No. 205. Thou art able.

J. S. PIGOTT. 8.7.8.7.8.8 7. BURNHAM HORNER.

Slowly.

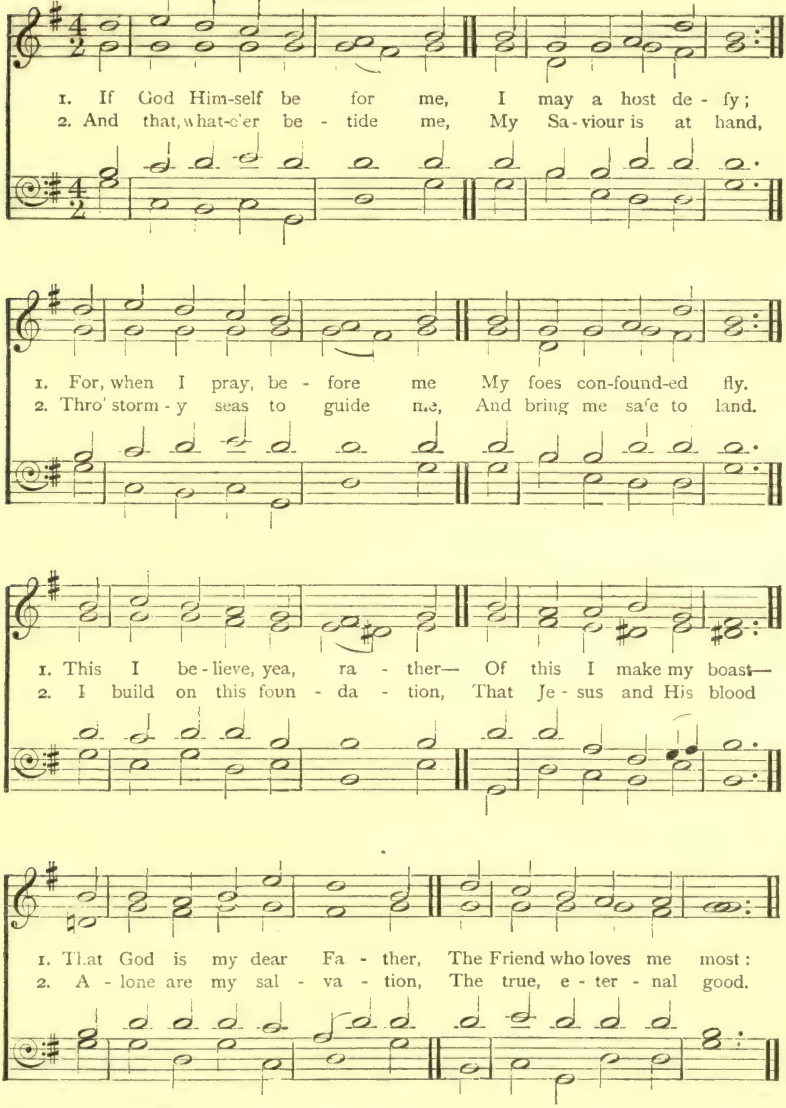


3. Thou art able, glorious Saviour!
Oh, the rapture of the thought!
Shall we find it hard to trust Thee,
Where all life with love is fraught?
Thou, whose love is never sleeping,
For the sweetness of Thy keeping,
Can we praise Thee as we ought?

4. Thou art able! we adore Thee!
We ascribe to Thee the power,
And glad anthems to Thy glory
We would sing each day and hour:
While the joy of now possessing
In Thyself each promised blessing
Is our sweet, unending dower.

No. 206. If God Himself be for me.

PAUL GERHARDT. CRÜGER. 7.6.7.6. D. German Chorale.

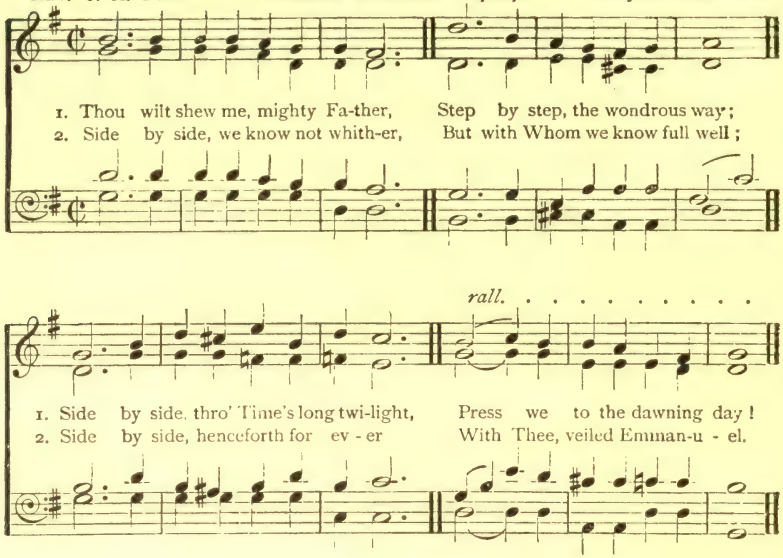


3. His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it, when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart:
And when my soul is lying
Weak, trembling, and oppressed,
He pleads with groans and sighing
That cannot be expressed.

4. To mine His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God, for him that seeketh
For rest, hath rest in store:
There God Himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And, though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.

No. 207. Thou wilt shew me, mighty Father.

REV. C. A. FOX. INFANTS' PETITION. 8.7.8.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.



No. 208. "Thou remainest."

1. "THOU remainest." Breathe it softly,
As in loneliness ye wait,
As the vanished ones long waited
For the opening of the gate.

2. "Thou remainest." This thy watchword
When the foes from ambush start;
Vain their siege! If God be with us
Peace may garrison the heart.

3. "Thou remainest." Peace our portion
Though the billows toss and foam;
Lo, the vessel rides at anchor,
Everywhere is God and Home!

4. Nature, in her moods inconstant
Can desert the child she bore;
Hope betrays by brightest promise,—
"Thou remainest" evermore.

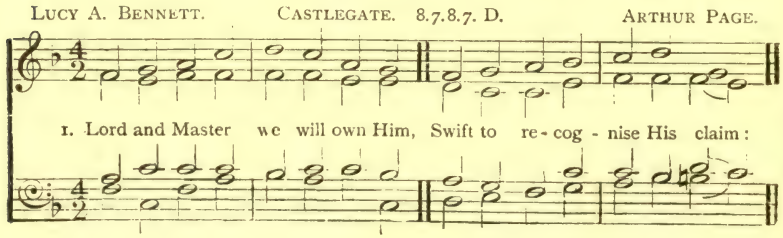
5. Silent the familiar voices,—
Vacant places, who can fill?
Vanished forms and absent faces—
"Thou remainest" with us still.

6. Years recede; the Christ abideth,
Time and change may do their worst;
All is ours, for Thou remainest,
Thou art Last as well as First.

Lucy A. Bennett.

No. 209. Lord and Master we will own Him.

LUCY A. BENNETT. CASTLEGATE. 8.7.8.7. D. ARTHUR PAGE.





2. "Blessing"? yearning heart that criest;
Stay, the Blesser comes to you!
"Higher truth"? But this is highest,
We are in Himself—The TRUE.
Not attainment, not acquirement,
But His fulness fully known;
Guarantee for all requirement,
Jesus is upon the Throne.

3. By a Priesthood all unchanging
Jesus meets our changing need:
Naught from us His love estranging,
Truly we are bless'd indeed.
Lo, a covenant unbroken
Spans the distance, "Till He come"—
Of the things which we have spoken,
This, for aye, remains the sum.

No. 210. Welcome, welcome, O Redeemer.

1. WELCOME, welcome, O Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine.
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine:
Thine entirely, Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages Thine;
Thine entirely, thine entirely,
Through eternal ages Thine.

2. Oh, I love Thee, precious Jesus,
And I know that Thou art mine;
All my heart I give Thee, Jesus,
And I know Thou mak'st it Thine.
Take my warmest, best affections,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
And with all Thy loving Spirit
All my emptied nature fill.

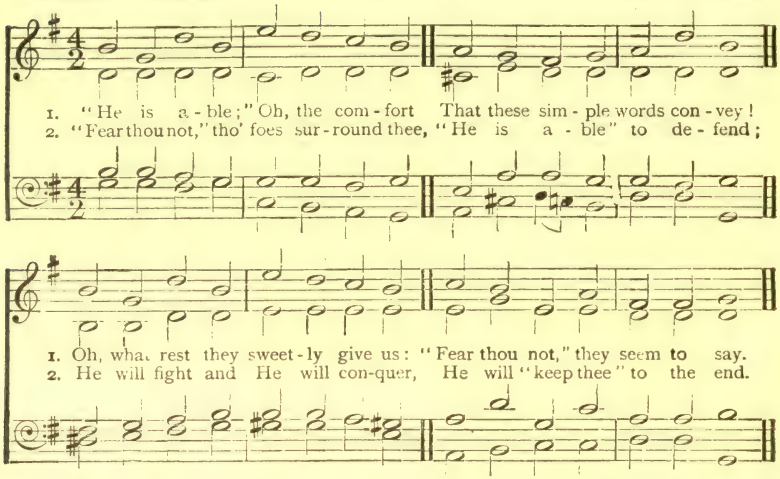
3. Vain the world, its pleasures boasting;
Vain the charms of life to me;
Gold is dross, and riches worthless,
If they turn my heart from Thee.
Nearer, dearer than a brother,
Source and centre of my bliss;
All of joy, and all of sorrow,
Find their end in knowing this.

4. Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell shall disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is there.
Shout, ye angels! shout, ye angels!
Shout, O saints, the Lord is here;
Shout, ye angels! shout, ye angels!
Shout, O saints, the Lord is here.

F. J. Crosby and F. Bottome.

No. 211. "He is able."

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. 8.7.8.7. J. DOWNING FARRER.



3. "He is able,' ev'ry burden
That oppresses thee, to bear;
Dost thou fear some cloud to enter?
He will meet thee surely there.

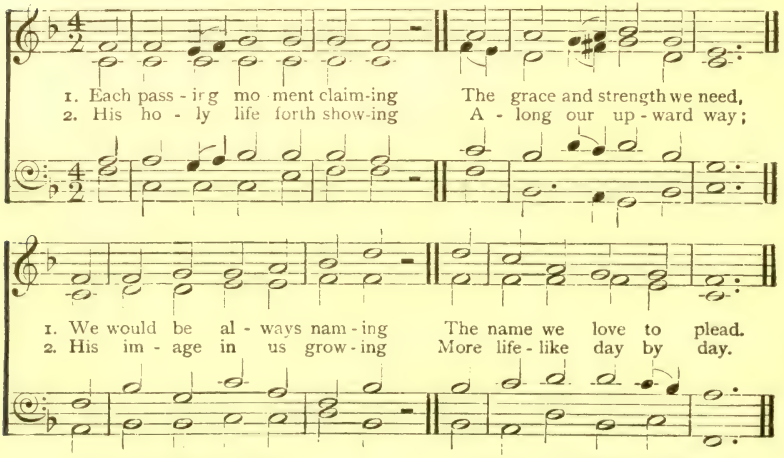
4. "He is able" to go with thee
Thro' the dark, or thro' the light;
Where He stays no evil cometh—
With Him near—all, all is bright.

5. In the "valley of the shadow,"
Where the fears of death appal,
"He is able" to dispel them,
And to triumph over all.

6. When, within His arms of mercy,
We to Heaven's gates have come,
"He is able" to undo them,
And to bid us "Welcome Home!"

No. 212. Each passing moment.

A. E. M. BARTON. 7.6.7.6. J. H. KNECHT.



3. Our very faces beaming
Doxologies unsung;
Our ransomed natures seeming
To heavenly music strung.

4. For ever o'er us streaming
The light of Jesu's love,
In the fair distance gleaming
The pearly gates above.

5. Then in the kingdom bending
Before our Saviour's feet,
Life's dark enigmas ending
In hallelujahs sweet.

6. No trembling notes of sadness:
The rest of faith becomes
A rest in love and gladness—
Eternal glory won.

No. 213. Lord, for to-morrow.

8.4.8.4. ROSE C. MEYER.



3. Let me be slow to do my will;
   Prompt to obey;
   Help me to sacrifice myself—
   Just for to-day.

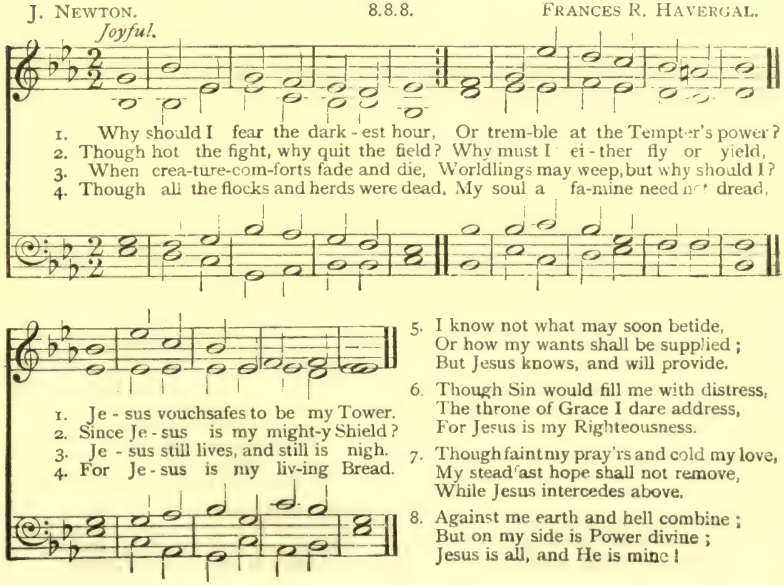
4. Let me no wrong or idle word
   Unthinking say;
   Set Thou a seal upon my lips—
   Just for to-day.

5. Cleanse and receive my parting soul;
   Be Thou my stay:
   Oh, bid me, if to-day I die,
   Go home to-day!

6. So for to-morrow and its needs
   I do not pray:
   But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
   Just for to-day.

No. 214. Why should I fear the darkest hour?

J. NEWTON. 8.8.8. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



5. I know not what may soon betide,
   Or how my wants shall be supplied;
   But Jesus knows, and will provide.

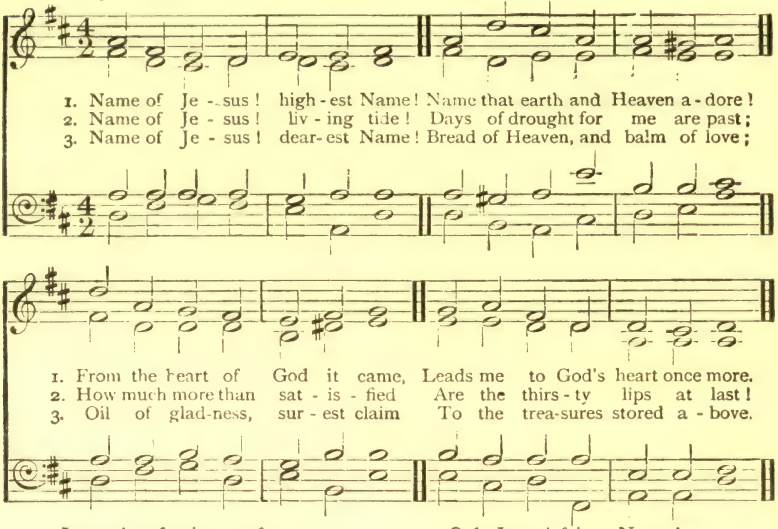
6. Though Sin would fill me with distress,
   The throne of Grace I dare address,
   For Jesus is my Righteousness.

7. Though faint my pray'rs and cold my love,
   My stead'fast hope shall not remove,
   While Jesus intercedes above.

8. Against me earth and hell combine;
   But on my side is Power divine;
   Jesus is all, and He is mine!

No. 215. Name of Jesus! highest Name!

TERSTEEGEN. BUCKLAND. 7.7.7.7. REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.
Trans. by MRS. BEVAN.

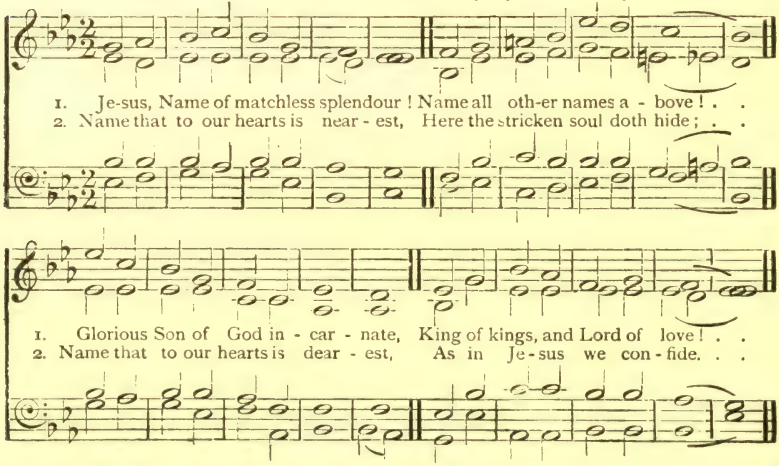


4. Jesus gives forgiveness free,
Jesus cleanses all my stains;
Jesus gives His life to me,
Jesus always He remains.

5. Only Jesus! fairest Name!
Life, and rest, and peace, and bliss;
Jesus, evermore the same,
He is mine, and I am His.

No. 216. Jesus, Name of matchless splendour!

LUCY A. BENNETT. TENDER SHEPHERD. 8.7.8.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. "Call Him Jesus!" He shall save us
From the tyranny of sin;
From its condemnation save us—
From iniquity within.

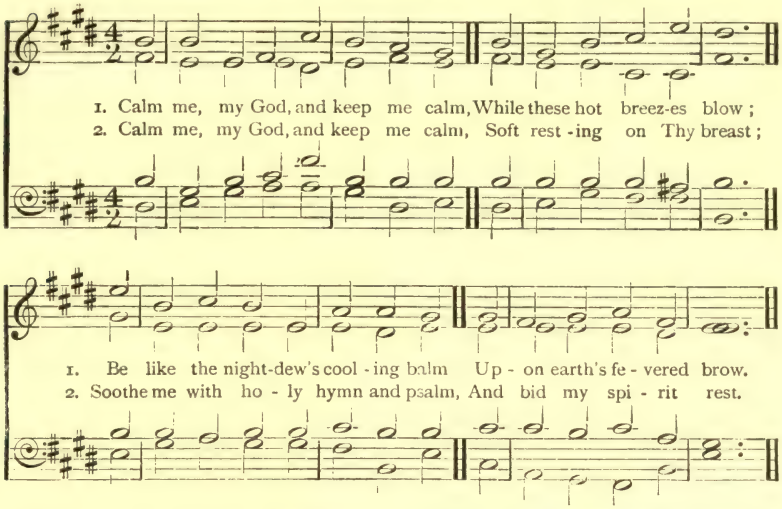
4. Thanks we give, and adoration,
Every day and every hour,
For an "uttermost" salvation.
Freedom from its guilt and power.

5. "Jesus," sweetest note of any
In the lowly pilgrim's song;
"Jesus!" the triumphant music
Of the bright angelic throng.

6. Earth to Him her face upraises,
Knows Him as the great "I am!"
Heaven resounds with Jesu's praises,
"Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

No. 217. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. ST. FULBERT. C.M. DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



3. Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;

4. Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

5. Calm 'mid the restless heaving throng,
Who do not know Thy name ;
Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame.

6. Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain ;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.

No. 218. My God, the spring of all my joys.

1. MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2. In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am His.*

Rev. J. Watts.

No. 219. O Saviour, Thou whose pitying love.

1. O SAVIOUR, Thou whose pitying love
Has made a place for me,
Whose touch has healed a broken heart,
And turned its love to Thee.

2. Thou who hast changed a barren life
To verdant summer land,
And filled my cup to overflow
By Thine abundant hand,

3. Oh magnify Thy wondrous grace
In this poor heart of mine,
That all the energies of life
Henceforward may be Thine.

4. And touch the broken, voiceless chords
Which long have silent lain,
That filled with melody may be
The hours that still remain.

5. Thus may the world that reads my life
A risen Saviour see,
And own that life lived out in Him
In constant victory.

C. Butler-Stoney.

No. 220. Then shall I know.

E. E. HEWITT. *Copyright.* 8.8.8.8, with Refrain. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



3. Tis now in part I understand
The leadings of my Father's hand;
But I shall own His ways were right,
When welcomed to His home of light.

4. 'Tis now in part, but O how sweet
To rest by faith at His dear feet;
Though now we see as through a glass,
The veil will lift, the shadows pass.

No. 221. My life flows on in endless song.

F. J. HARTLEY. 8.7.8.7. D. REV. R. LOWRY.

Moderato.



No. 222. Looking unto Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. (*Written expressly for this Work.*) HERMAS. 6.5.6.5. D. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

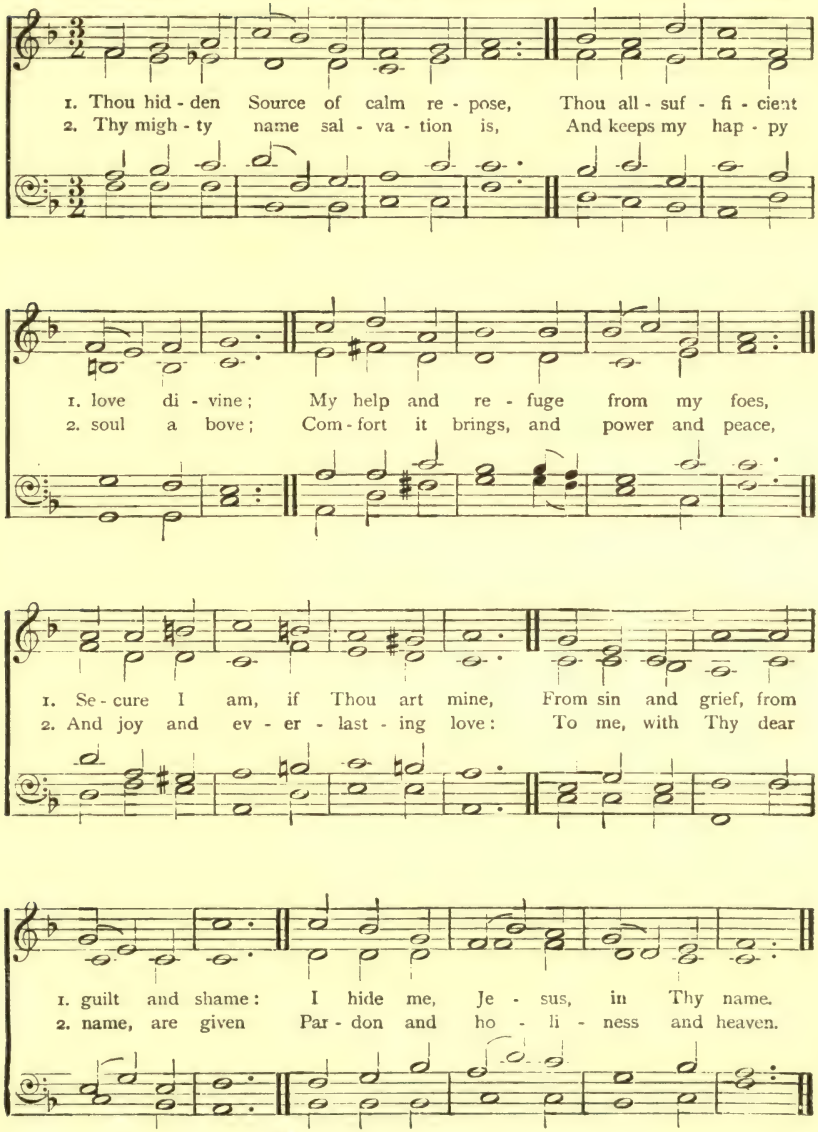


3. Looking *into* Jesus,
Wond'ringly we trace
Heights of power and glory,
Depths of love and grace.
Vistas far unfolding
Ever stretch before,
As we gaze, beholding,
Ever more and more.

4. Looking up to Jesus,
On the Emerald Throne,
Faith shall pierce the heavens,
Where our King is gone.
Lord, on Thee depending,
Now, continually,
Heart and mind ascending,
Let us dwell with Thee.

No. 223. Thou Hidden Source.

REV. C. WESLEY. PATER OMNIUM. 8.8.8.8.8.8. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4. In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, mine almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven, my all.

No. 224. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

A. L. WARING.
(By per. S. P. C. K.)

7.6.7.6. D.

REV. E. HUSBAND.



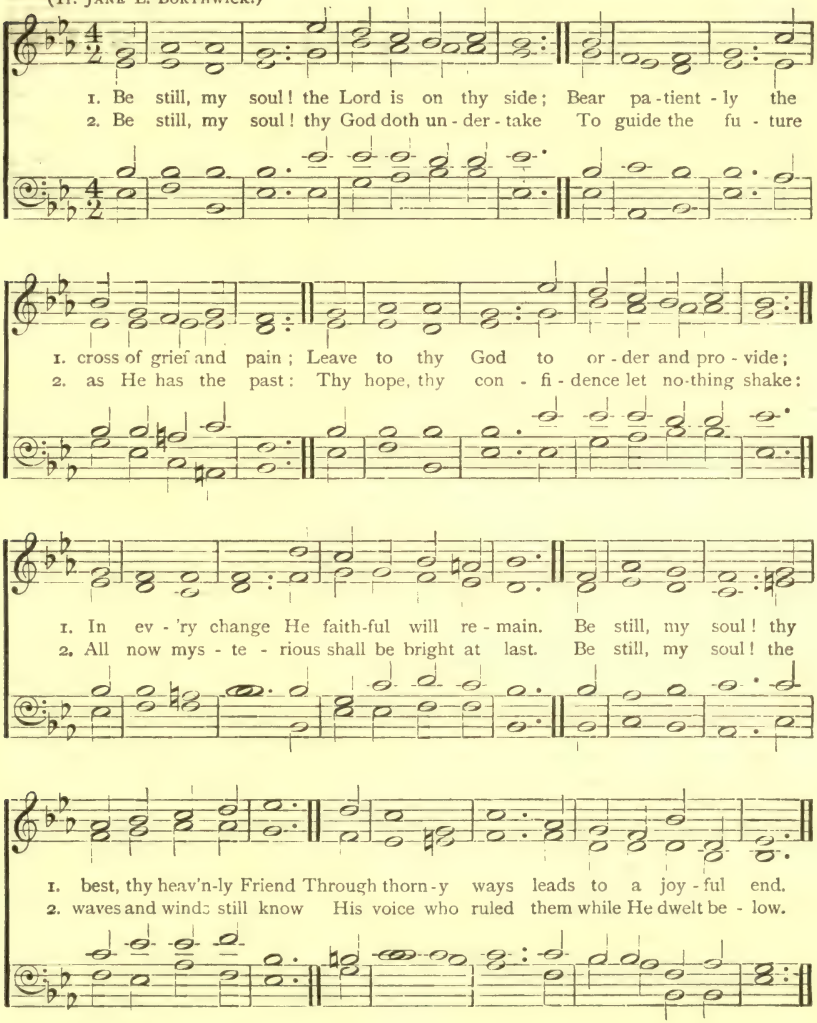
The above Hymn may also be sung to No. 77.

No. 225. Be Still, my Soul!

ST. HELEN. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

KATHARINA VON SCHLEGEL.
(Tr. JANE L. BORTHWICK.)

WALTER HATELY.



3. Be still, my soul! when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears:
Be still, my soul! thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4. Be still, my soul! the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord;
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul! when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last.

No. 226. I am the Lord's!

LUCY A. BENNETT. 11. 10. 11. 10. REV. H. G. WARREN.



3.

I am the Lord's! It is the glad confession,
Wherewith the Bride recalls the happy day,
When love's "I will" accepted Him for ever,
"The Lord's," to love, to honour and obey.

4.

I am the Lord's! O eagerly and gladly,
Triumphantly and gratefully we sing;
I am the Lord's! It is the rock unfailing
To which our storm-tossed souls in darkness cling.

5.

I am the Lord's! Yet teach me all it meaneth,
All it involves of love and loyalty,
Of holy service, absolute surrender,
And unreserved obedience unto Thee.

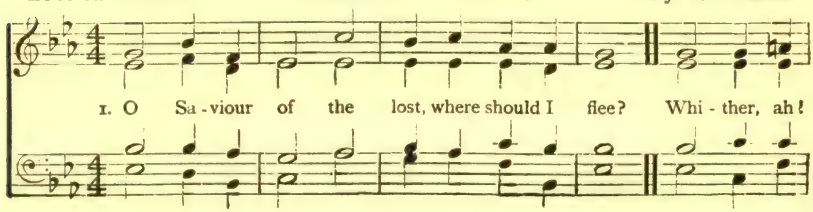
6.

I am the Lord's! Yes; body, soul, and spirit,—
O seal them irrecoverably Thine;
As Thou, Belovèd, in Thy grace and fulness
For ever and for evermore art mine.

The above Hymn may also be sung to "BERLIN," *No. 269.*

No. 227. I flee unto Thee to hide me.

LUCY A. BENNETT. HABERGHAM. 10. 10. 10. 10. H. J. E. HOLMES.





2.

To Thee I fly when overwhelmed with woe;
To Thee with every care a heart can know;
To Thee for help, and not to scheme nor plan;
To Thee, and not to frail and erring man.

3.

O peaceful Haven! calm, serene, and fair—
Thrice happy are the souls that harbour there!
O resting-place of Faith! O Love's abode!
O sacred hiding-place! O Heart of God!

4.

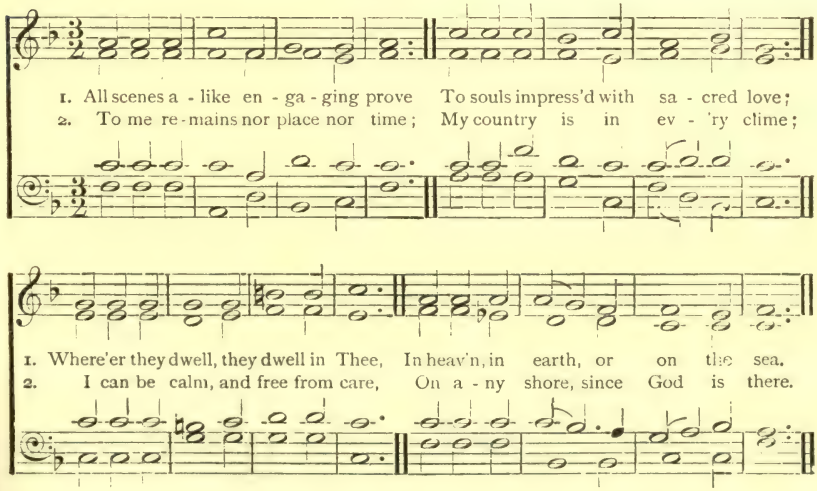
Our human lips are powerless to express
The measure of our deep indebtedness!
We have no words to thank Thee: lo, we flee,
Speechless but satisfied, to hide in Thee!

5.

To hide in Thee—till, earthly peril o'er,
Our souls shall need a hiding-place no more;
But learn the fairer joy Thy love hath stored,
The bliss of being "ever with the Lord."

No. 228. All Scenes alike engaging Prove.

MADAME GUYON. HESPERUS. L.M. H. BAKER.



3. While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4. Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot:
But regions none remote I call,—
Secure of finding God in all.

No. 229. Safe in the centre of Thy loving Will.

JANE WOODFALL. WINDERMERE. 10.10.10.10. A. J. FOXWELL.
Composed expressly for this work.

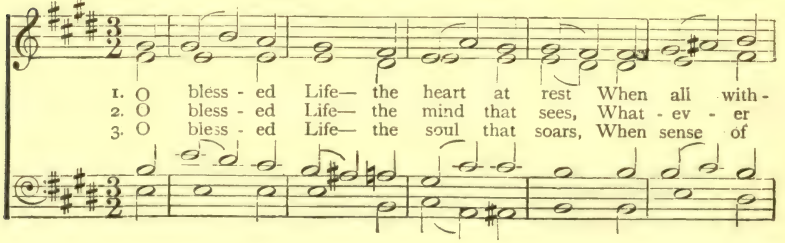


4. The blood of Christ has washed away my sin,
   And through that blood I am at peace with Thee;
   My will is Thine,—no controversy now,
   Thy peace which passeth knowledge keepeth me.

5. Thus will I live and walk from day to day,
   Contented, trustful, satisfied, and still;
   What life so shielded, or what life so free,
   As that within the centre of Thy Will!

No. 230. O Blessèd Life—the heart at rest.

REV. W. T. MATSON. BLESSED LIFE. L.M. A. J. FOXWELL.



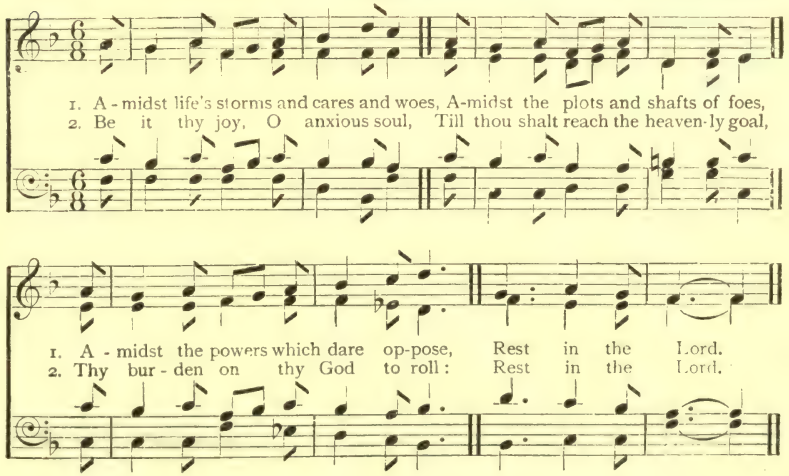


4. O blessèd Life—heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

5. O Life, how blessèd, how divine,
High Life, the earnest of a higher:
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessèd Life be mine.

No. 231. Amidst life's storms.

REV. A. C. THISELTON. 8.8.8.4. C. H. FORREST.



3. Sickness may try, and losses come;
But thou art on the safe way home:
Thy Father will disperse the gloom:
Rest in the Lord.

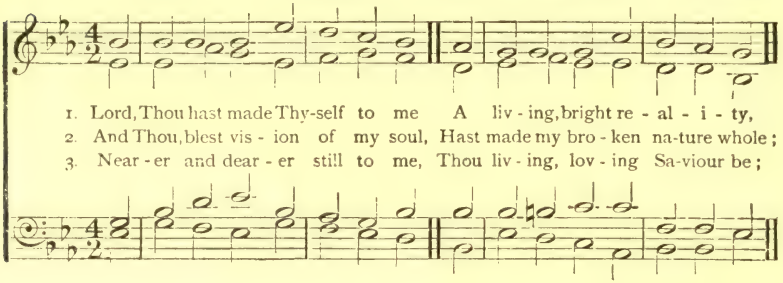
4. In quiet calm,—in Christ's own rest,—
Is secret strength for all opprest;
All things are working for the best:
Rest in the Lord.

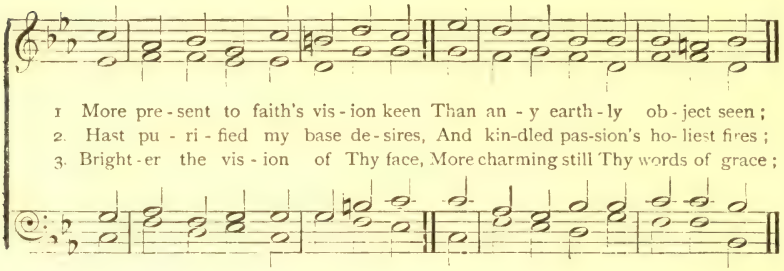
5. Rest in His truth, His power, His grace
Rest in His knowledge of thy case;
Rest in the sunshine of His face:
Rest in the Lord.

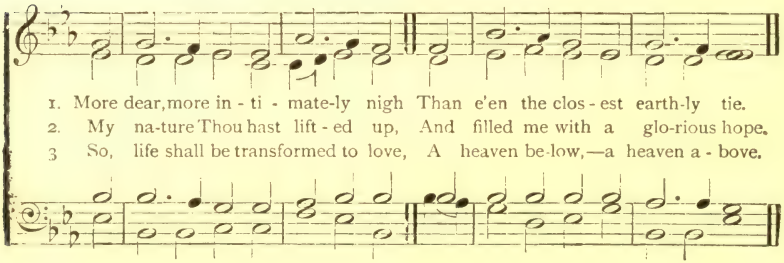
6. Rest in His love—it cannot chill;
Rest in His sweet and blessèd will;
Rest in Himself: be hushed, be still:
Rest in the Lord.

No. 232. Lord, Thou hast made Thyself to me.

REV. J. B. FRENCH. COMPLINE. 8.8.8.8.8.8. REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.

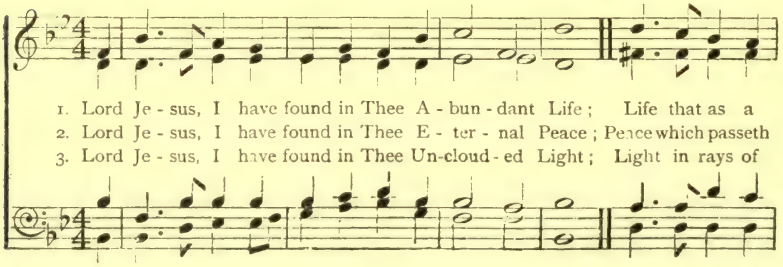


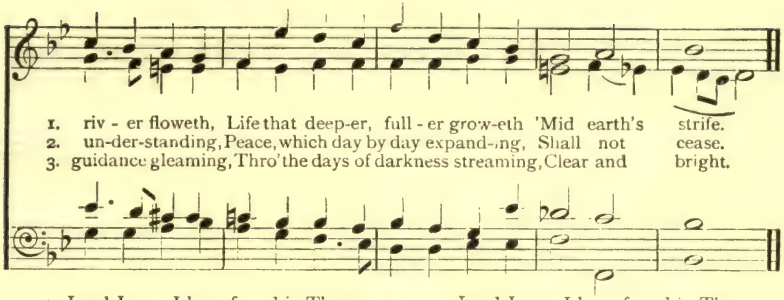




No. 233 Abundant Life.

P. SKENE. P.M. P. SKENE.



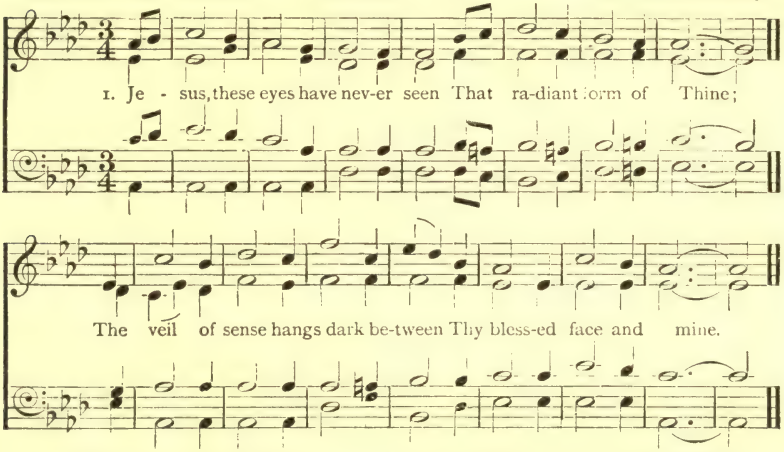


4. Lord Jesus, I have found in Thee
Exceeding Joy;
In Thy Presence, joy for ever,
Joy which even Satan never
Can destroy.

5. Lord Jesus, I have found in Thee
The Love of God;
Perfect Love that never faileth,
Love which ever more availeth
By Thy Blood.

No. 234. Jesus, these eyes have never seen.

REV. DR. RAY PALMER. MANOAH. C.M. Arr. from ROSSINI.



2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3. Like some bright dream, that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4. Yea, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

5. When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart;
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All-glorious as Thou art.

No. 235. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned.

1. MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2. No mortal can with Him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

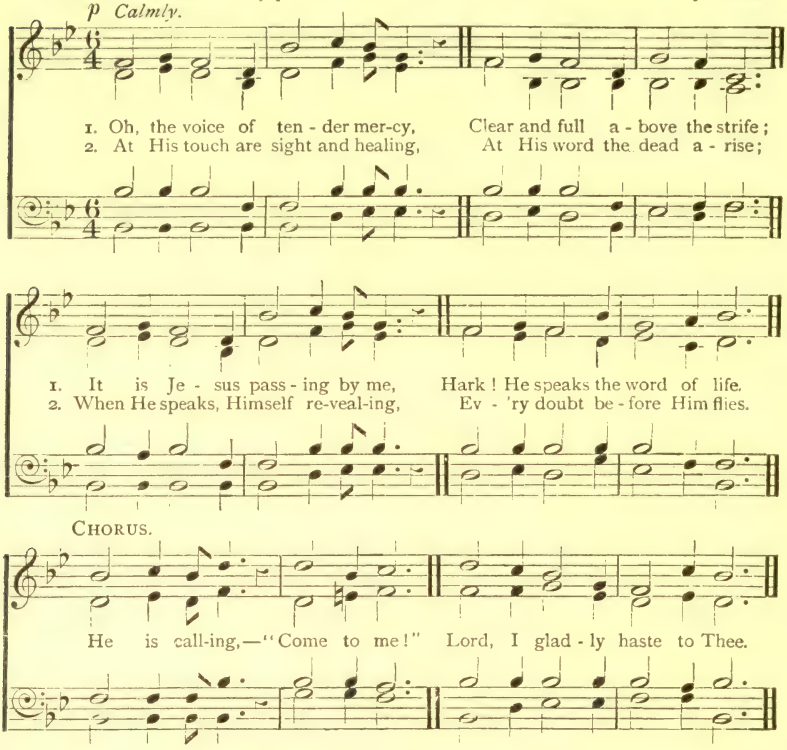
5. To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6. Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine!

Dr. S. Stennett.

No. 236. The Voice of Jesus.

REV. DR. F. BOTTOME. By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS. S. J. VAIL.



3. Lamb of God, His blood atoneth,—
He the perfect sacrifice;
Not a sin my soul bemoaneth,
But before His presence dies.

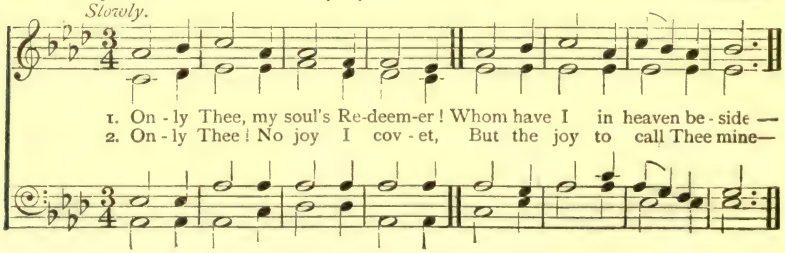
4. Son of God, He ever liveth,
Saves me to the uttermost!
And in Him my soul receiveth
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

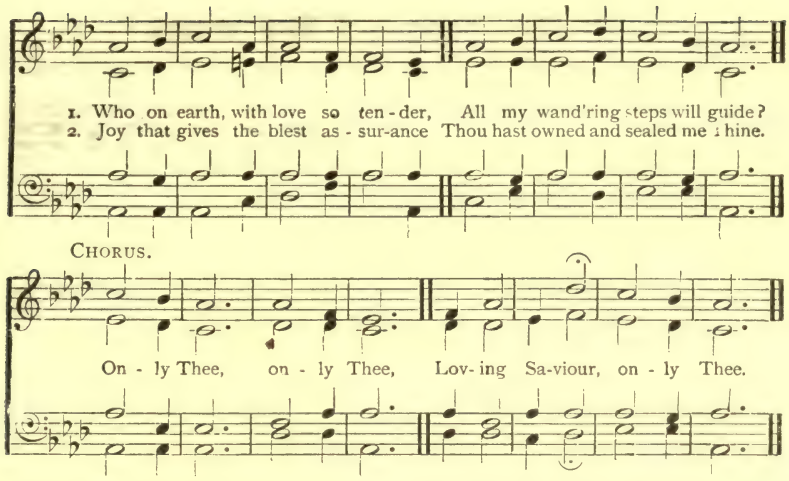
5. Blessèd sense of heaven within me,
Blessèd consciousness of love;
Blessèd resurrection glory,
Raised to sit with Christ above.

6. Oh the fulness of salvation!
Oh the broadness of His grace!
Oh the rapturous exaltation!
Oh the smiling of His face!

No. 237. Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer!

FANNY J. CROSBY. 8.7.8.7., and Chorus. W. H. DOANE.



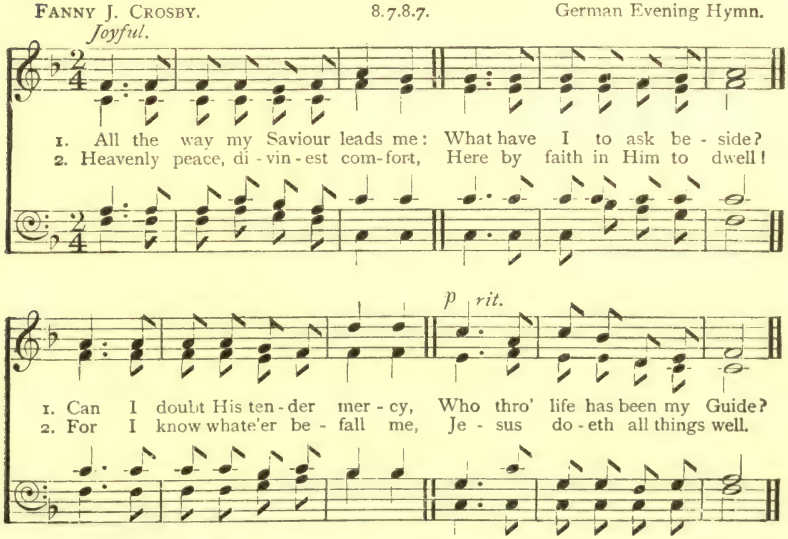


3. Only Thee, I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;
Life, or health, or creature comfort—
I would give them all for Thee.

4. Only Thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

No. 238. All the way my Saviour leads me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 8.7.8.7. German Evening Hymn.



3. All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial,
Feeds me with the living bread:

4. Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

5. All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.

6. When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.

No. 239. In the shadow of His wings.

J. B. ATCHINSON. P.M. E. O. EXCELL.



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No. 240. At peace with God!

P.M.

R. SLATER. By per. of the Salvation Army Musical Board. Swedish Tune.



No. 241. Why will you do without Him?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. P.M. By per. ADA ROSE.



3. Why should you do without Him?
It is not yet too late:
He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you! hush! He calls you!
He would not have you go
Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so.

4. Why will you do without Him?
He calls and calls again:
Come unto Me! come unto Me!
Oh, shall He call in vain?
He wants to have you with Him,
Do you not want Him, too?
You cannot do without Him,
And He wants even you.

No. 242. Jesus! I am resting, resting.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT. P.M. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.



3. Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy love, so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies its every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings:
Thine is love indeed!

4. Ever lift Thy face upon me,
As I work and wait for Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee.
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me ever trusting, resting,
Fill me with Thy grace.

No. 243. I will guide thee with Mine eye.

N. NILES. 8.7.8.7. D. P. P. BLISS.

p Joyfully.



3. When thy secret hopes have perished,
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4. When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die,
Hear thy faithful Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

No. 244. My will is the will of my God.

REV. W. F. CRAFTS. P.M. W. G. FISCHER.



3. He laid His hand on me, and healed me,
And bade me be ev'ry whit whole,
I touchèd the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

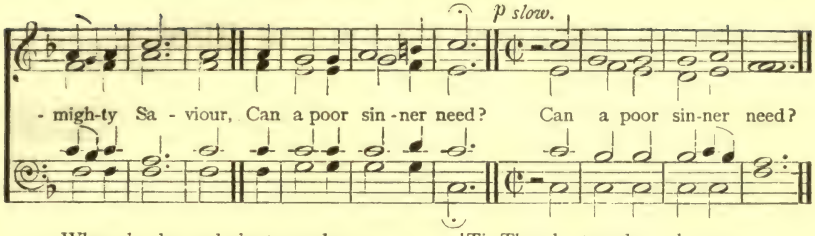
4. The Prince of my Peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, belovèd, He speaketh:
"My peace I will give unto thee.

No. 245. On Thee my heart is Resting.

PASTEUR THEO. MONOD. 7.6.7.6. D. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyfully.



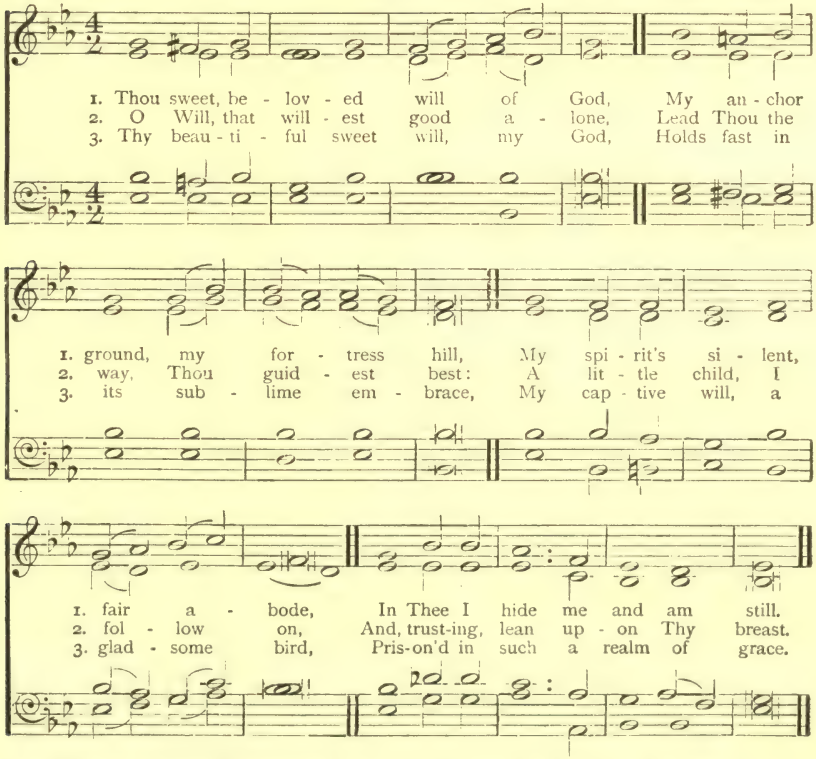


4. When clouds are darkest round me,
Thou, Lord, art then most near,
My drooping faith to quicken,
My weary soul to cheer.
Safe nestling in Thy bosom,
I gaze upon Thy face;
In vain my foes would drive me
From Thee, my hiding-place.

5. 'Tis Thou hast made me happy,
'Tis Thou hast set me free;
To whom shall I give glory
For ever, but to Thee?
Of earthly love and blessing
Should every stream run dry,
Thy grace shall still be with me,
Thy grace, to live and die!

No. 246. Thou Sweet, Beloved Will of God.

MADAME GUYON. HOLLY. L.M. GEORGE HEWS.



4. Within this place of certain good
Love evermore expands her wings,
Or nestling in Thy perfect choice,
Abides content with what it brings.

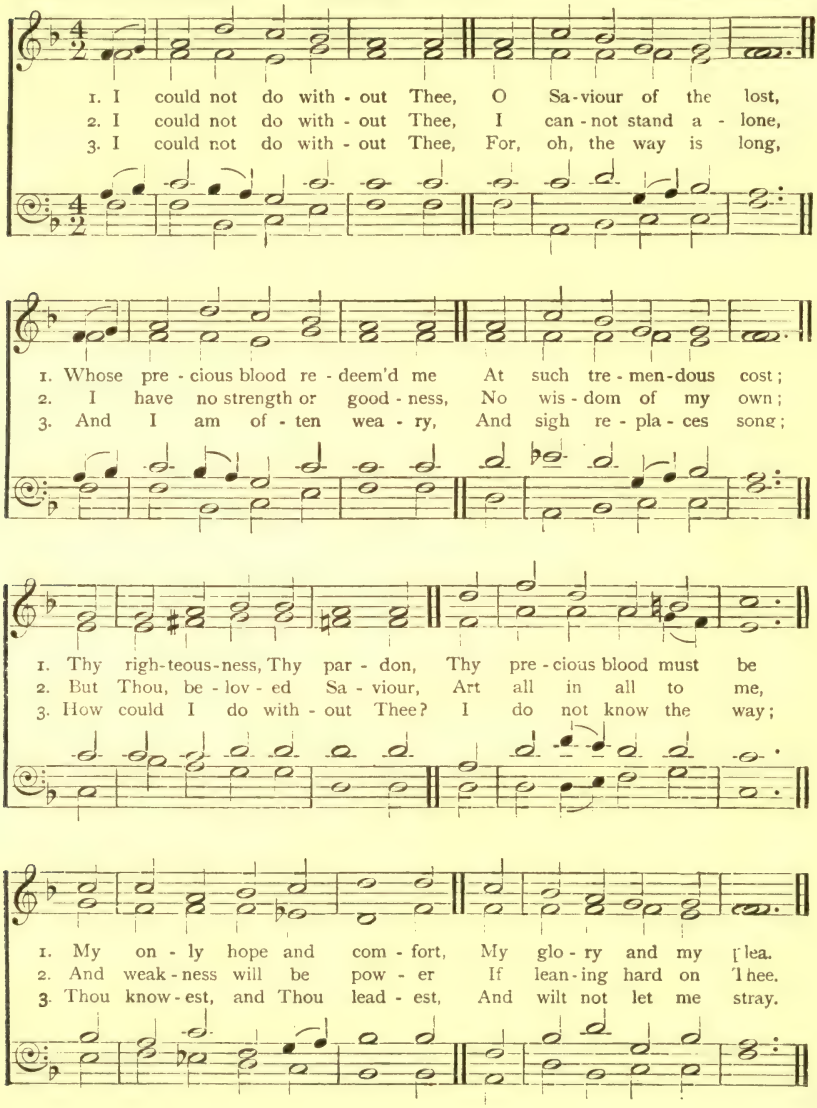
5. Oh, lightest burden, sweetest yoke!
It lifts, it bears my happy soul,
It giveth wings to this poor heart;
My freedom is Thy grand control.

6. Upon God's will I lay me down,
As child upon its mother's breast;
No silken couch, nor softest bed,
Could ever give me such deep rest.

7. Thy wonderful grand will, my God,
With triumph now I make it mine;
And faith shall cry a joyous Yes!
To every dear command of Thine.

No. 247. I Could not Do without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. MUNICH. 7.6.7.6. D. German Chorale.

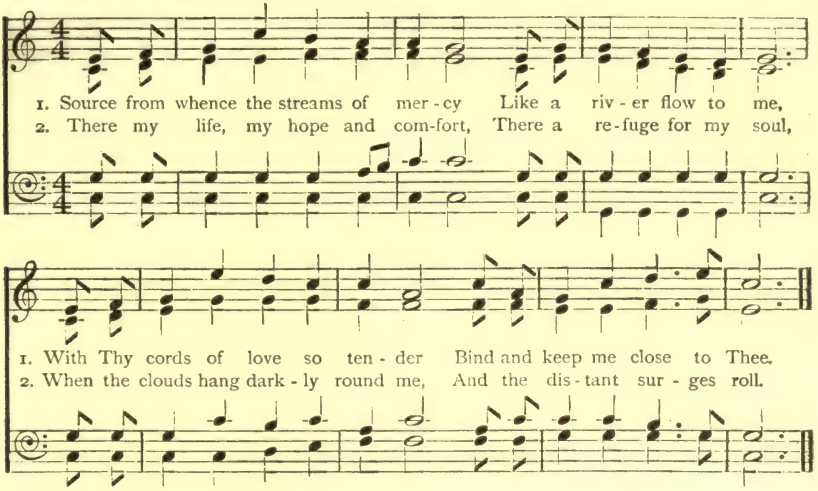


4. I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near:
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

5. I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be passed:
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

No. 248. Keep me ever Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 8.7.8.7., and Refrain. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



CHORUS.



3. There in holy, sweet communion
With Thy Spirit day by day,
Faith to realms of light and glory
Bears my raptured soul away.

4. Close to Thee, O Saviour, keep me,
Till I reach the shining shore,
Till I join the raptured army,
Shouting joy for evermore.

No. 249. On Thee, O Jesus, strongly Leaning.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. 9.6.9.6. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.



3. True Light of light, for ever shining,
I hail Thy happy ray;
Bright Sun of suns, still undeclining,
'Tis Thou who mak'st my day!

4. Without Thee life and time are sadness,
No fragrance breathes around;
But with Thee even grief is gladness,
My heart its home hath found.

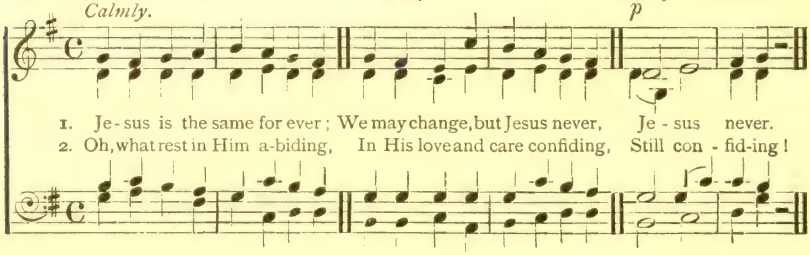
5. In Thee my soul is sweetly resting,
My hand takes hold of Thine;
My hope is ever upward hasting;
And Thou, and Thou, art mine!

6. My refuge from each storm that rages,
From wind, and wave, and war;
My home throughout eternal ages,
Above yon sparkling star!

No. 250. Jesus is the Same for Ever.

REV. WADE ROBINSON. 8.8.4. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Calmly. *p*



3. From our wanderings home returning,
Lo, He meets us with His yearning,
Fondest yearning.

4. Small the service we can render,
He is patient still and tender,—
Oh, how tender!

5. Day by day He walks beside us,
Ours to shield us, ours to guide us,
Shield and guide us.

6. Calm we sleep, for He, unsleeping,
Folds us with almighty keeping,
Sleepless keeping.

7. Lo, the heart that He created
Only with Himself is sated,
Sweetly sated.

8. He is nearer than our nearest,
He is dearer than our dearest,
More than dearest.

9. He will lead us to perfection,
And complete His great election,
His election.

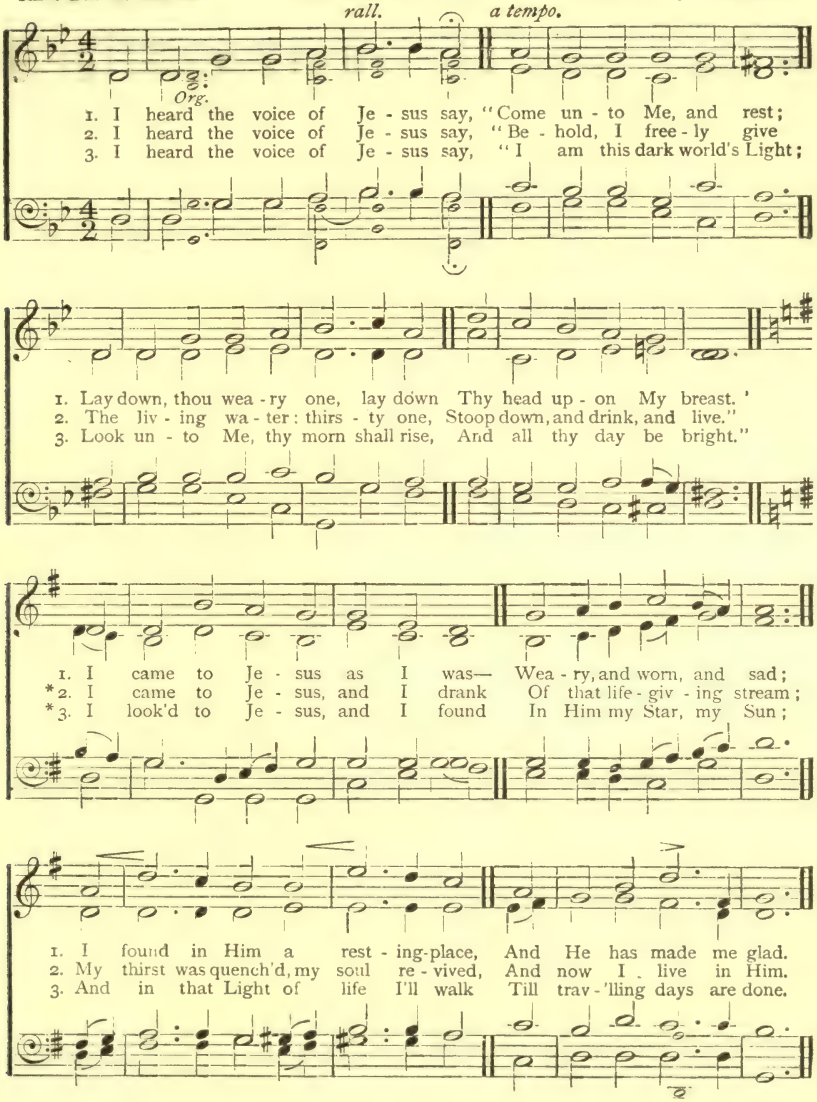
10. Down the age His purpose ranges,
Changeless in the midst of changes,
Through all changes.

11. For the work He set before Him,
We adore Him—fall before Him,
We adore Him.

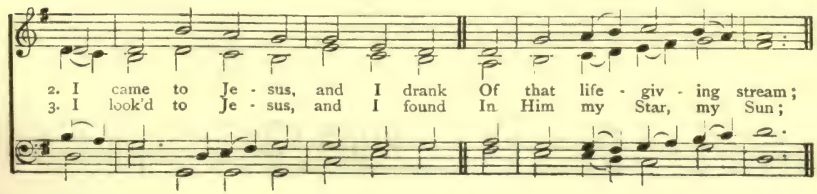
12. Earth! to heaven with praises raise Him!
Heaven! with higher praising praise Him!
Praise Him, praise Him!

No. 251. I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. VOX DILECTI. D.C.M. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



* *In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following:—*

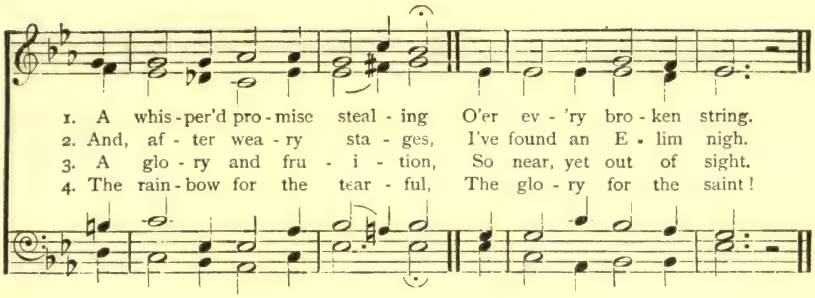


No. 252. I've found a Joy in Sorrow.

J. CREWDSON. P.M. IRA D. SANKEY.

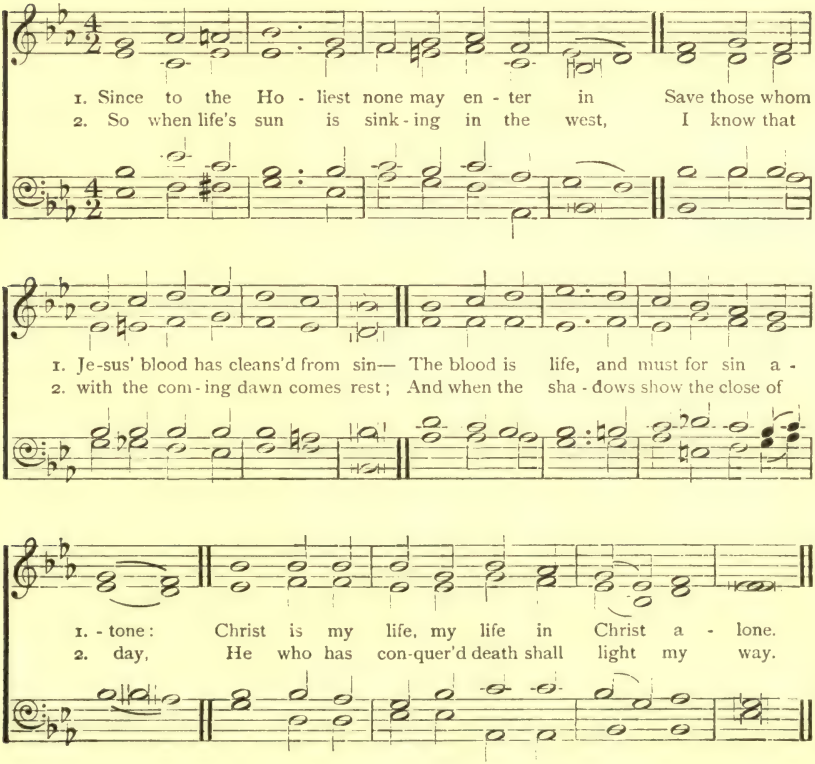
Smoothly.





No. 253. Christ, my Life!

C. BUTLER STONEY. 10.10.10.10. FRANK PINCOTT.



3. And as I've learnt on earth the rest He gives,
And here to live with Him who ever lives,
I know where He is, at my God's right hand,
Must be my country and my Fatherland.

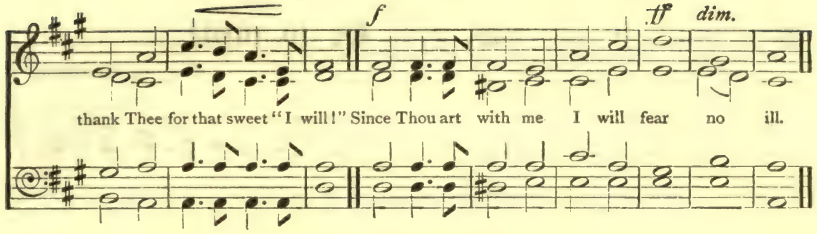
4. Thus may I prove in Christ my risen Lord
All that He's promised in His written word—
My Life, my Way, my Home, my Rest above,
When sleep of death shall wake to endless love.

No. 254. Thou art with me!

10. 10. 10. 10.

AMY L. FOWLER. By per. of the Salvation Army Musical Board. AMY L. FOWLER.





No. 255. Resting.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Written expressly for this Work.

11.11.11.11.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.



4. Resting in the pastures and beneath the Rock,
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock,
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet,
Resting in His very arms—oh, rest complete!

5. Resting and believing, let us onward press;
Resting on Himself, the Lord our righteousness!
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing—
"Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King!"

No. 256. I am His, and He is mine.

REV. WADE ROBINSON. 7.7.7.7. D. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.



3 Things that once were wild alarms
Cannot now disturb my rest;
Closed in everlasting arms,
Pillowed on the loving breast.
Oh to lie for ever here,
Doubt and care and self resign,
While He whispers in my ear—
I am His, and He is mine.

4. His for ever, only His:
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline;
But, while God and I shall be,
I am His, and He is mine.

No. 257. I Lay my Sins on Jesus.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. DERWENTWATER. 7.6.7.6.D. A. J. FOXWELL.
Composed expressly for this Work.



3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus—
Emmanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4. I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child!
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

No. 258. My Beloved is Mine, and I am His.

C. E. MUDIE. P.M. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Slowly and tenderly.

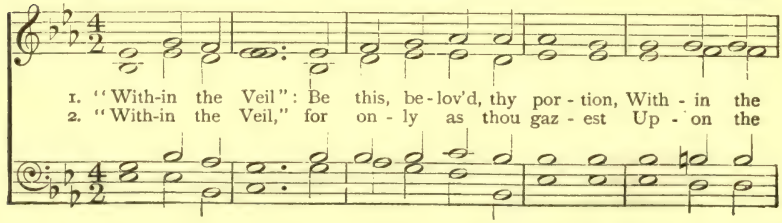


4. How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

5. I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's hallowed sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are One for evermore.

No. 259. "Within the Veil."

FREDA HANBURY ALLEN. 11. 10. 11. 10. Anon.





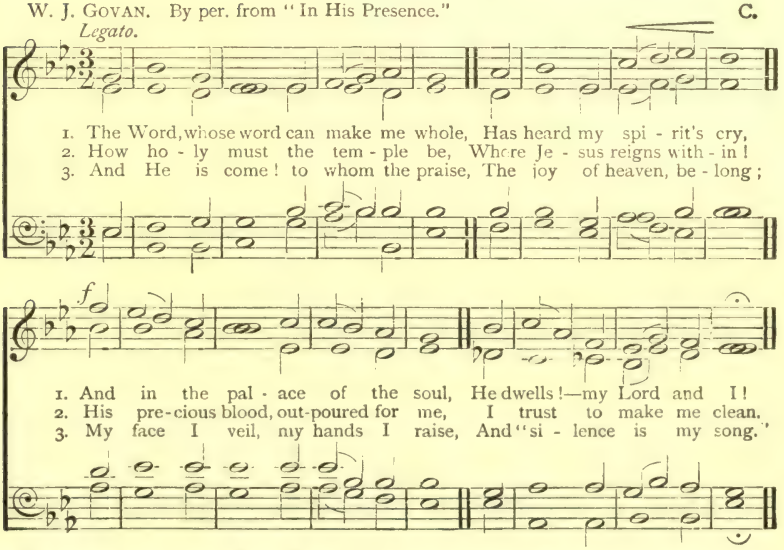
3. 'Within the Veil," His fragrance poured upon thee,
Without the Veil, that fragrance shed abroad;
"Within the Veil," His hand shall tune the music
Which sounds on earth the praises of thy Lord.

4. "Within the Veil," thy spirit deeply anchored,
Thou walkest calm above a world of strife;
"Within the Veil" thy soul with Him united,
Shall live on earth His resurrection life.

No. 260. The Palace of the Soul.

SPRING GARDENS. C.M.

W. J. GOVAN. By per. from "In His Presence." C.



4. And now to me the gladdest thing
Be His sweet will alone;
Content, since I am with the King,
To make His choice my own.

5. He makes His palace in my soul,
He brings my spirit nigh:
Within my heart, 'neath His control
I dwell,—my Lord and I!

No. 261. Shew me Thy way.

E. SAXBY. 10. 10. 10. 10 REV. E. HUSBAND.



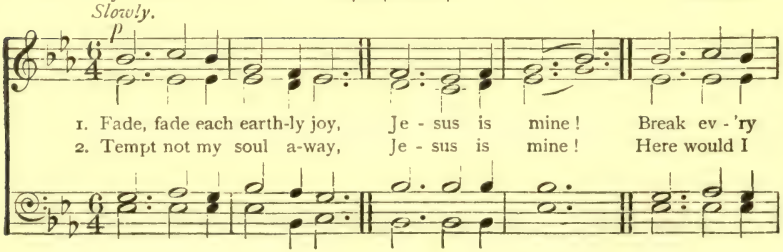
2. O Lord, I cannot see—vouchsafe me light;
The mist bewilders me, impedes my sight;
Hold Thou my hand and lead me by Thy side:
I dare not go alone, be Thou my Guide.

3. I will be patient, Lord, trustful and still,
I will not doubt Thy word—my hopes fulfil;
How can I perish clinging to Thy side,
My Counsellor, my Saviour, and my Guide?

No. 262. Jesus is mine!

MRS. C. J. BONAR. 6.4.6 4.6.6.6.4. T. E. PERKINS.

Slowly.





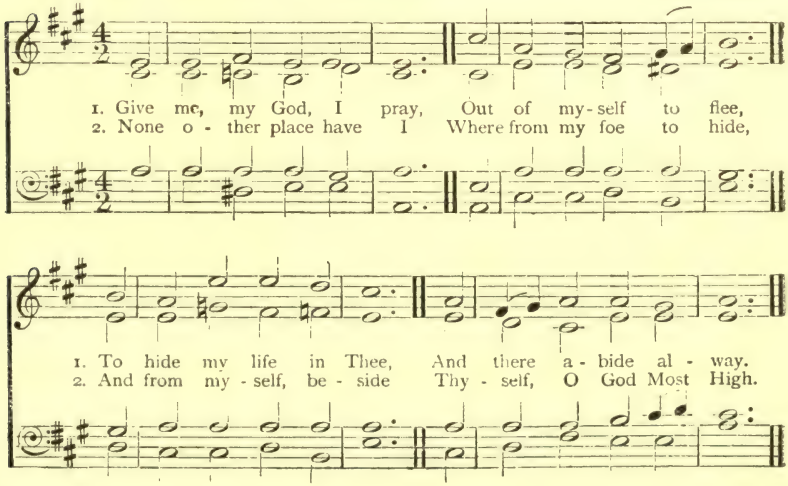
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4. Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest!
Welcome, my Saviour's breast!
Jesus is mine!

No. 263. My Hiding Place.

KODAI KANAL. 6.6.6.6.

W. J. GOVAN. By per. from "In His Presence." R. H. BOYS.



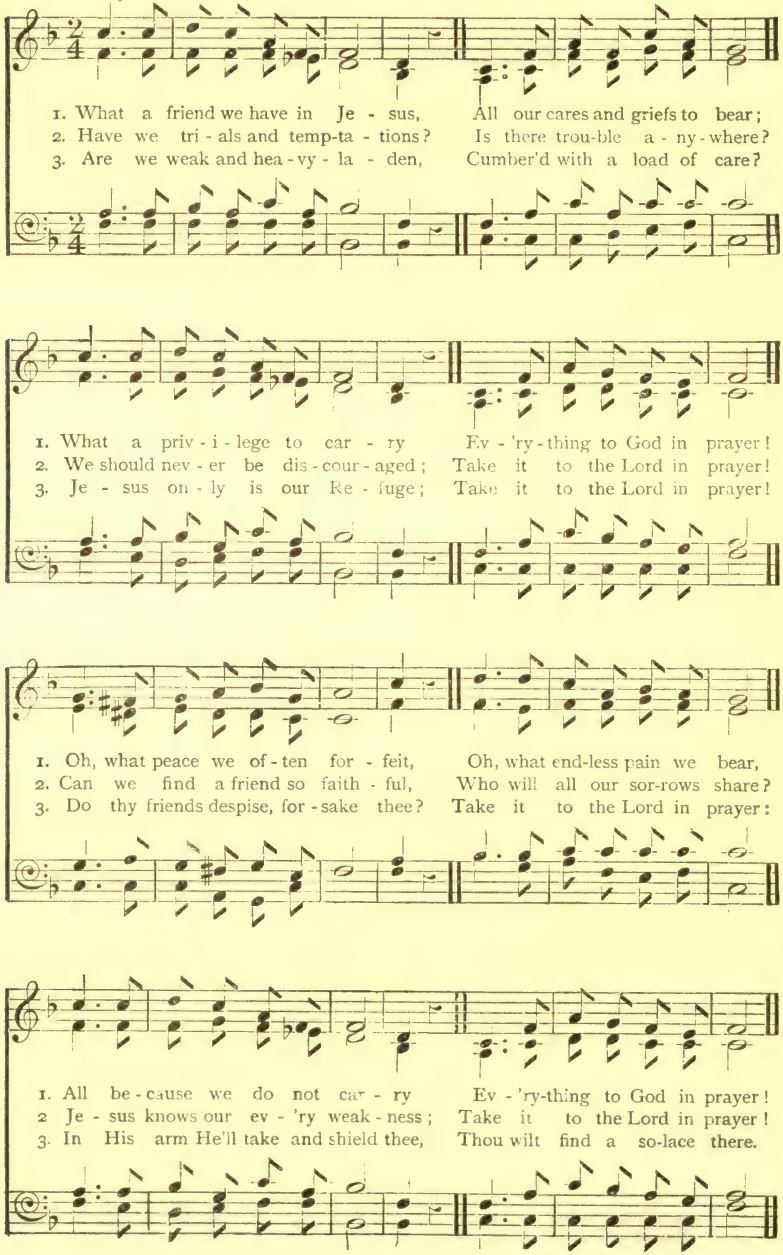
3. As Thou, O Christ, didst hide
When in the flesh below,
Veiled in Thy Father, so
In Thee would I abide.

4. Hid in the Christ who died,
My life in Thine outpoured!
Hid in the living Lord,
O thou, my soul, abide.

No. 264. What a friend we have in Jesus!

REV. DR. H. BONAR. 8.7.8.7. D. C. C. CONVERSE.

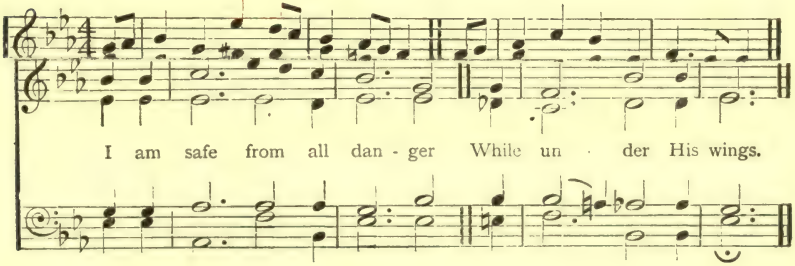
Smoothly.





No. 268. A thousand wants.

LUCY A. BENNETT. 8.8. C. H. FORREST.



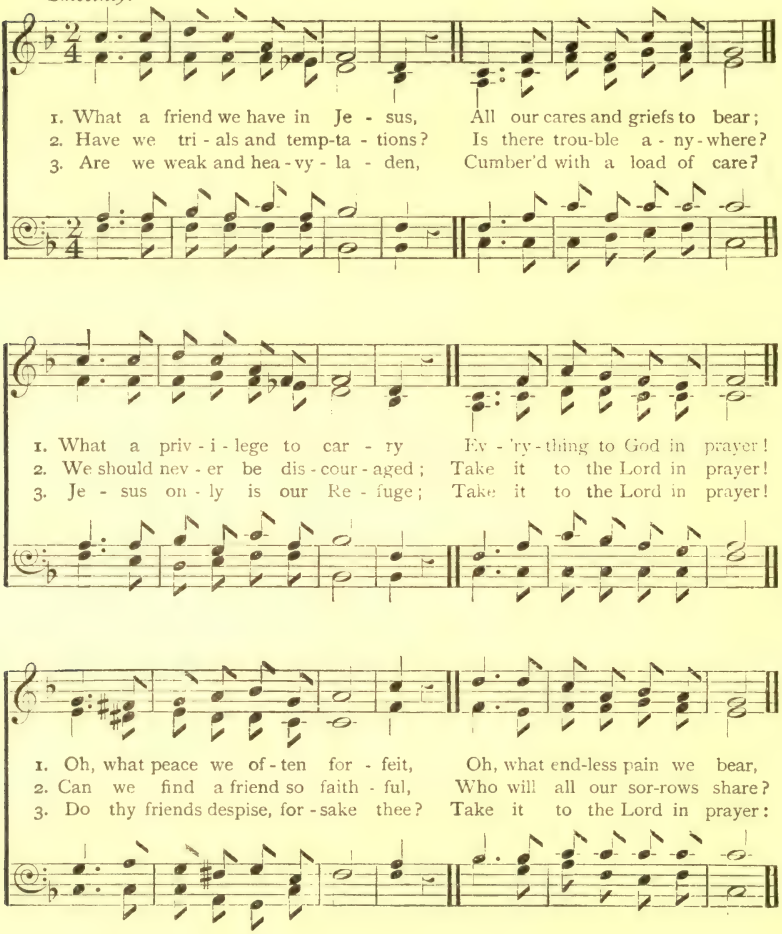
4. The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

5. A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand,
Above me His wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

No. 264. What a friend we have in Jesus!

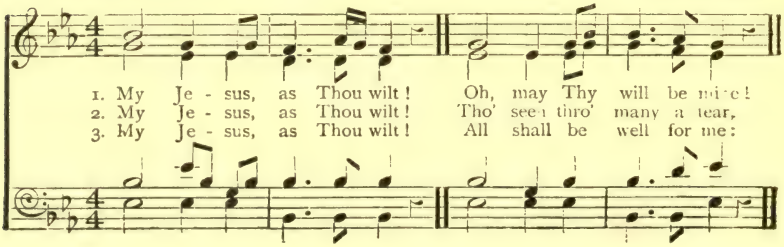
REV. DR. H. BONAR. 8.7 8.7. D. C. C. CONVERSE.

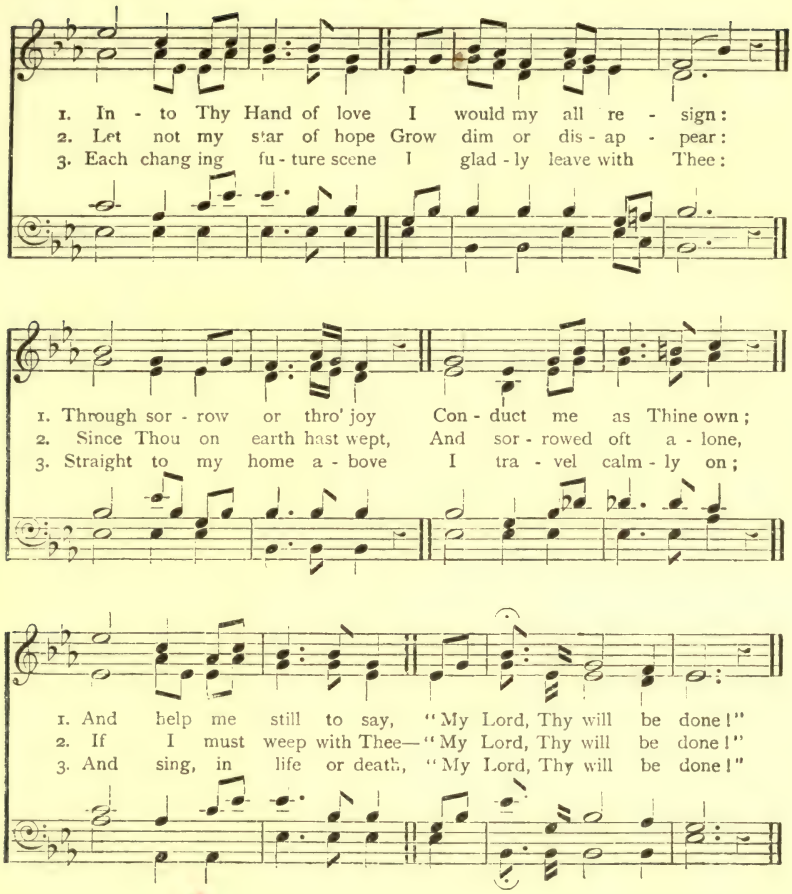
Smoothly.



No. 267. My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

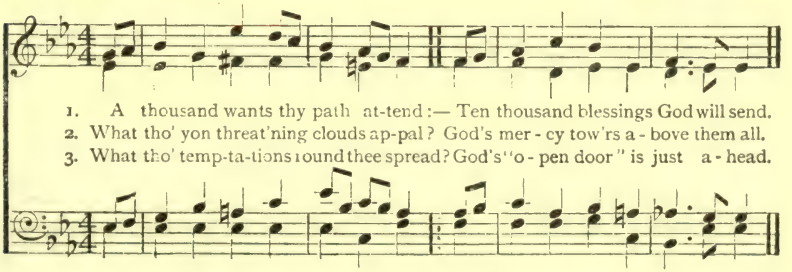
J. BORTHWICK. (trans.) JEWETT. 6.6.6.6. D. From WEBER.





No. 268. A thousand wants.

LUCY A. BENNETT. 8.8. C. H. FORREST.



4. Ways of escape seem lost in night:—
God's "way" awaits thy wondering sight.

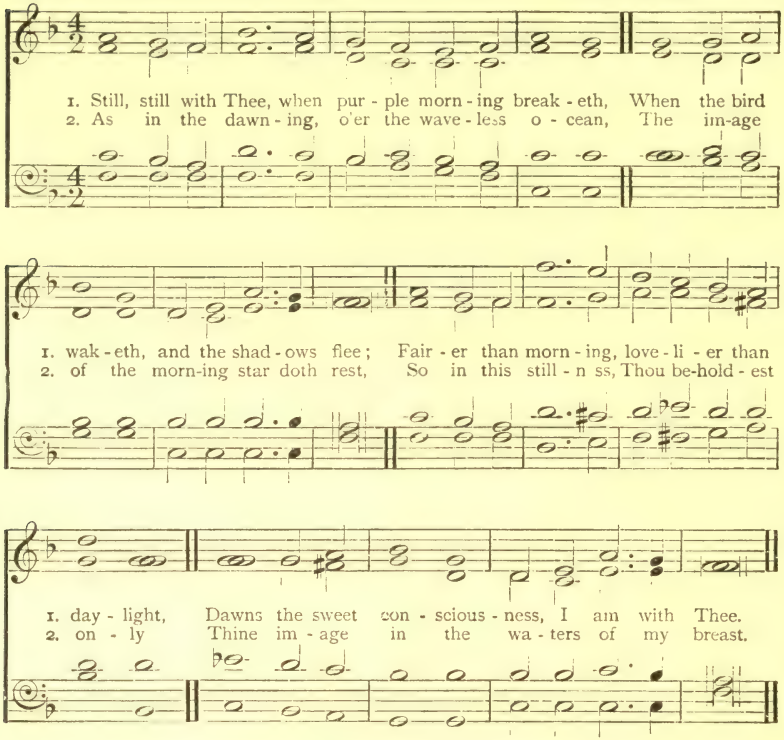
5. Deep unto deep perchance may call:—
Jehovah will respond to all.

6. What need soe'er thy heart descries,
That is the need thy God supplies.

7. O'er the calm current of His will
Grace bears thee onward, homeward still.

No. 269. Still, still with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. BERLIN. 11.10.11.10. From MENDELSSOHN.

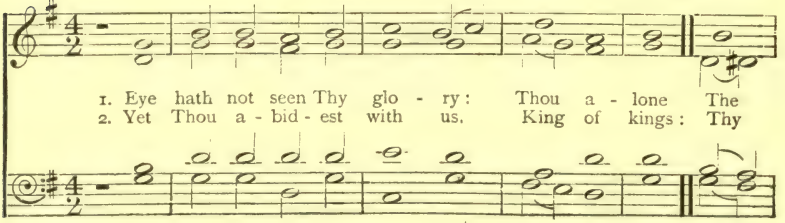


3. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

No. 270. Eye hath not seen Thy glory.

E. W. EDDIS. GRETA. 10.6.10.6. A. J. FOXWELL.
Composed expressly for this work.





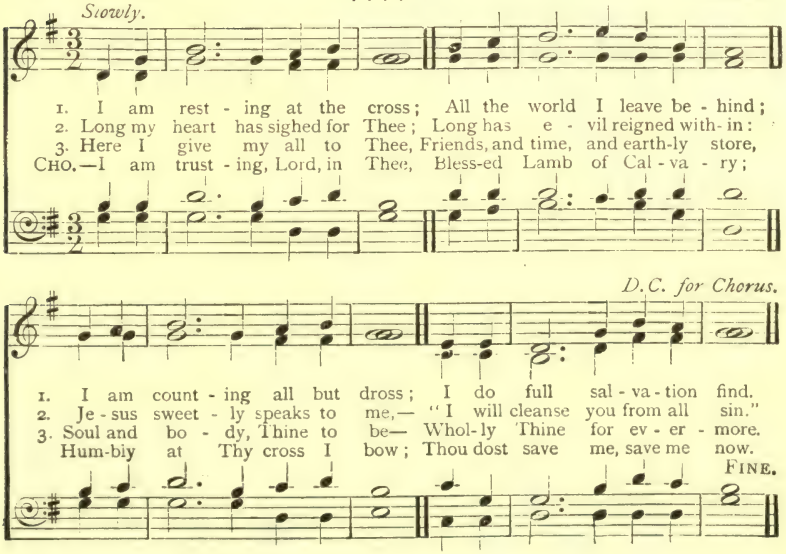
3. Thou livest in us: from the tomb of earth
To heaven with Thee we rise,
And, through the portal of our second birth,
Behold the eternal prize.

4. The door in heaven is opened: Jesus, Lord,
The Crown is on Thy brow;
Amid the immortal hosts of light adored
In glory dwellest Thou.

No. 271. I am resting at the Cross.

W. MACDONALD. 7·7·7·7. D. W. G. FISCHER.

Slowly.



4. In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5. Jesus lives! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

No. 272. Perfect Peace.

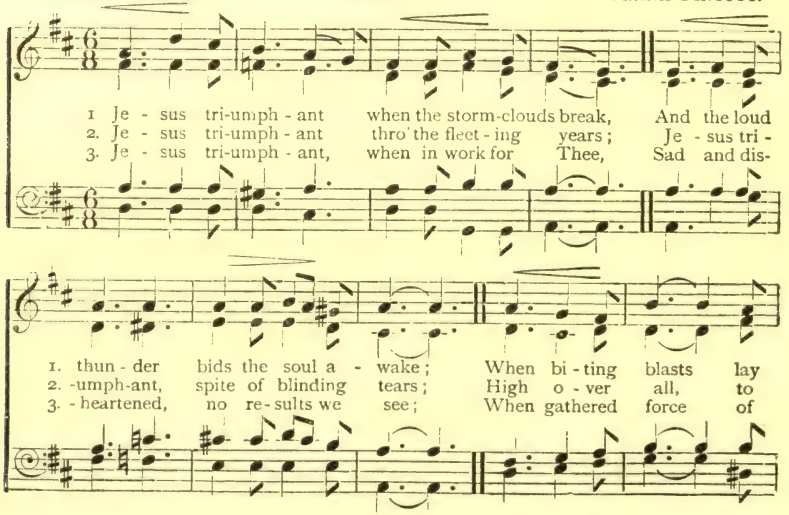
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 6.5.6.5. D. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyful.



No. 273. Jesus Triumphant!

C. BUTLER-STONEY. 10.10.10.10. FRANK PINCOTT.





4. Jesus triumphant all along the line ;
Triumphant Saviour, all Thy triumph mine ;
For since I am a partner in Thy love,
My life on earth is lived through Thee above.

5. Jesus triumphant as I fall asleep,
No fear of death to those whom Thou shalt keep ;
Jesus triumphant when the body dies,
And earth in earth, all that is mortal lies.

6. Jesus triumphant when the spirit wings
Upward and heavenward to the King of kings ;
And through the last great triumph of Thy grace
Triumphant saints shall see Thee face to face.

No. 274. I am Thine own, O Christ!

MRS. H. BRADLEY. 6.6.6.4. REV. A. A. WRIGHT.



3. My joyful song of praise
In sweet content I sing :
To Thee the note I raise,
My King ! my King !

4. I cannot tell the art
By which such bliss is given ;
I know Thou hast my heart,
And I—have heaven.

5. O peace,—O holy rest,
O balmy breath of love ;
O heart, divinest, best,—
Thy depth I prove.

6. I ask this gift of Thee—
A life all lily-fair ;
And fragrant as the place
Where seraphs are.

No. 275. The Rest of Faith.

F. R. HAVERGAL (arr.). SPOHR. 8.6.8.6.8.6. From SPOHR.



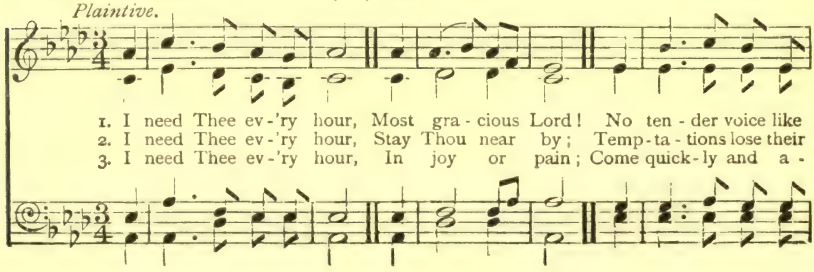
4. I long to praise Thee more, and yet
This is no care to me,
If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs
Then I will sing to Thee;
And if my silence praise Thee best,
Then silent I will be.

5. Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
Oh, send me forth to be
Thy messenger to careful hearts,
To bid them taste, and see
How good Thou art to those who cast
All, ALL their care on Thee.

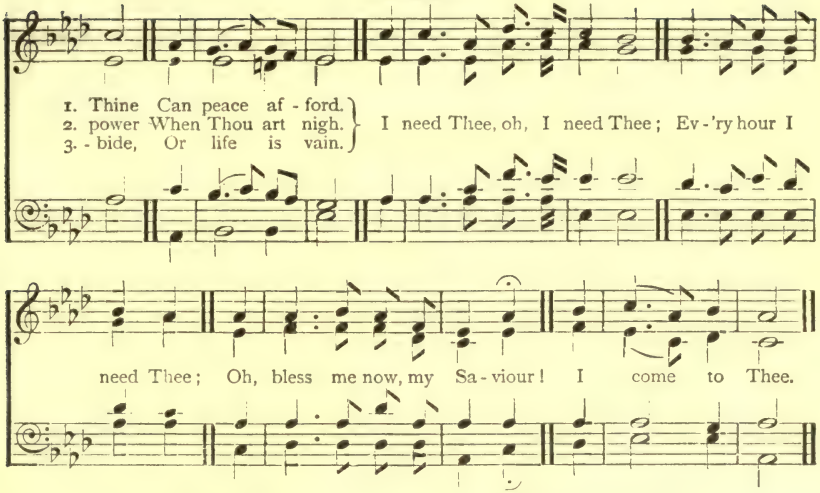
No. 276. I need Thee every hour.

MRS. A. S. HAWKS. 6.4.6.4., with Refrain. REV. R. LOWRY.

Plaintive.



REFRAIN.



4. I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5. I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One!
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!

No. 277. Jesus, Thy Life is mine.

F. R. HAVERGAL. P.M. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.



3. Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace,
Continuously impart
Unto my heart,
Fresh springs that never cease,
But still increase.

4. The blest reality
Of resurrection power,
Thy Church's dower,
Life more abundantly,
Lord, give to me!

5. Thy fullest gift, O Lord,
Now at Thy word I claim,
Through Thy dear Name,
And touch the rapturous chord
Of praise forth-poured.

6. Jesus, my life is Thine,
And evermore shall be
Hidden in Thee!
For nothing can untwine
Thy life from mine.

No. 278. Casting all your Care upon Him.

H. MARY MOULE. ST. PETER. C.M. A. R. REINAGLE.



4. Cast all thy care, and not a part,
The great things and the small;
The Lord's all-loving, mighty heart
Has room and thought for all.

5. Yes, He will ponder every care,
Consider each detail;
Thyself, thy burthen, let Him bear;
He will not, cannot, fail.

No. 279. How Sweet the Name of Jesus sounds!

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

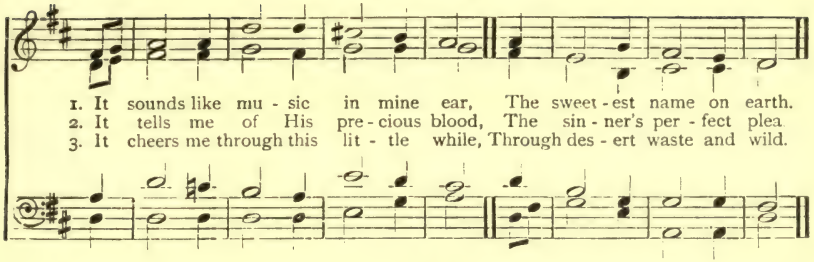
5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

John Newton.

No. 280. There is a Name I Love to Hear.

REV. F. WHITFIELD. C.M. MAY CHENEVIX-TRENCH.





4. Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

5. This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

No. 281. Oh, what a happy Lot is mine!

1. Oh, what a happy lot is mine,
Since God my portion is!
How blest am I, whate'er betide,
Since He has made me His!

2. Here in the gloomiest, darkest hour
Is cause for ceaseless joy!
Well may my heart enraptured sing,
And praise my tongue employ!

3. By Him my cup is daily filled
With mercies rich and free;
Whate'er I want in Him I find—
He's all in all to me.

4. He watches o'er me day by day,
In Him I rest each night;
And soft and sweet the sleep He gives
Until the morning light.

5. Upon His arm of faithful love
My soul doth lean each hour;
His hand upholds me lest I fall;
He shields me by His power.

Christiana Forsythe.

No. 282. I Leave it All with Jesus.

P.M.



3. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
What to make me, where to take me
At life's close:
Jesus knows, yes, He knows.

4. I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
There I'll leave me; He'll receive me,
For He knows:
Jesus knows, yes, He knows.

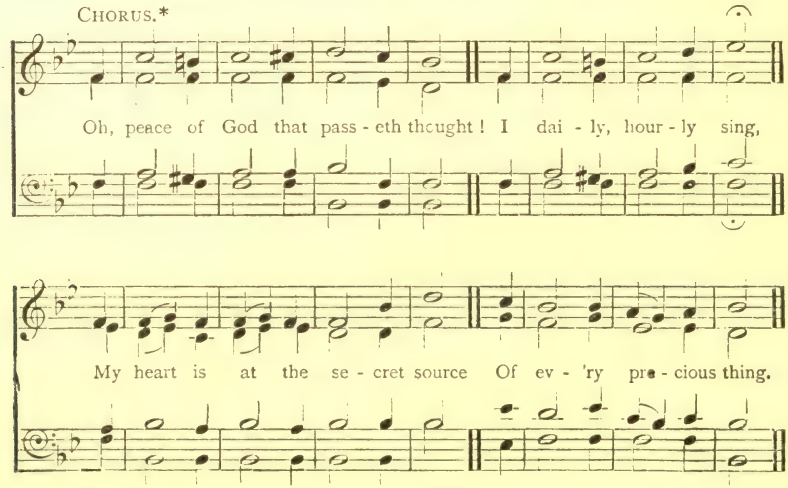
No. 283. My heart is resting, O my God.

ANNA L. WARING. C.M.D. Swiss Melody.

p Smoothly.



CHORUS.*



4. And a "new song" is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet!

5. I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

6. There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best!

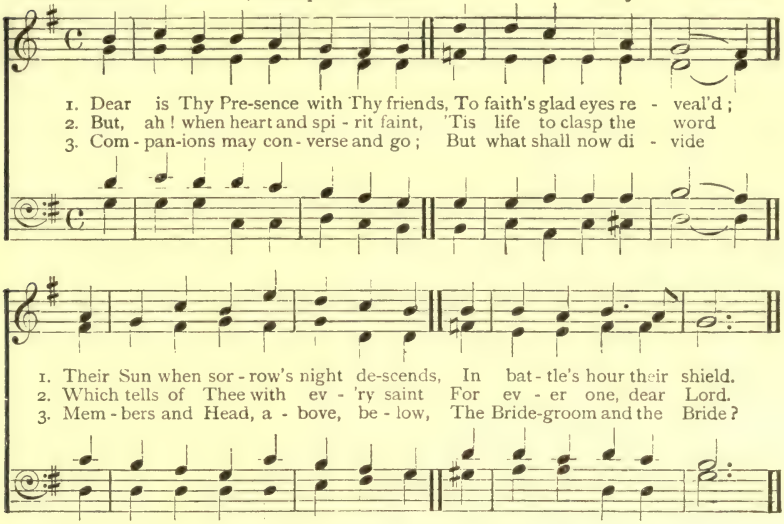
7. A prayer reposing on His truth,
Who hath made all things mine;
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

* *Chorus arranged for the Coronation Hymnal.*

No. 284. Dear is Thy Presence with Thy friends.

LOVE DIVINE. C.M.

RIGHT REV. DR. MOULE, Bishop of Durham. H. J. E. HOLMES.



No. 285. I would commune with Thee, my God.

1. I WOULD commune with Thee, my God;
E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2. I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I see the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunder's roll.

3. But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4. Oh! this is life! oh, this is joy,
My God to find Thee so;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know!

Rev. G. B. Bubier.

No. 286. Jesus, the very thought of Thee.

1. JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3. O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4. But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Bernard.

No. 287. In the secret of His presence.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH. G. C. STEBBINS.



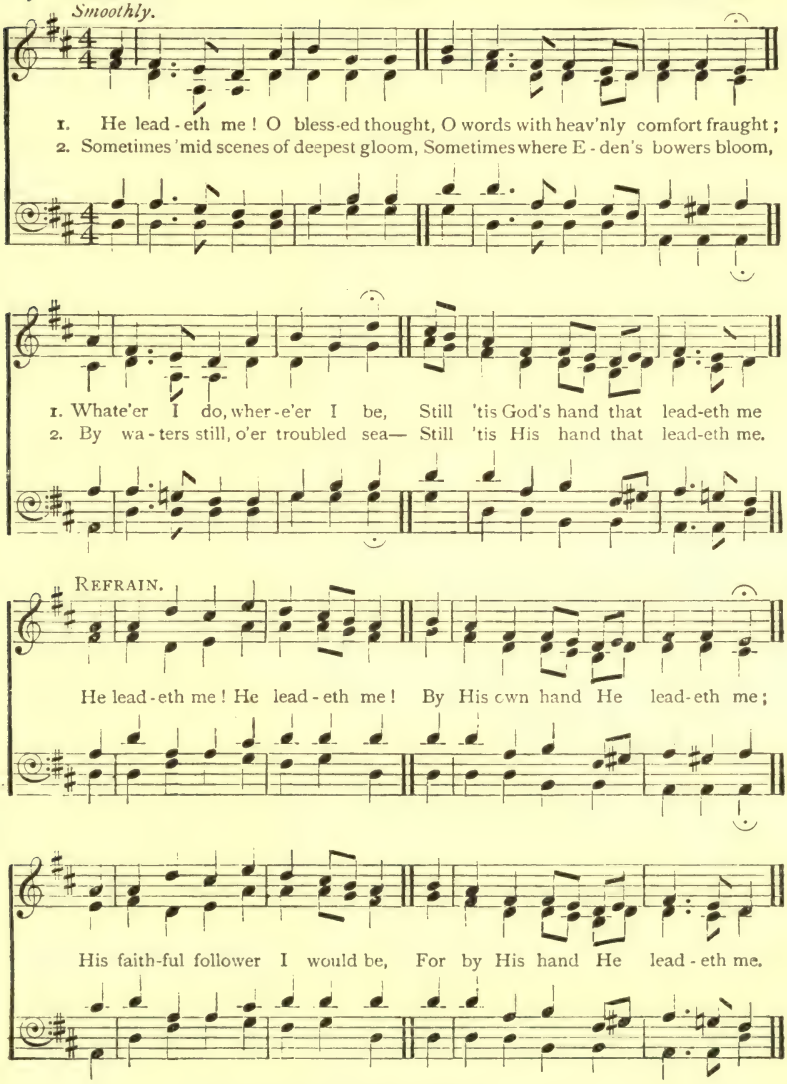
3. Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears;—
Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He cheers:
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see!

4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face.

No. 288. He leadeth me!

J. H. GILMORE. P.M. W. B. BRADBURY.

Smoothly.



3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me.

No. 289. The Precious Name.

MRS. BAXTER. P.M. W. H. DOANE.

Smoothly.



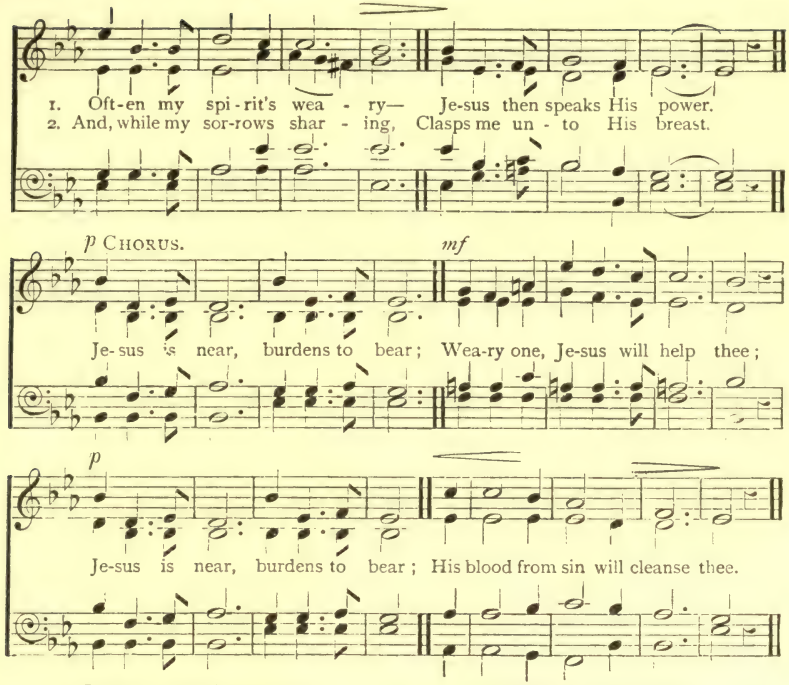
3. Oh, the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4. At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

No. 290. Jesus is near, burdens to bear.

MRS. WYNDHAM HEATHCOTE. 7.6.7.6., with Refrain. MRS. WYNDHAM HEATHCOTE.





3. Jesus my heart loves dearly,
All through the darkest night,
As when the sun shines clearly,
Making my pathway bright.

4. Wondrous in love is Jesus,
Sweet is the rest He gives;
Sharing in all my toiling,
While in my heart He lives.

No. 291. Not a friend but Jesus.

LUCY A. BENNETT. 6.5.6.5 C. H. FORREST.



3. Not an eye around us
Reads the tale aright:
But in Him no darkness
Who is Light of light.

4. Not a hand uplifted
For our sorest need,
But His "I am with thee"
Maketh blest indeed.

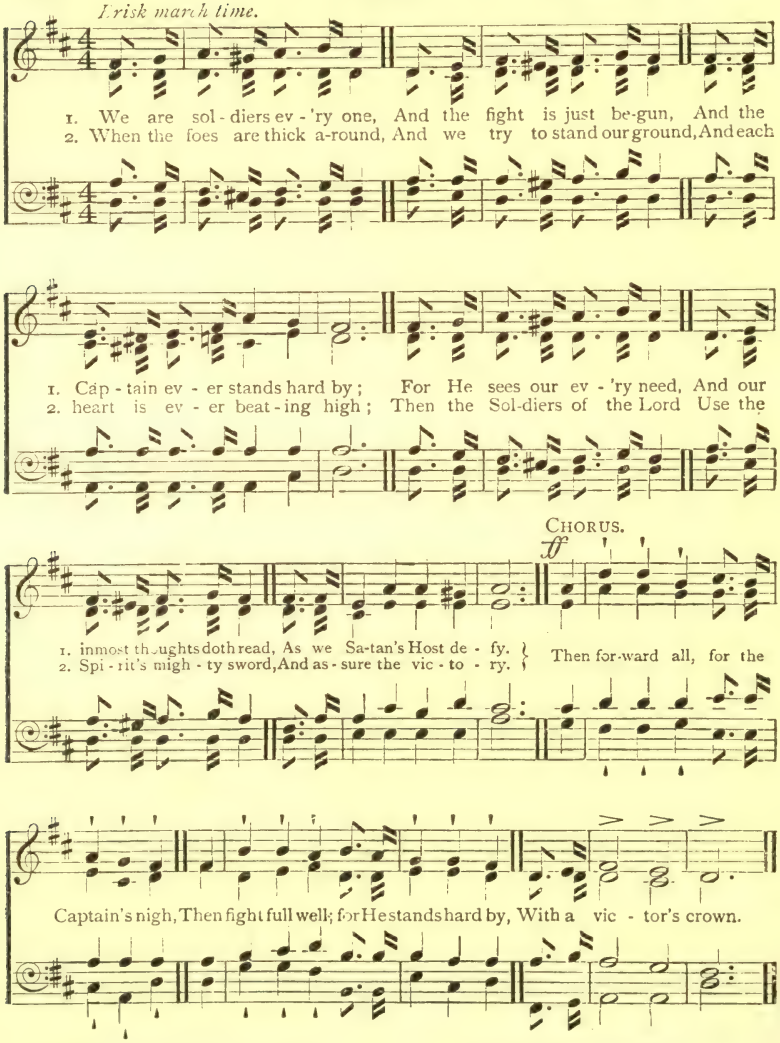
PART VII.—CONFLICT.

No. 292. The Soldier's Watchword.

REV. NORMAN BENNET.

N. B. SUNNINGDALE. P.M. Harmonized by A. T. G.

Irish march time.



3. When our sins around us low r,
And we feel their mighty power,
When our hearts are nearly faint with fear;
Then we look to Him above,
Whom we honour and we love,
And He says, "Be of good cheer."

4. When the battle clouds are past,
And we find our home at last,
Then the joy of every heart shall be:
The song of living praise,
To the Father of all days,
That shall sound from sea to sea.

No. 293. The Son of God goes forth to war.

BISHOP HEBER. ELLACOMBE. C.M. D. German.

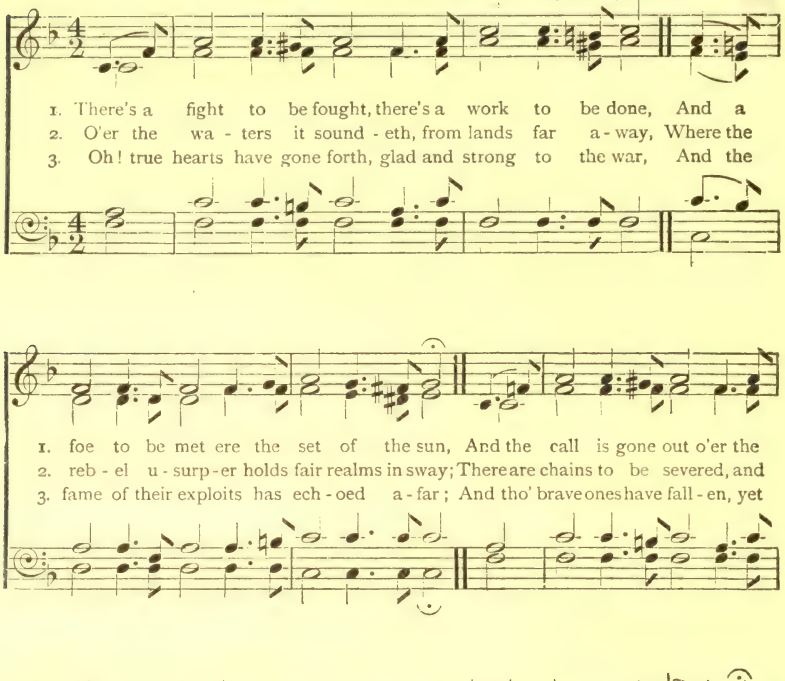


3. A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

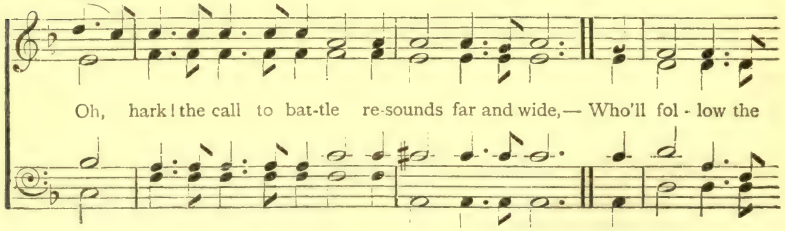
4. A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

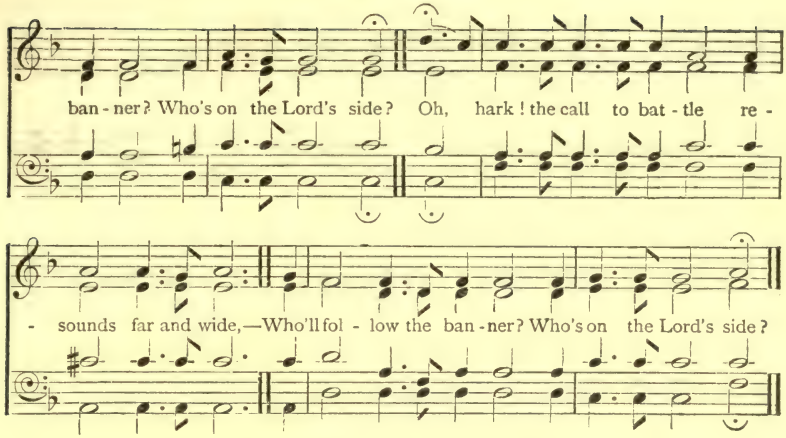
No. 294. There's a fight to be fought.

SARAH G. STOCK. P.M., with Refrain. P. P. BLISS.
By per. JOHN CHURCH CO.



REFRAIN.



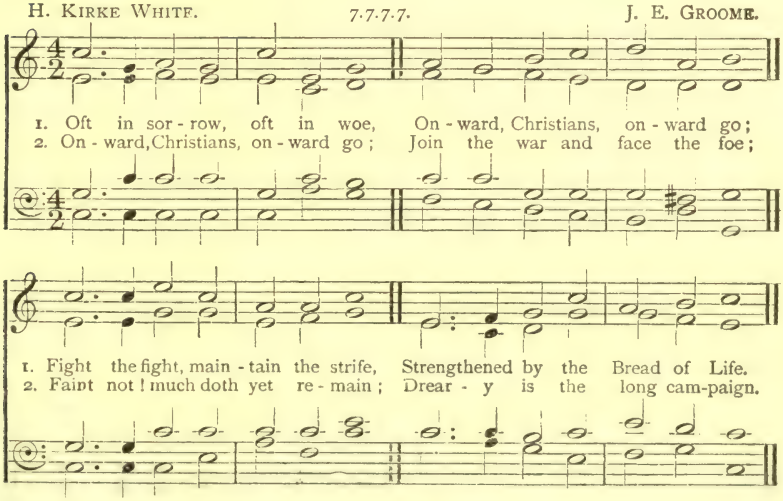


4. 'Tis not each one is called in the front rank to fight,
And there's room for us all, though our strength may be slight;
And the weakest and poorest some succour may bring,
If only he follows the flag of his King.

5. When the warfare is finished, the long struggle o'er,
And the name of our Master all nations adore,
Then the glad shout of triumph shall ring far and wide,—
Oh! joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!
Oh, hark! the shout of triumph resounds far and wide,—
Oh! joy to the victor who's on the Lord's side!

No. 295. Oft in sorrow, oft in woe.

H. KIRKE WHITE. 7.7.7.7. J. E. GROOME.



3. Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4. Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.

5. Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

6. Onward then to glory move:
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

No. 296. I'm but a stranger here.

THOMAS R. TAYLOR. AMOR CHRISTI. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. REV. R. LOWRY.

Smoothly.



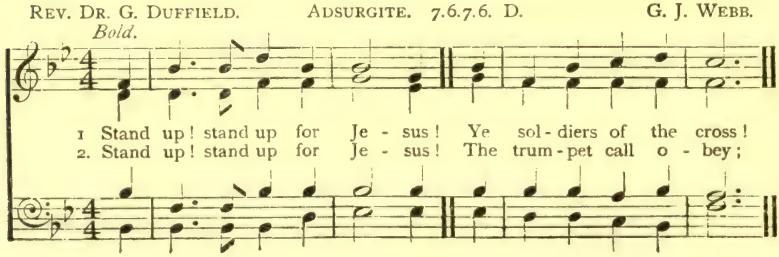
3. There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest—
Heaven is my home.

4. Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

No. 297. Stand up for Jesus!

REV. DR. G. DUFFIELD. ADSURGITE. 7.6.7.6. D. G. J. WEBB.

Bold.



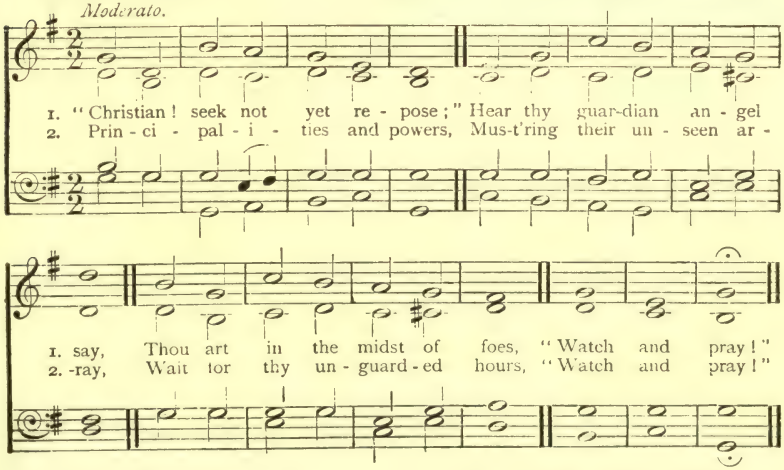


3. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 298. "Watch and Pray!"

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 7·7·7·3. REV. CANON HAVERGAL.



3. Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one,
"Watch and pray!"

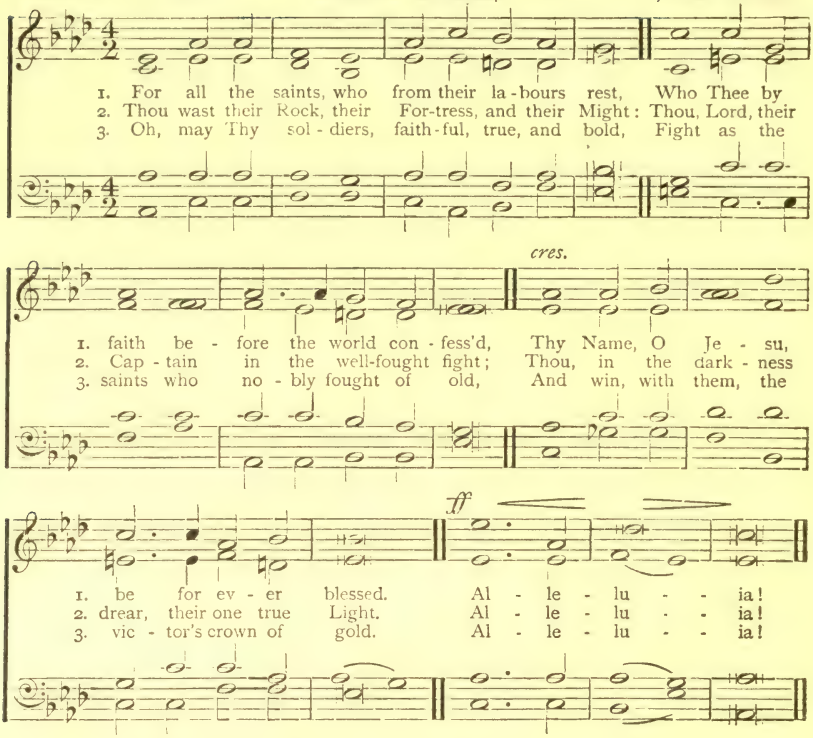
4. Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All, with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray!"

5. Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray!"

6. Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down,
"Watch and pray!"

No. 299. For all the Saints.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. NORTON. 10 10. 10. 4. JOSIAH BOOTH.



4. Oh! blest communion, fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle; they in glory shine!
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong! Alleluia!

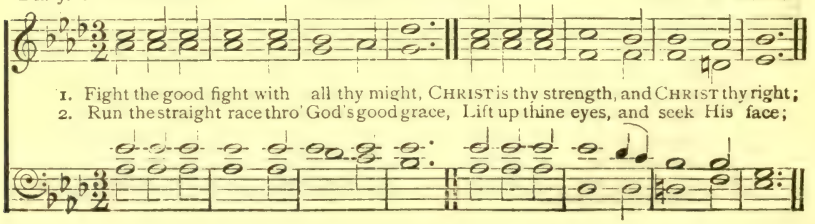
6. The golden evening brightens in the west:
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

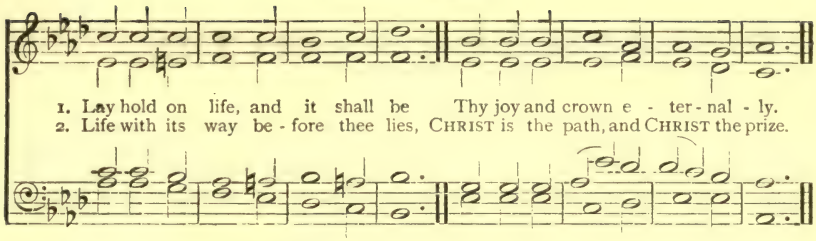
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—Alleluia!

No. 300. Fight the Good Fight.

DR. J. S. B. MONSELL. PENTECOST. L.M. REV. W. BOYD.



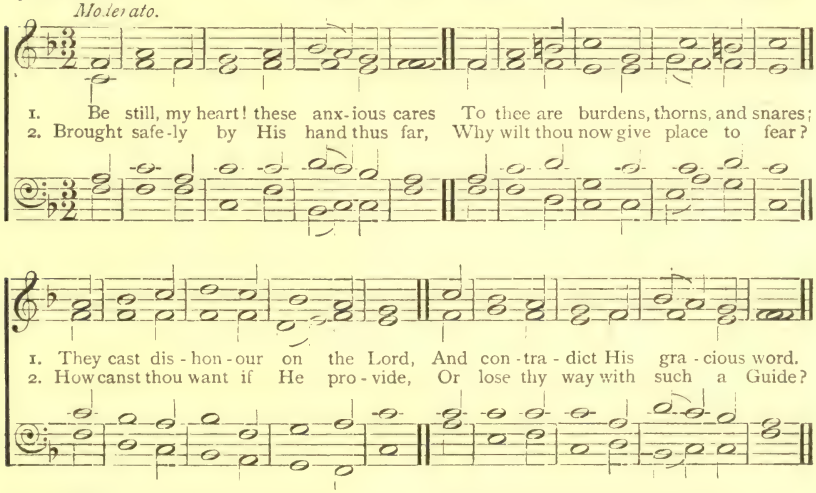


3. Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
CHRIST is its life, and CHRIST its love.

4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That CHRIST is all in all to thee.

No. 301. Be Still, my Heart!

J. NEWTON. ANGEL'S HYMN. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS.



3. When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst to Him thine all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

4. Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5. He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.

6. Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God:
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all!

No. 302. Jesus, and can it Ever be?

1. JESUS, and can it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor:
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

2. Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
May evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
May midnight blush to think of noon.

3. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

4. Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

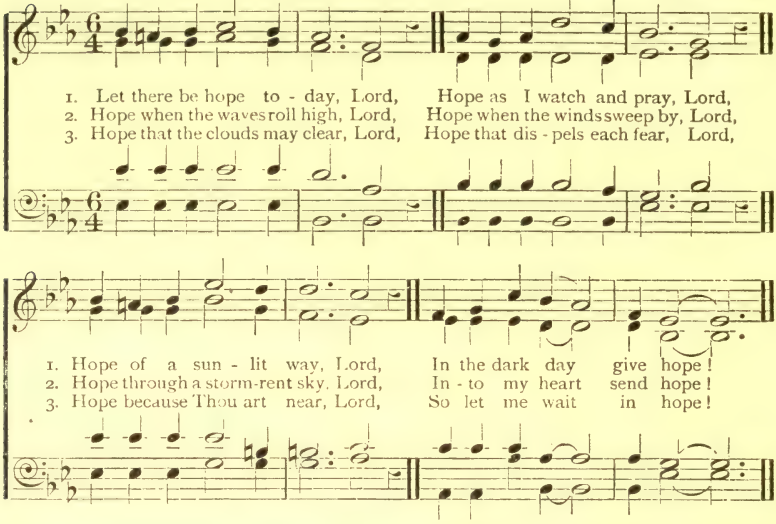
5. Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And oh may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Rev. J. Grigg.

No. 303. Let there be hope to-day, Lord.

HOPE. 7.7.7.6.

B. PORTER. Alt. *Copyright*, "S.A.G.M. Leaflets." H. GREEN.

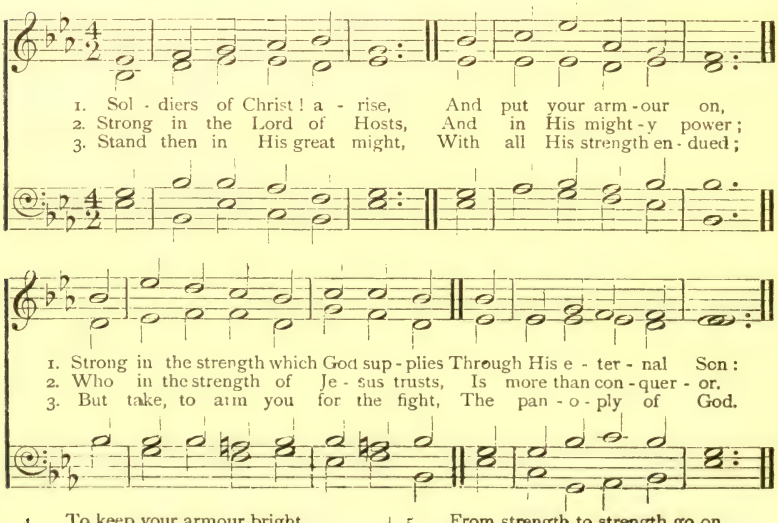


4. "In hope against hope," I wait, Lord,
Faced by some fast-barred gate, Lord,
Hope never says "Too late," Lord,
Therefore in Thee I hope!

5. Hope though the night be long, Lord,
Hope of a glowing dawn, Lord,
Morning *must* break in song, Lord,
For we are "saved by hope."

No. 304. Soldiers of Christ, arise.

REV. C. WESLEY. FRANCONIA. S.M. German.



4. To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

5. From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day!

PART VIII.—GROWTH IN GRACE.

No. 305. More about Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT. L.M., with Refrain. JNO. R. SWENEY.



3. More about Jesus; in His word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing His voice in ev'ry line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

4. More about Jesus; on His throne,
Riches in glory all His own;
More of His kingdom's sure increase;
More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

No. 306. I follow After.

F. BROOK. *Smoothly.* 10.10.10.10. H. GREEN.



3. No matter if the way be sometimes dark,
No matter though the cost be ofttimes great,
He knoweth how I best shall reach the mark,
The way that leads to Him must needs be strait.

4. One thing I know, I cannot say Him nay;
One thing I do, I press towards my Lord;
My God my glory here, from day to day,
And in the glory there my Great Reward.

No. 307. Saviour, Blessèd Saviour.

REV. GODFREY THRING. EDINA. 6.5.6.5. D. SIR HERBERT S. OAKELEY.





2. Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3. Great, and ever greater,
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4. Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5. Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, Blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

6. Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7. Higher, then, and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

No. 308. More holiness give me!

P. P. BLISS. 6.5.6.5. D., with Refrain. MRS. PALMER.

Smoothly and tenderly.



No. 309. Always more to follow.

P. P. BLISS. P.M. P. P. BLISS.

Moderato. 1st time. 2nd time.



2. Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow;
Does His blessèd presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow.
Oh the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

3. Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow.
Oh the power the Spirit shows!
Still there's more to follow;
Freely He His power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

No. 310. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

MRS. ADAMS. HORBURY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.

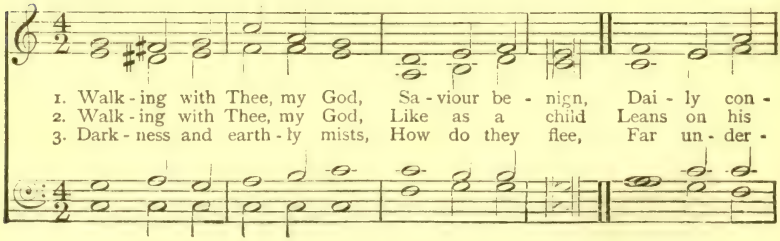


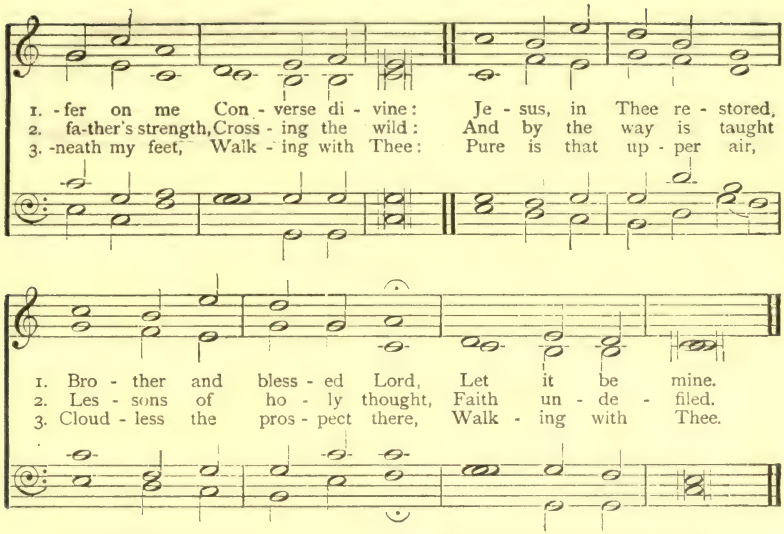
3. There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 311. Walking with Thee.

G. RAWSON. MISTLEY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.





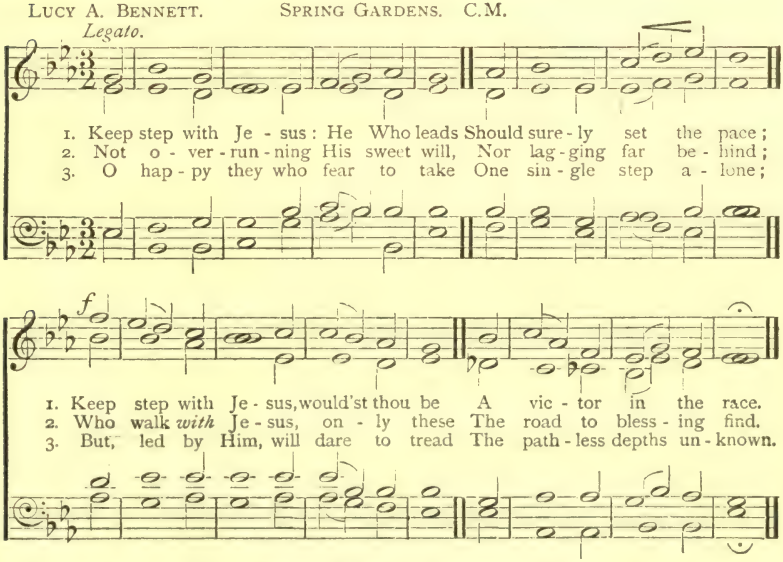
4. Walking in reverence
Humbly with Thee,
Yet from all abject fear
Lovingly free:
E'en as a friend with friend,
Cheered to the journey's end,
Walking with Thee.

5. Then Thy companions here
Walking with Thee,
Rise to a higher life,
Soul liberty:
They are, not to our love,
But to the home above,
Taken by Thee.

No. 312. Keep step with Jesus.

LUCY A. BENNETT. SPRING GARDENS. C.M.

Legato.



4. This sacred path man knoweth not,
Save only such as bow
To take His yoke, and breathe to Him—
"Thou art my portion now."

5. They tread it, and with quiet heart
Have learnt—are learning still,
That not a single good outlies
The circle of His will.

No. 313. O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me.

FARRANT. C.M.

J. C. LAVATER. (Trans. by H. B. SMITH.) R. FARRANT.



3. In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4. More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.

5. Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength Divine;
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.

6. Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
Oh, make me daily through Thy grace
More meet to bear Thy name!

No. 314. Walk in the light, and thou shalt know.

1. WALK in the light, and thou shalt know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2. Walk in the light, and Thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His—
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3. Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

4. Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away the gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

6. Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

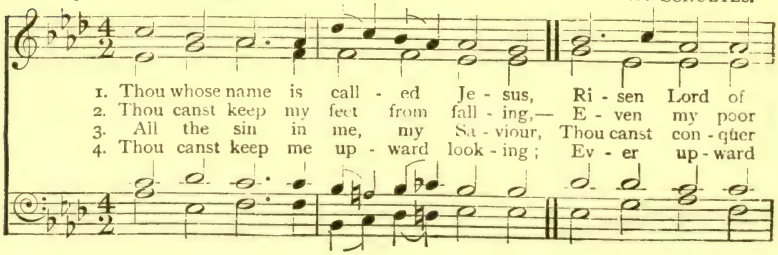
Barton.

No. 315. Thou whose name is called Jesus.

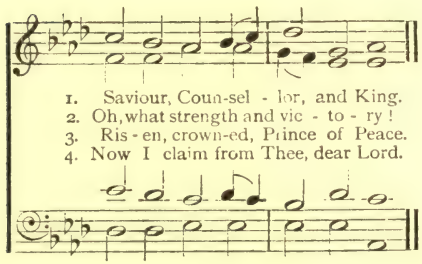
REQUIEM. 8.7.8 7.8.7.

Written expressly for this work by
JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

W. SCHULTES.







5. Oh! what joy to trust Thee, Jesus,
Mighty Victor o'er the grave,
And to learn amid earth's shadows
Thine unceasing power to save!
Only those who prove Thee know
What the grace Thou dost bestow.

6. Make my life a bright outshining
Of Thy life, that all may see
Thine own resurrection power
Mightily put forth in me;
Ever let my heart become
Yet more consciously Thy home.

No. 316. "Unto him that hath."

1. "UNTO him that hath" Thou givest
Ever "more abundantly";
Lord, I live because Thou livest,
Therefore give more life to me,
Therefore speed me in the race,
Therefore let me grow in grace.

2. Deepen all Thy work, O Master,
Strengthen every downward root;
Only do Thou ripen faster—
More and more—Thy pleasant fruit;
Purge me, prune me, self abase;
Only let me grow in grace.

3. Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me;
Make me really, hour by hour,
More and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace
Day by day my growth in grace.

4. Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle-wings!
By the brightness of Thy face,
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

5. Let me, then, be always growing,
Never, never standing still,
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and Thy most blessèd will.
Till I reach Thy holy place
Daily let me grow in grace.

F. R. Havergal.

No. 317. "Consider Him."

E. MAY GRIMES. By per. from "S.A.G.M. Leaflets." 10. 10. 10. 10. H. GREEN.



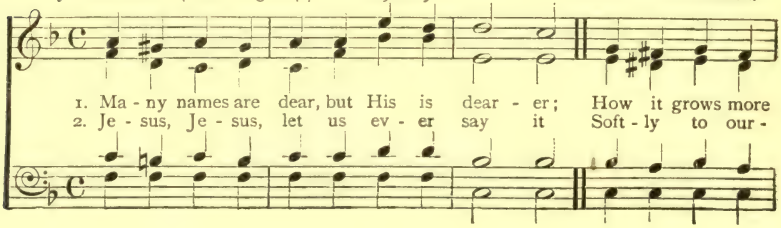
4. "Consider Him," and thus *thy* life shall be
Filled with self-sacrifice and purity;
God will work out in thee the pattern true,
And Christ's example ever keep in view.

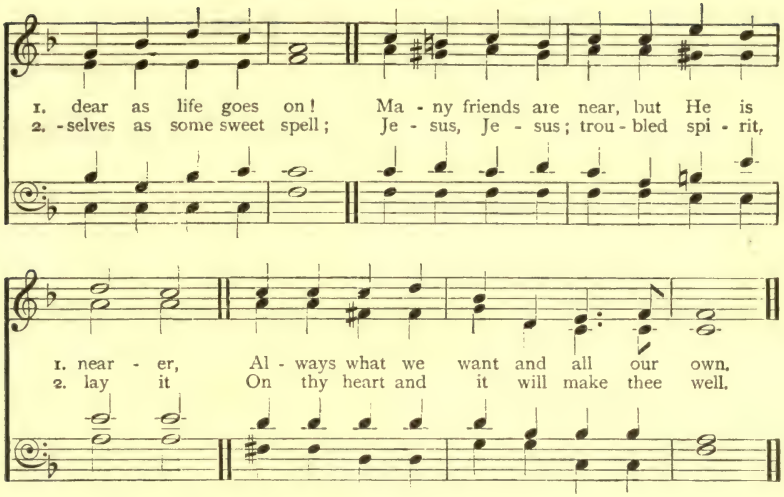
5. "Consider Him." Thy great High Priest above
Is interceding in untiring love,
And He would have *thee* thus "Within the Vail"
By Spirit-breathed petitions to prevail.

6. "Consider Him," and as you run the race,
Keep ever upward looking in His face:
And thus transformed, illumined thou shalt be,
And Christ's own image shall be seen in thee.

No. 318. Many names are dear.

Anon. (Stanzas 1 & 2.)
A. J. FOXWELL. (Stanzas 3 & 4.) 10.9.10.9. P. SKENE.



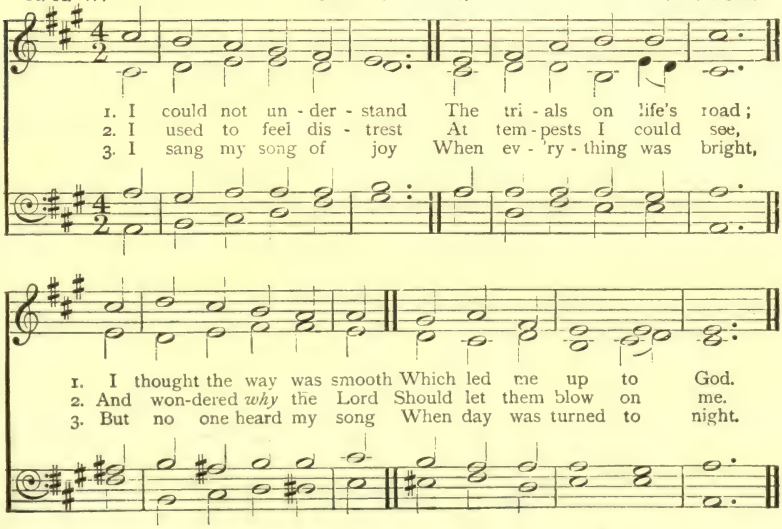


3. In the hour of gloom it shines before us,
Like that welcome star that gilds the morn;
Vanish'd hope and joy it will restore us,
Till their sudden rays our soul adorn.

4. Jesus! Jesus! in the home of glory,
Still that lovely name shall tune our lays,
Jesus! Jesus! all the wondrous story
Of His love shall fill eternal days.

No. 319. I could not understand.

A. A. W. ORIENT. 6.6.6.6. R. H. BOYS.

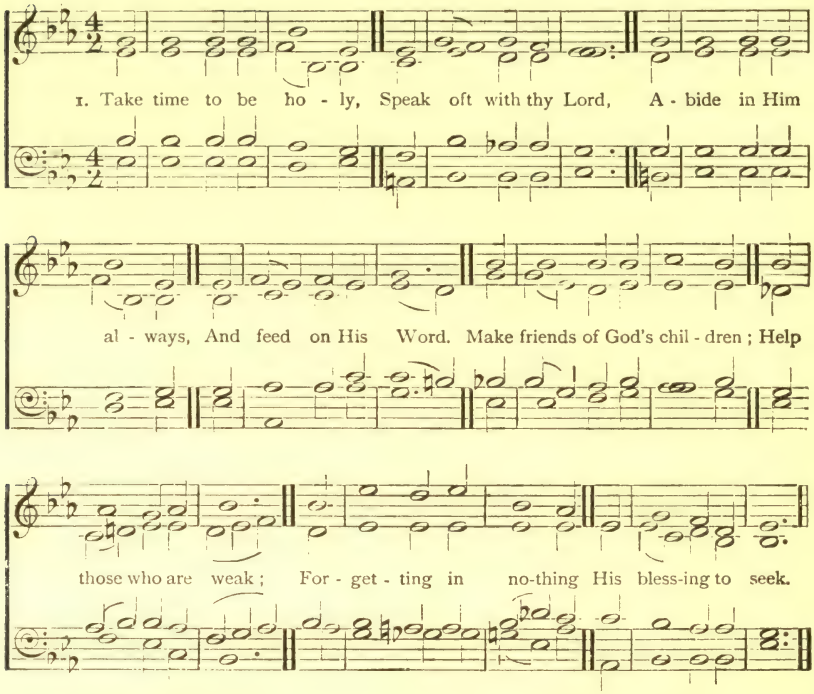


4. Now everything is changed—
In all my Lord I see;
So I can sweetly rest
In what He plans for me.

5. Now I can sing my song,
Whatever ill betide;
My work is but to trust,
His—just to keep and guide.

No. 320. Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. LONGSTAFF. 6.5.6.5. D. REV. T. R. H. STURGES.



2. Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone.
By looking to Jesus
Like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends, in thy conduct,
His likeness shall see.

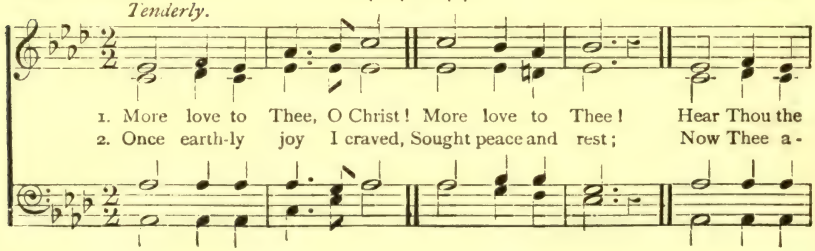
3. Take time to be holy,
Let Him be Thy Guide;
And run not before Him
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow,
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in His Word.

4. Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul;
Each thought and each temper
Beneath His control:
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

No. 321. More Love to Thee, O Christ!

MRS. PRENTISS. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.4. W. H. DOANE.

Tenderly.



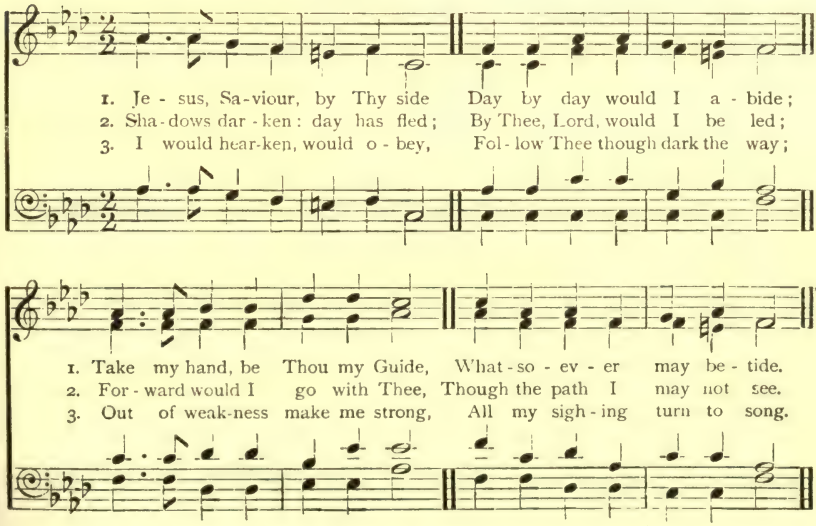


3. Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

4. Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;—
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee!
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

No. 322. Jesus, Saviour, by Thy Side.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. HOLY JESU. 7.7.7.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.



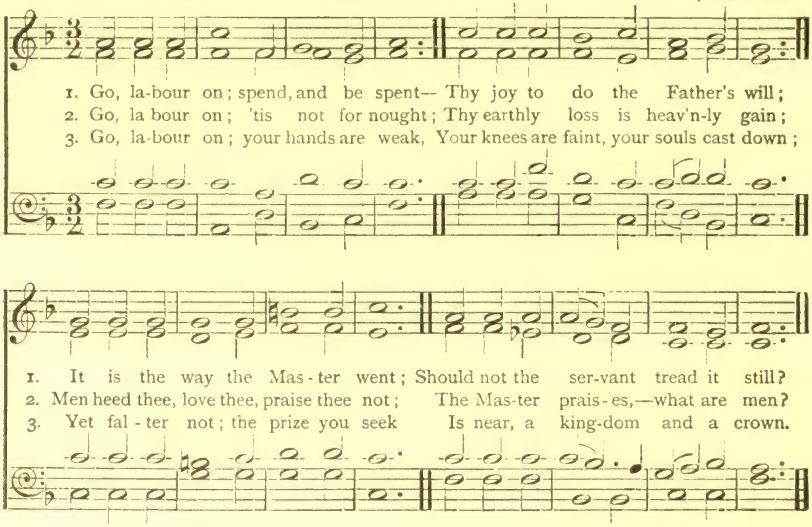
4. Sweet the service, sweet the call,
Gladly I surrender all—
All, Lord Jesus, give to Thee,
Now and through eternity.

5. Onward to my home above,
Guided by the hand I love;
Circled by Thy arm of grace,
Till I see Thee face to face.

PART IX.—WORK.

No. 323. Go, Labour On.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. HESPERUS. L.M. H. BAKER, Mus.Bac.



4.

Go, labour on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.

5.

Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

6.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

7.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, "Behold, I come!"

No. 324. Lord, Speak to me!

1.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see—
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share!

F. R. Havergal.

No. 325. Oh to be Nothing, Nothing!

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. P.M. P. P. BLISS.



2. Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Only as led by His hand;
A messenger at His gateway,
Only waiting for His command.
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at His will;
Willing should He not require me,
In silence to wait on Him still.

3. Oh to be nothing, nothing!
Painful the humbling may be,
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world might my Saviour see.
Rather be nothing, nothing!
To Him let their voices be raised;
He is the fountain of blessing,
He only is meet to be praised.

No. 326. O Touch mine Eyes!

W. Spencer Walton. Staincliffe. L.M. R. W. Dixon.

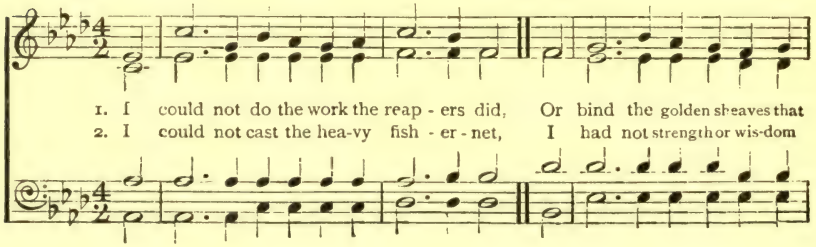


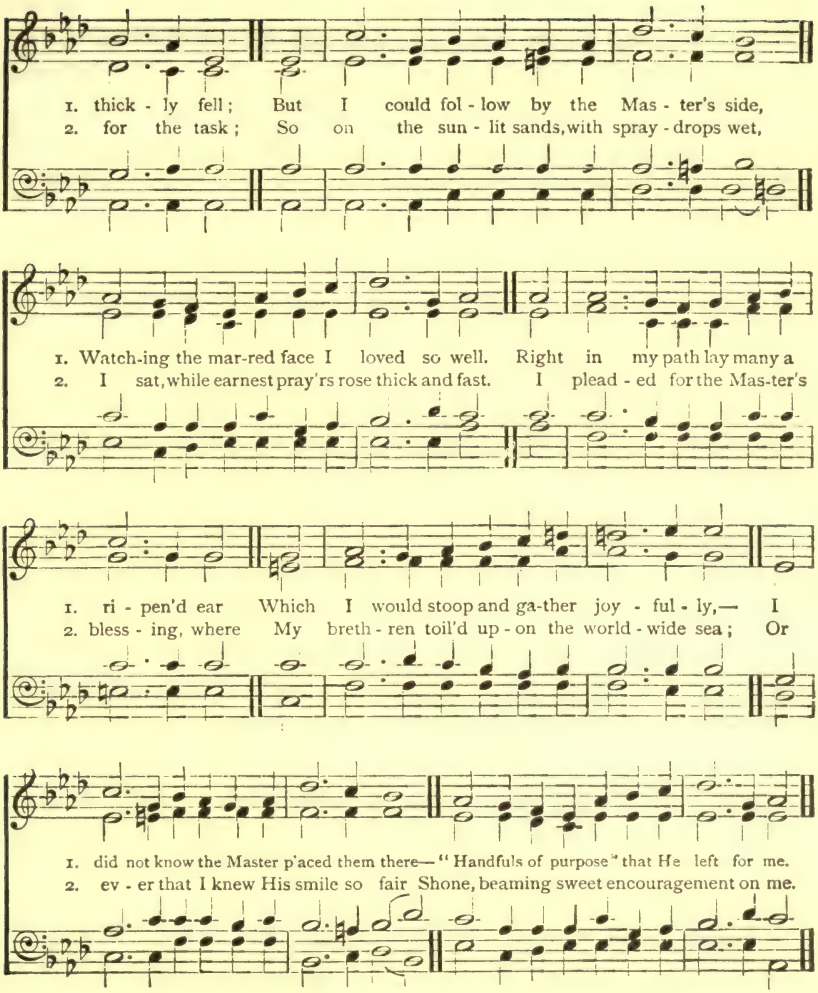
3. Unstop my ears, that I may hear
The softest whisper of Thy love,
To draw my heart from earthly things,
And fix it on Thyself above.

4. Release my feet, that I may run
The way of holiness divine;
Held by Thy hand they cannot fall—
Filled with Thy life I'll brightly shine.

No. 327. "She hath done what she could."

Eva J. Evered Poole. Brothertoft. 10.10.10.10. D. Livesey Carrott.



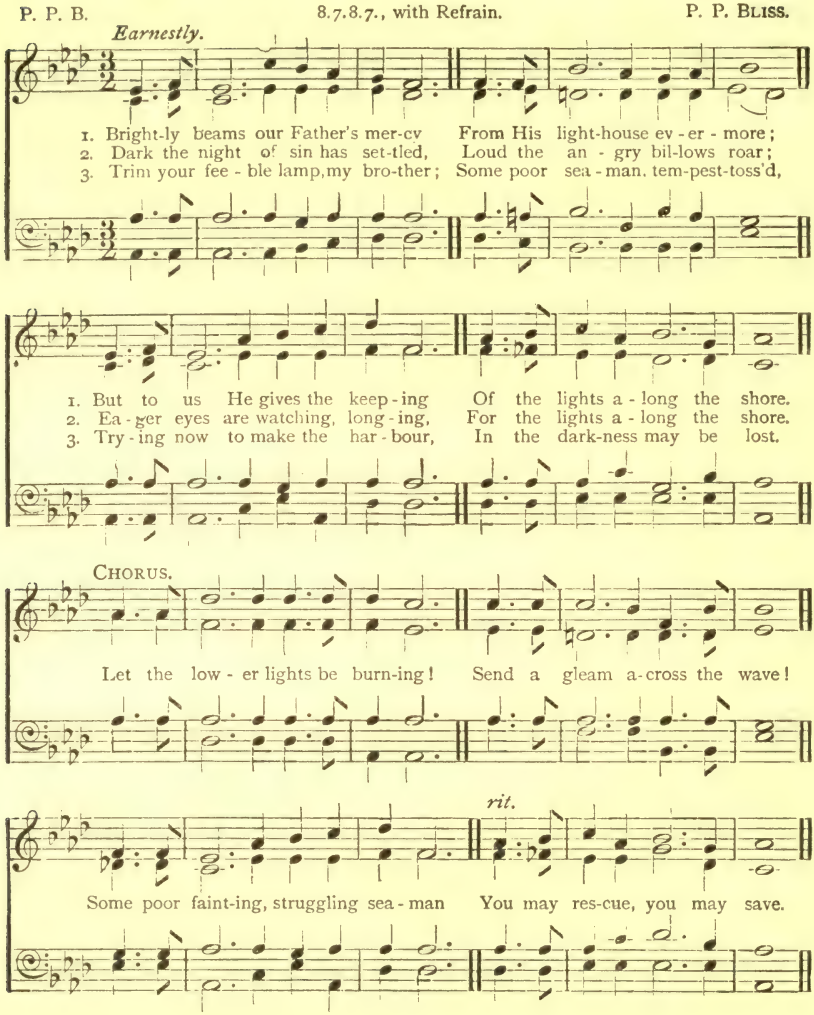


3. I could not join the glorious soldier-band,
   I never heard their thrilling battle-cry;
   The work allotted by the Master's hand
   Kept me at home, while others went to die.
   And yet, when victory crowned the struggle long,
   And spoils were homeward brought, both rich and rare,
   He let me help to chant the triumph-song,
   And bade me in the gold and jewels share.

4. O Master dear! the tiniest work for Thee
   Finds recompense beyond our highest thought,
   And feeble hands that worked but tremblingly
   The richest colours in Thy fabric wrought.
   We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
   To do, or suffer, as Thy choice shall be:
   Forsaking all Thy wisdom bids us leave,
   Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

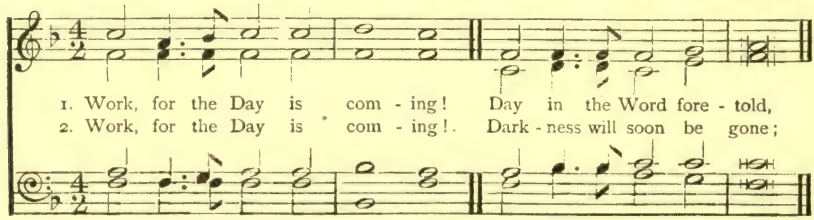
No. 328. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B. 8.7.8.7., with Refrain. P. P. Bliss.



No. 329. Work, for the Day is Coming!

Anon. ALTRINCHAM. 7.6.7.6. D. Dr. L. Mason.





3. Work, for the Day is coming!
Made for the saints of light;
Off with the garments dreary,
On with the armour bright:
Soon will the strife be ended,
Soon all our toils below;
Not to the dark we're tending,
But to the Day we go.

4. Work, for the Lord is coming!
Children of light are we;
From Jesu's bright appearing
Powers of darkness flee.
Out of the mist, at His bidding,
Souls like the dew are born:
O'er all the East are spreading
Tints of the rosy morn.

5. Work, then, the Day is coming!
No time for sighing now!
Harps for the hands once drooping,
Wreaths for the victor's brow.
Now morning Light is breaking,
Soon will the Day appear;
Night shades appal no longer,
Jesus, our Lord, is near.

No. 330. Work, for the Night is Coming!

1. WORK, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

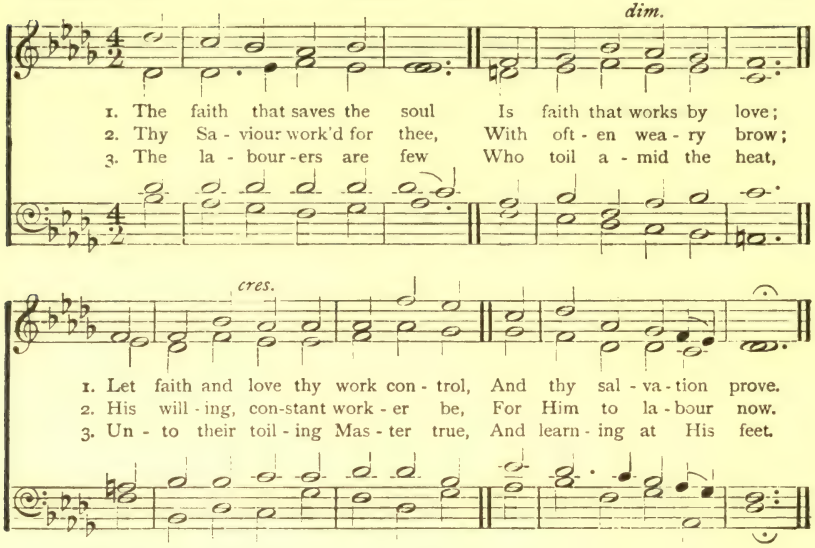
2. Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

S. Dyer.

No. 331. The Faith that Saves the Soul.

WILLIAM LUFF. INVERA. S.M. C.



4. Work with a grateful heart:
Work while the millions play:
Ere the bright hours of light depart,
And night shall follow day.

5. Work!—work for Him is blest;
Work as a favoured son;
Work till He gives thee heavenly rest,
And His own sweet "Well done!"

No. 332. Make Use of me, my God!

1. MAKE use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

2. I am Thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.

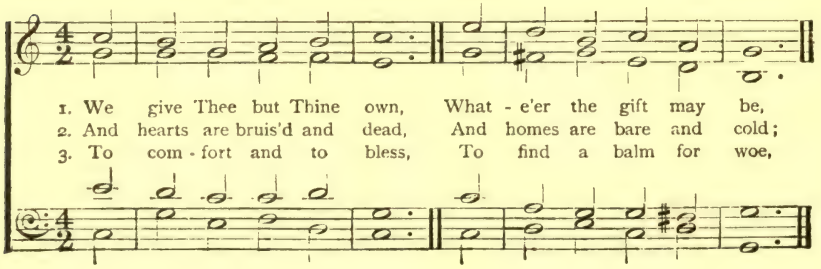
3. Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

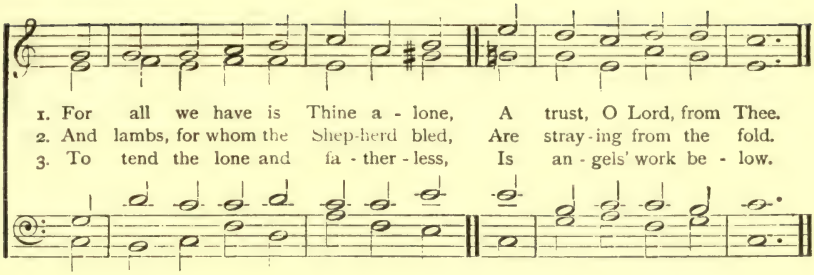
4. All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The meanest of them all!

(*May also be sung to Nos. 44 and 184.*) *Rev. Dr. H. Bonar.*

No. 333. We give Thee but Thine Own.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. NARENZA. S.M. German.



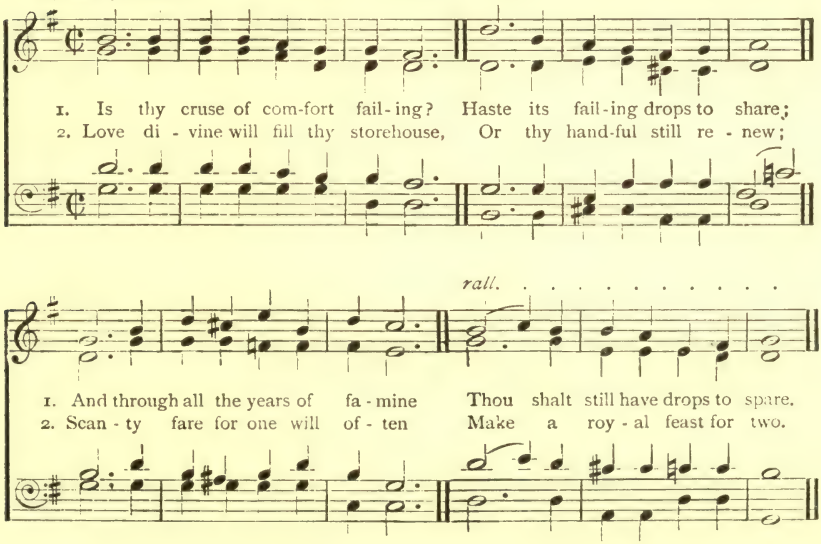


4. The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
Is a most Christ-like thing.

5. And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

No. 334. Is thy Cruse of Comfort failing?

MRS. RUNDLE CHARLES. (*By per. of S.P.C.K.*) INFANTS' PETITION. 8.7.8.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. For the heart grows rich in giving,
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

4. Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden—
God will bear both it and thee.

5. Numb and weary on the mountains,
Would'st thou sleep amid the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

6. Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And the balm shall heal thine own.

7. Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.

8. Is the heart a living power?
Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving, love will grow.

No. 335. Oh, where are the Reapers?

E. REXFORD. 10. 10. 10. 10., with Refrain. G. F. ROOT.



3.

The fields all are ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

4.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share in the joy of the "harvest home."

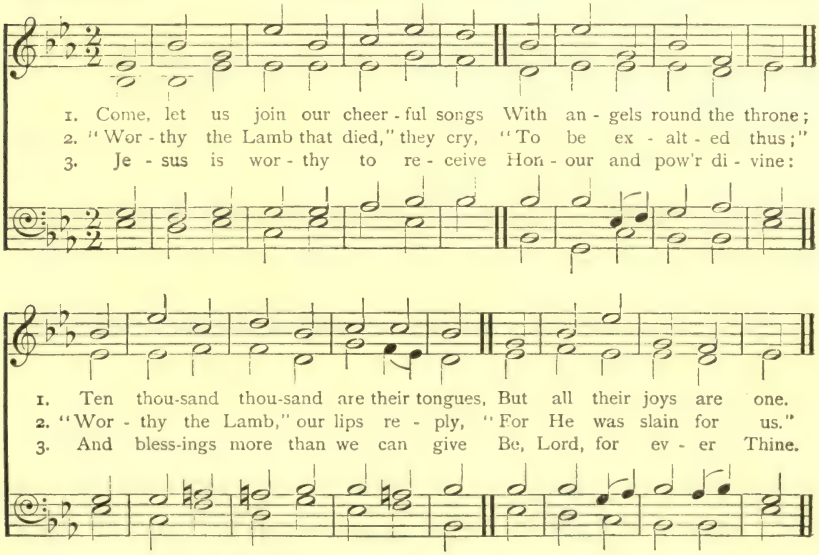
No. 336. I Believe God answers Prayer.

From Pondoland, South Africa. 7.7.7.5.



No. 337. Come, let us Join.

DR. WATTS. LONDON NEW. C.M. DR. CROFT.



4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

No. 338. In the hour of trial.

J. MONTGOMERY. INTERCESSOR. 6.5.6.5. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.



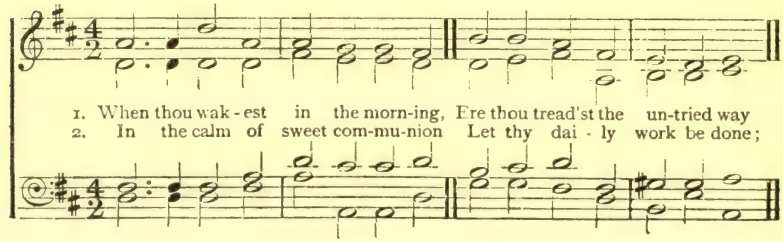
3. If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4. When in dust and ashes
In the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

No. 339. When thou wakest in the morning.

LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7., D.

G. M. TAYLOR. (By permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.) SIR A. SULLIVAN.





3. Then, as hour by hour glides by thee,
Thou wilt blessed guidance know,
Thine own burdens being lightened,
Thou canst bear another's woe;
Thou canst help the weak ones onward,
Thou canst raise up those that fall:
But, remember, while thou servest,
Still tell Jesus—tell Him all!

4. And if weariness creep o'er thee
As the day wears to its close,
Or if sudden fierce temptation
Bring thee face to face with foes—
In thy weakness, in thy peril,
Raise to heaven a truthful call;
Strength and calm for every crisis
Come—in telling Jesus all.

No. 340. Hark! the sound of holy voices.

1. HARK! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee;
Multitudes, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

2. They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3. Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light;
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

4. God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

Bishop C. Wordsworth

The above may also be sung to CRYSTAL SEA, *No.* 104.

No. 341. This love floweth on!

REV. DR. H. BONAR. LAUS DEO. P.M., with Refrain. Anon.





No. 342. Revive Thy work, O Lord!

ALBERT MIDLANE.
Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY. S.M.D. W. H. DOANE.

Bold, with spirit.



3. Revive Thy work, O Lord!
And bless to all Thy word;
And may its pure and sacred truth
In living faith be heard.

4. Revive Thy work, O Lord!
Give Pentecostal showers:
Be Thine the glory, Thine alone!
The blessing, Lord, be ours!

No. 343. Jesus, our best-beloved Friend.

J. MONTGOMERY. ST. ALKONUND. L.M. Anon.

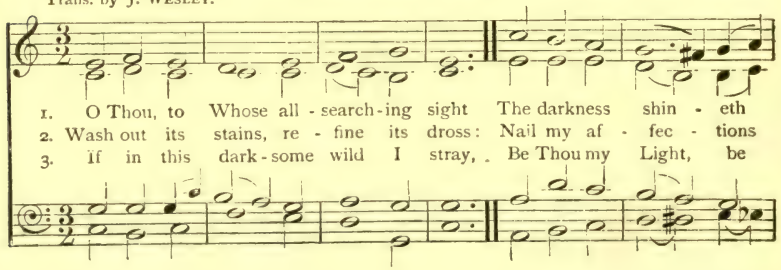


3. Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands.
O take our hearts—our hearts are Thine:
Accept the service of our hands.

4. Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessèd will obey;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

No. 344. O Thou, to Whose.

N. L. VON ZINZENDORF. Trans. by J. WESLEY. CAHIR ABBEY. L.M. REV. G. C. GRUBB.



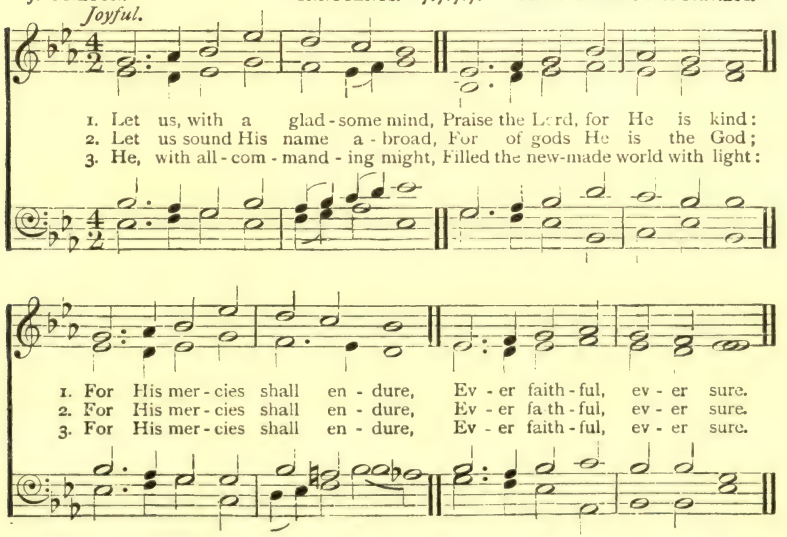


4. Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

5. If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to the day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

No. 345. Let us with a Gladsome Mind.

J. MILTON. INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7. KING THIBAUT of Navarre.



4. All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, sure sure.

5. He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

No. 346. For the Great Departed.

REV. DR. RANKIN.
By special permission.

IN MEMORIAM. P.M.

R. DE W. MALLARY.



4. For the great departed,
Gone to long reward,
The brave, the lion-hearted,
We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!
No more their hearts shall fail them,
No more shall doubts assail them,
Triumphant grace avail them!
We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!

5. For the great departed,
Gone to long reward,
The brave, the lion-hearted,
We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!
Earth's farewell words, we say them,
With kindred dust we lay them;
Lo, heaven in white array them:
We praise, we praise Thee, Lord!

No. 347. Crown Him with Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGE. DIADEMATA. D.S.M. SIR GEORGE J. ELVEY.



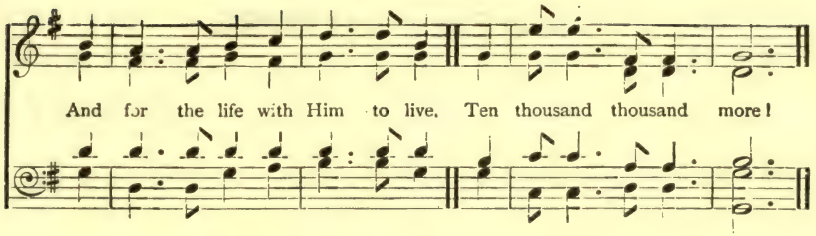
4. Crown Him the Lord of Peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend,
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5. Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

No. 348. Ten Thousand Thanks to Jesus!

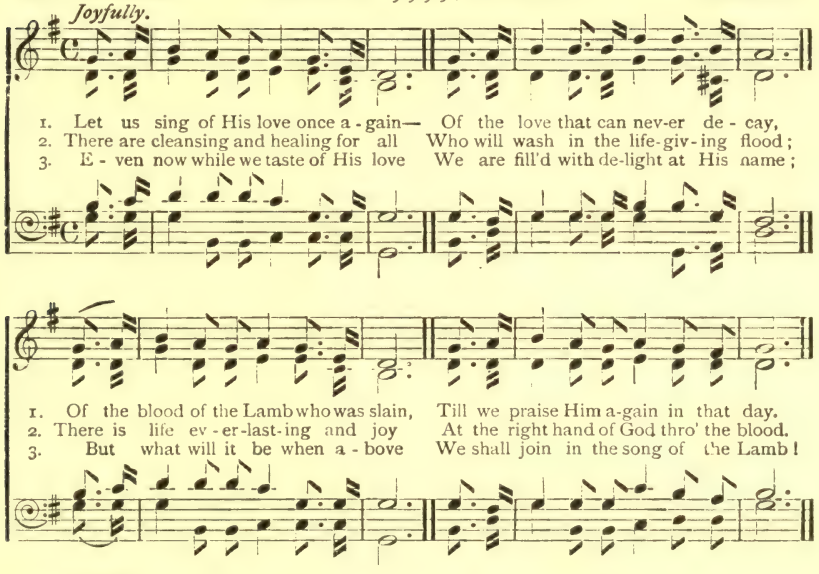
MATILDA C. DAY. GRATITUDE. 7.6.7.6. D., with Refrain. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

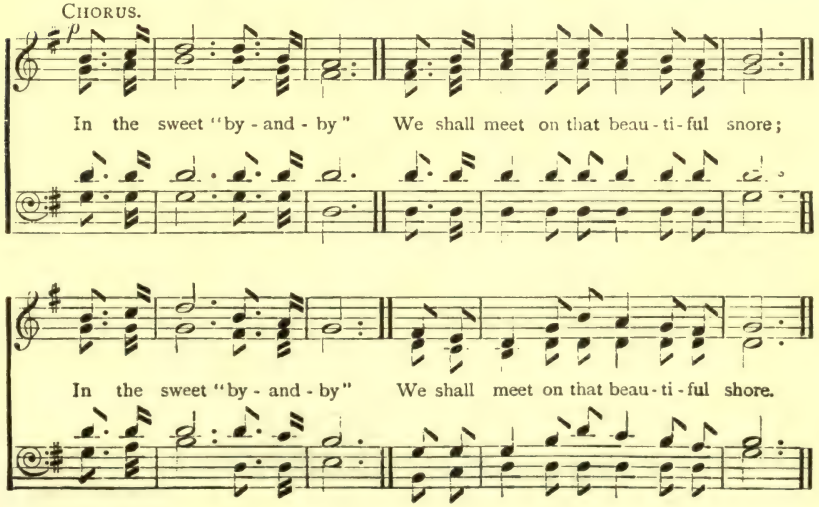




No. 349. Let us Sing of His Love.

REV. F. BOTTOME. IN ÆTERNUM. 9.9.9.9., with Refrain. WEBSTER.





No. 350. Hold Thou my hand!

FANNY J. CROSBY. 11.10.11.10. HUBERT P. MAIN.

Moderato.



3. Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

4. Hold Thou my hand! that, when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

No. 351. "Be all at Rest, my Soul!"

1. "BE all at rest, my soul!" Oh! blessèd secret
Of the true life that glorifies thy Lord;
Not always doth the busiest soul best serve Him,
But he who resteth on His faithful word.

2. "Be all at rest!" for rest is highest service;
To the still heart God doth His secrets tell;
Thus shall thou learn to wait, and watch, and labour,
Strengthened to bear, since Christ in thee doth dwell.

3. "Be all at rest!" for rest alone becometh
The soul that casts on Him its every care;
"Be all at rest!" so shall thy life proclaim Him
A God who worketh and who heareth prayer.

4. "Be all at rest!" so shalt thou be an answer
To those who question, "Who is God, and where?"
For God is rest, and where He dwells is stillness,
And they who dwell in Him that rest shall share.

Freda Hanbury Allen.

No. 352. My God, my Father.

C. ELLIOTT. BLENDED. 8.8.8.4. WATSON.



3. If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

4. Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
Thy will be done!

5. Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done!

6. Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

No. 353. My God! is any hour so Sweet!

1. MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer!

2. Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3. For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

4. Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

5. Words cannot tell what blest relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief;
What peace of mind.

6. Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

7. Oh! till I reach yon peaceful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee!

C. Elliott.

No. 354. Great King of kings, why dost Thou stay?

1. GREAT King of kings, why dost Thou stay?
Why tarriest Thou upon Thy way?
Why lingers the expected Day?
Thy kingdom come!

2. Life in its fulness is with Thee,
Life in its holy liberty;
From death and chains this world set free:
Thy kingdom come!

3. O King of glory, King of peace,
Bid all these storms and tumults cease,
Bring in Thy reign of righteousness:
Thy kingdom come!

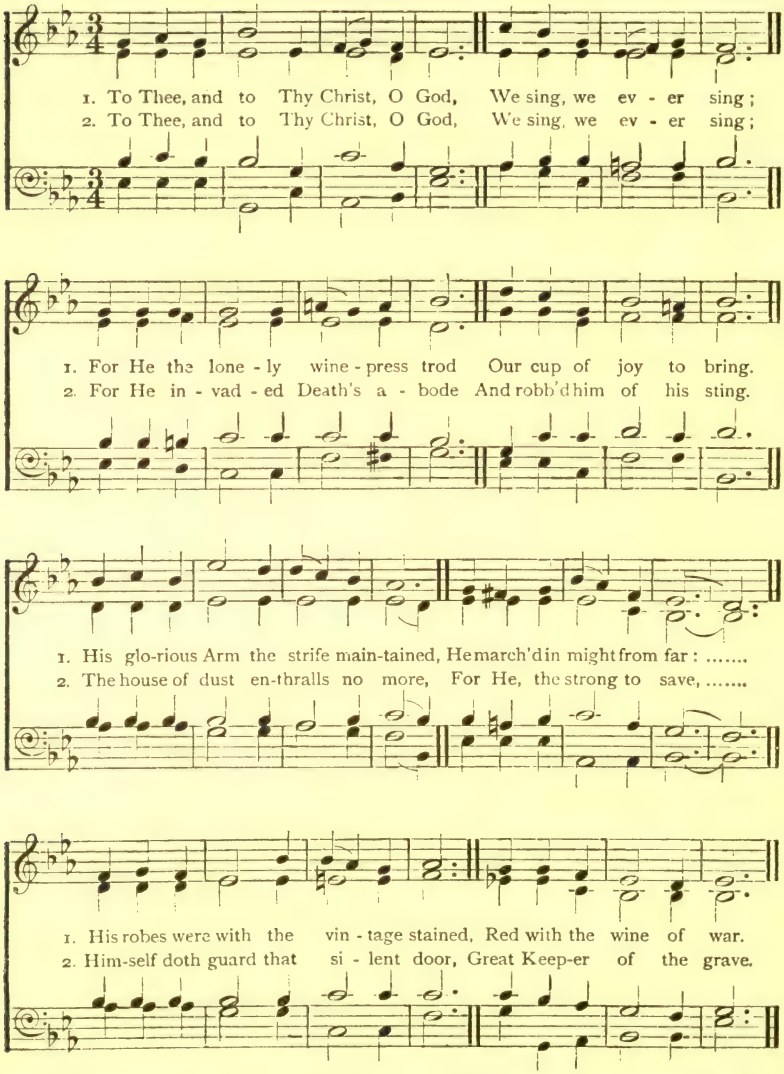
4. Peace, gentle peace, is on its way,
And holy love this earth to sway;
Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day:
Thy kingdom come!

5. Oh, bid Thy blessèd Gospel go
Forth to each child of sin and woe,
That all Thy wondrous grace may know:
Thy kingdom come!

Rev. Dr. H. Bonar.

No. 355. To Thee, and to Thy Christ.

MRS. COUSIN. CHARLEVILLE. C.M.D. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He hath crush'd beneath His rod
The world's proud rebel king.
He plunged in His imperial strength
To gulfs of darkness down,
He brought His trophy up at length,
The foil'd usurper's crown.

4. To Thee, and to Thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He redeem'd us with His blood
From every evil thing.
Thy saving strength His Arm upbore,
The Arm that set us free;
Glory, O God, for evermore
Be to Thy Christ and Thee.

May be sung to LAUS, TIBI, CHRISTE, *No.* 443.

No. 356. Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY CROSBY. SONG OF PRAISE. P.M. C. G. ALLEN.



2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer,
For our sins He suffered and bled and died;
He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the Crucified;—
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
Prince of Glory, ever triumphant now.

3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannahs ring!
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet and Priest and King!
Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful,
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! No longer thy portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

No. 357. Peace, perfect peace.

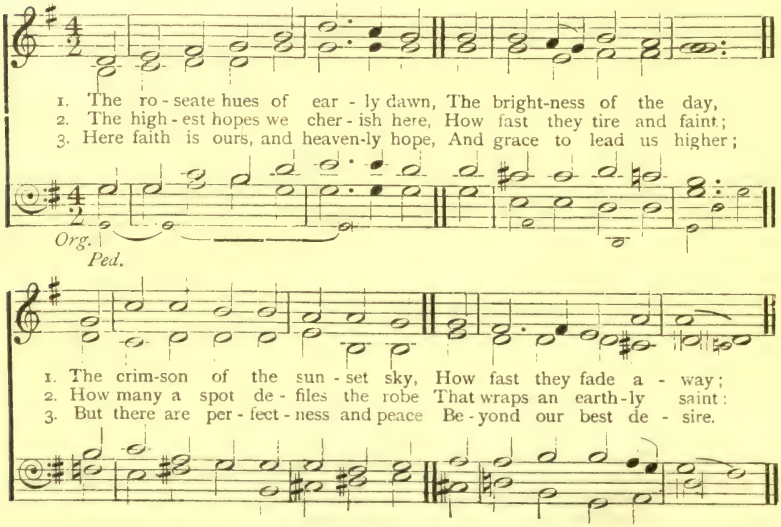
THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BICKERSTETH. PAX TECUM. 10.10. G. T. CALDBECK.

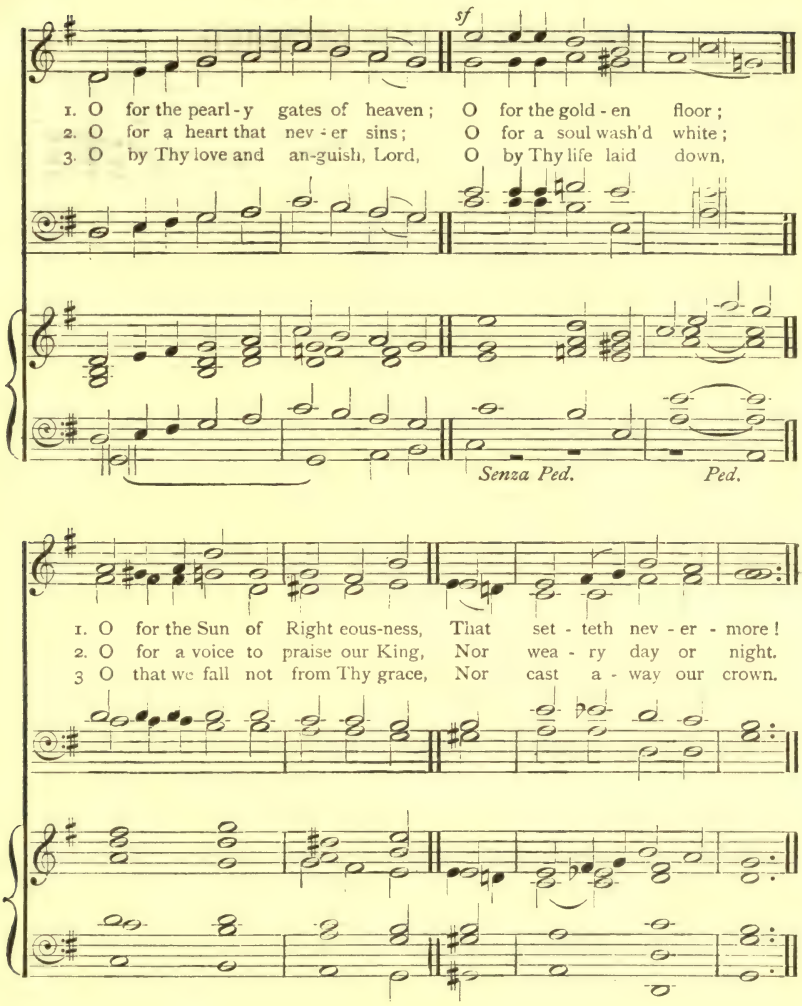


4. Peace, perfect peace, with lov'd ones far away?
   In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
5. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
   Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
   Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7. It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
   And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 358. The roseate hues of early dawn.

C. FRANCES ALEXANDER. AURORA. C.M. D. H. FORD BENSON.





No. 359. Praise waiteth Thee in Zion's Courts.

1. PRAISE waiteth Thee in Zion's Courts,
Where Thy beloved dwell,
Ransomed, redeemed from Satan's thrall,
Their Hallelujahs swell.
Come, blessèd Holy Ghost, to-day,
Our songs of praise inspire ;
Purge the iniquity, and touch
Our lips with living fire.

2. Praise for what Thou our God hast wrought ;
For promised blessings ours ;
The cloud on faith's horizon seen,—
The Pentecostal showers.
Praise for Thine own right way, dear Lord,
We did not understand,
But as Thy plans unfolded lie,
We see Thy guiding Hand.

3 Enlarge our soul's capacity,
Cut deeper channels, Lord ;
Room for the floods of blessing now,
According to Thy Word.
E'en while we praise, the heavens rend,
In power come from on high ;
Make this another Pentecost
Answer our spirit's cry.

Mary E. Maxwell.

No. 360. Lord, the night is darkening.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. ST. AIDEN. 6.5.6.5. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.

In unison.



4. Make us ever willing
For Thy ministry,
Suffering or service,
As it pleaseth Thee;
Keep, oh keep us watching
For Thy blest return,
Oil within our vessels,
Lamps that brightly burn.

5. Ready with the message
To the sin-sick soul,
How the Good Physician
Makes the sinner whole;
Till at last life's journey
And its conflicts o'er,
We shall in Thy presence
Dwell for evermore.

No. 361. Ere each morning breaketh.

1. ERE each morning breaketh
I would see Thy face,
Jesus! precious Saviour!
Jesus! King of grace.
For my thirsty spirit
Longs to drink again
Of the living river
Flowing through the plain.

2. Hark how sweet the music
As it dashes by,
Clear and fresh as ever
In its melody;
From the crystal city,
From the throne on high,
It has leaped to succour
Sinners—lest they die.

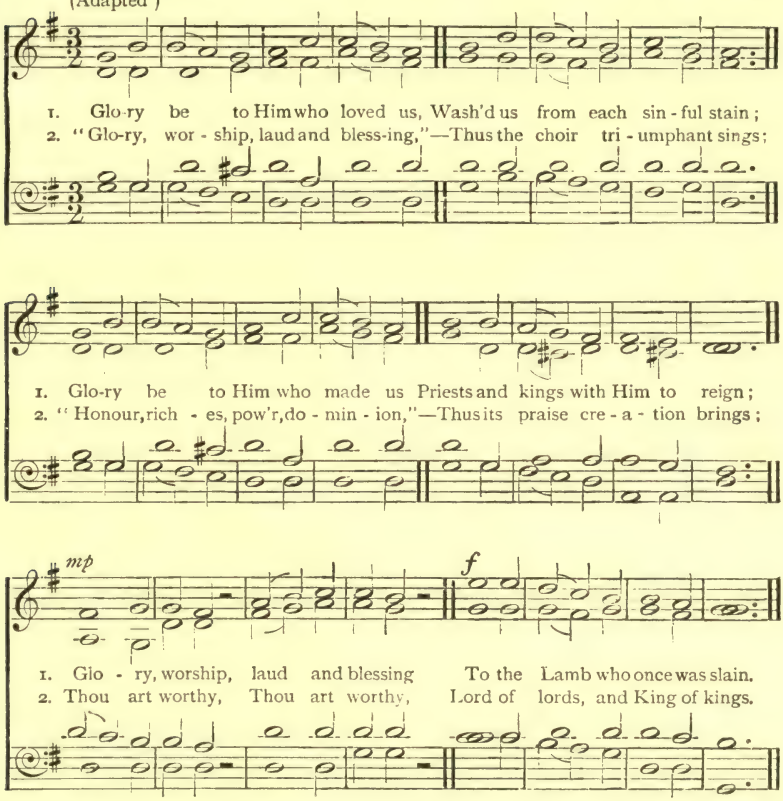
3. Flowing where the desert
Looks most parched and bare—
There its shining wavelets
Sparkle everywhere!
We, with dying thousands,
Would again partake
Of this crystal river:
It our thirst can slake.

4. It the drooping pastures
Can refresh and bless,
And with fragrant blossoms
Clothe the wilderness:
O Thou living Spirit,
Give us of Thy dew!
Then our souls, like gardens,
Will yield fruit anew.

Rev. W. Pennefather.

No. 362. Glory be to Him who loved us.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. (Adapted) STAMFORD 8.7.8.7.8.7. A. J. FOXWELL.



3. Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth His praises sing:
Glory ever and for ever
To the King of Glory bring.

4. Glory be to Thee, O Father,
Glory be to Thee, O Son,
Glory be to Thee, O Spirit,
Glory be to God alone,
As it was, is now, and shall be
While the endless ages run.

No. 363. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.

1. PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

2. Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

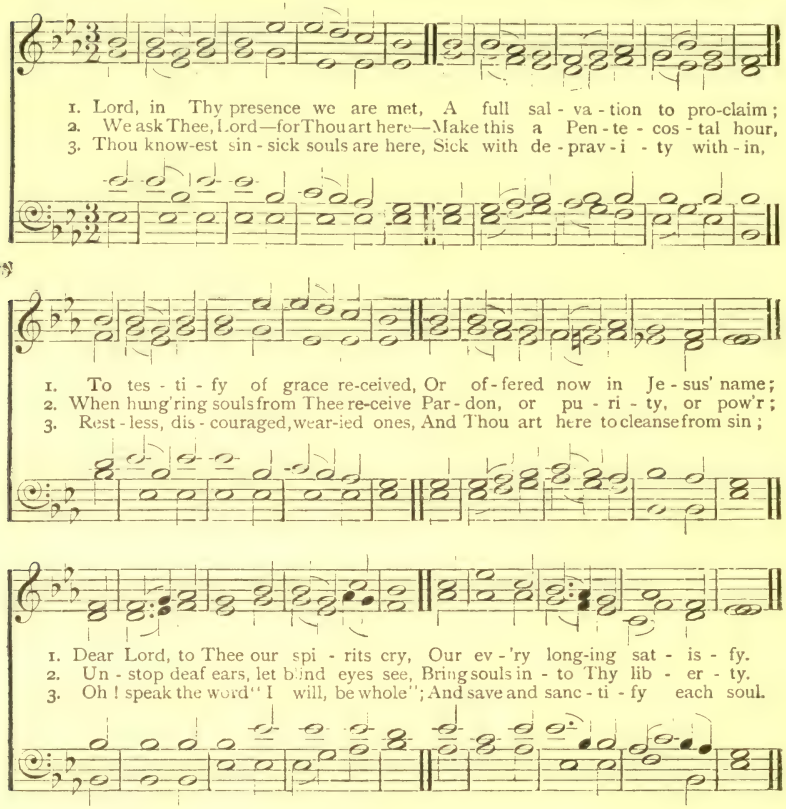
3. Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4. Angels, in the height adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race:
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Rev. H. F. Lyte.

No. 364. Lord, in Thy presence we are met.

MARY E. MAXWELL. STELLA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. From "Crown of Jesus," by per.

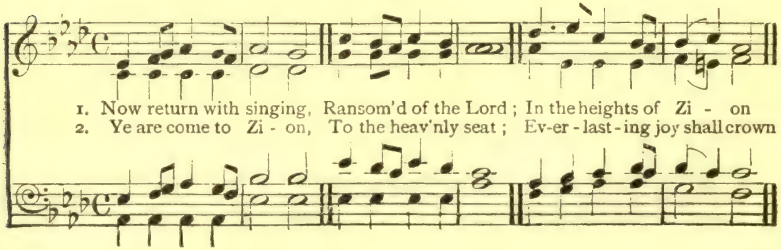


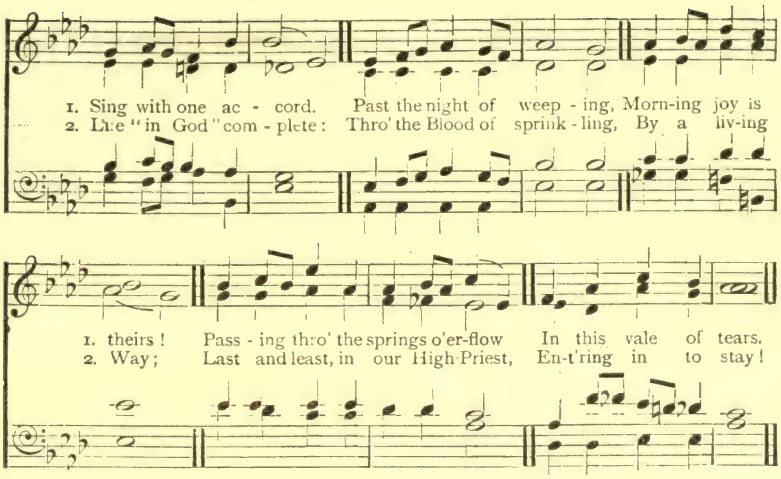
4. Grant to Thy servants boldness now,
That faithfully they speak Thy word,
"By stretching forth Thy hand to heal,"
Let signs and wonders from the Lord,
Here in our midst to-day be done,
So, Father, glorify Thy Son.

5. We wait—according to Thy Word,
Lord, let it to Thy servants be;
May nothing—self, pride, prejudice
Or unbelief—still hinder Thee;
Bless'd Spirit, have unhindered way
In yielded hearts and lives to-day.

No. 365. Ye are come unto Mount Zion.

M. W. STUBBS. RANSOMED. P.M. M. W. STUBBS.





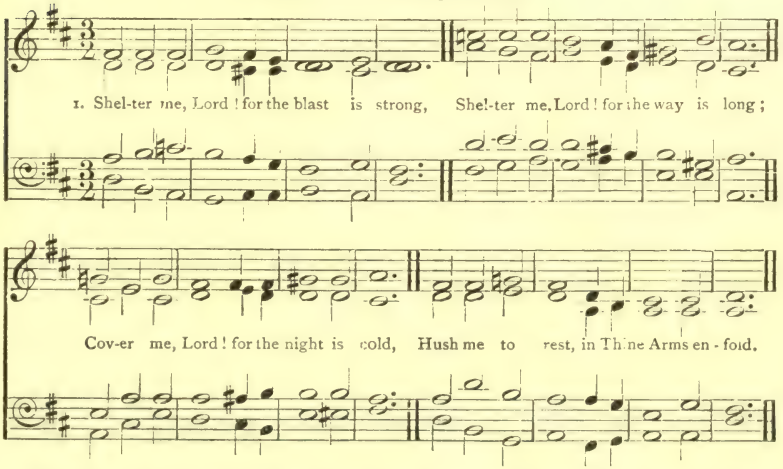
3. Entering in for ever,
To go "no more out";
To the song and banquet,
And the victor's shout:
Entering in as sinners,
"Far off," now "brought nigh";
We are come to God our Home,
On His heart to lie.

4. We are "no more worthy,"
Bankrupts to Thy grace;
Ours the robe, the shoes, the ring,
Ours to see Thy face;
Ours the feast of gladness,
Merriment divine:
Laud and praise be Thine alway,
And the glory Thine!

No. 366. Shelter me, Lord!

VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY. VOX HUMANA. 9.9.9.9. VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY.

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2. *There* can I rest, without fear of ill, [still;
There find new strength, for the waves are
Under Thy Blood, I am cleansed from sin,
Light evermore! Thy deep peace within.

3. Succour me, Lord! for the way is steep,
Succour me, Lord! for the tide is deep;
Strengthen me, Lord! in the path of pain,
Jesus! draw nigh, and my soul sustain.

4. Praise be to Thee for Thy Heavenly Grace,
Poured forth on me from Thy Holy Place;
Glory to Thee for Thy wondrous Love
Shining on me from my Lord above.

5. Shelter me, Lord! from the fiery blast,
Shelter me, Lord, till my life is past:
Cover me, Lord! when the night is cold,
Hush me to rest, in Thine Arms enfold.

No. 367. All hail the power of Jesus' name!

E. PERRONET. MILES' LANE. C.M. W. SHRUBSOLE.

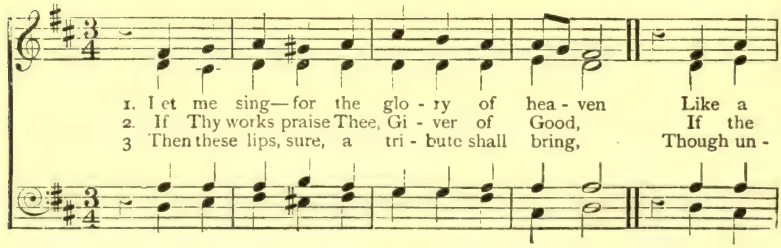


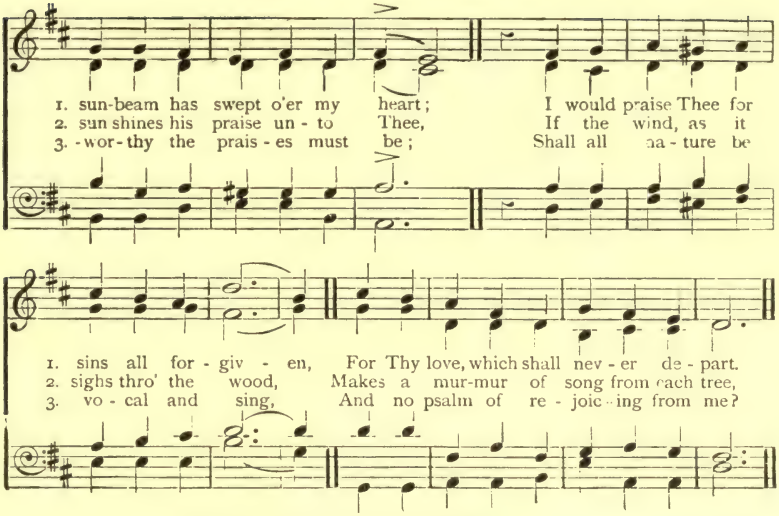
4. Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5. Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 368. Let me sing.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. 10.9.10.9. P. SKENE.



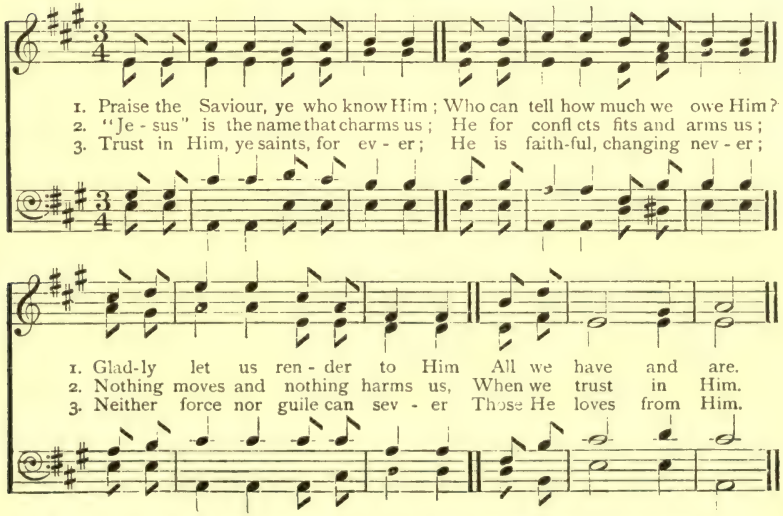


4. O wonderful, glorious Redeemer!
I would worship Thee, Saviour Divine;
And rejoice, though surrounded with praises,
Thou wilt still hear a song such as mine:

5. A song of a sinner forgiven,
And a song that is music to Thee;
A song of a pilgrim to Heaven,
Yes, a song from a sinner like me!

No. 369. Praise the Saviour.

REV. T. KELLY. 8.8.8.5.

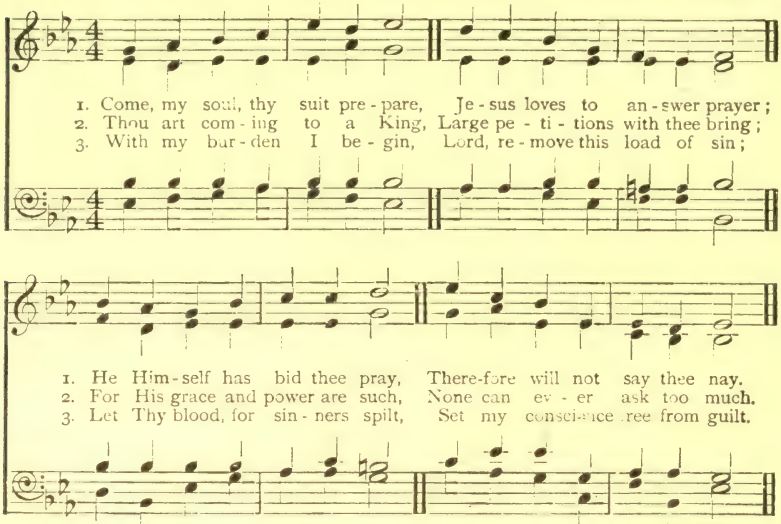


4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

5. Then we shall be where we would be;
Then we shall be what we should be;
Things which are not now, nor could be,
Then shall be our own.

No. 370. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.

J. NEWTON. ANGELIC PRAISE. 7.7.7.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.



4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5. While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end!

No. 371. Songs of praise the angels sang.

1. SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun;
When He spake, and it was done.

2. Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3. Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

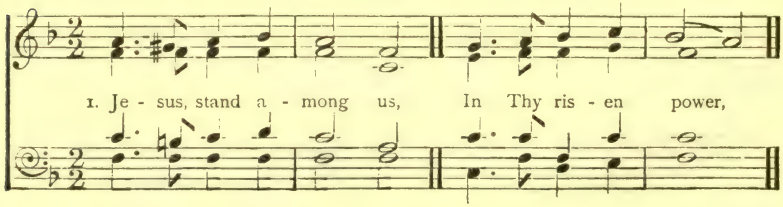
4. Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

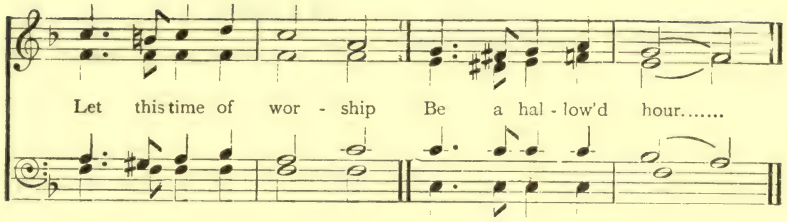
5. Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

J. Montgomery.

No. 372. Jesus, stand among us.

REV. W. PENNEFATHER. 6.5.6.5. Anon.





2. Breathe Thy Holy Spirit
Into every heart,
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

3. Thus with quickened footsteps
We'll pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day.

No. 373. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.

J. EDMESTON. SUNSET. 8.7.8.7. G. C. STEBBINS.



3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heav'n awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom!

No. 374. Worthy the Lamb.

J. KENT. 8.4.8.4.8.8.4. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyfully.

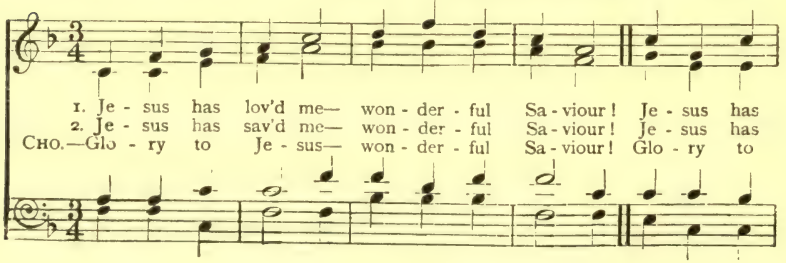


3. Harps and songs for ever sounding
Worthy the Lamb;
Mighty grace o'er sin abounding,
Worthy the Lamb.
By His blood He dearly bought us;
Wand'ring from the fold He sought us,
And to glory safely brought us:
Worthy the Lamb.

4. Sing with blest anticipation
Worthy the Lamb;
Through the vale of tribulation,
Worthy the Lamb.
Sweetest notes, all notes excelling,
On the theme for ever dwelling,
Still untold, though ever telling,
Worthy the Lamb.

No. 375. Glory to Jesus.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL. 10.10.10.10. From BATISTE, har. by C. W. & E. M.





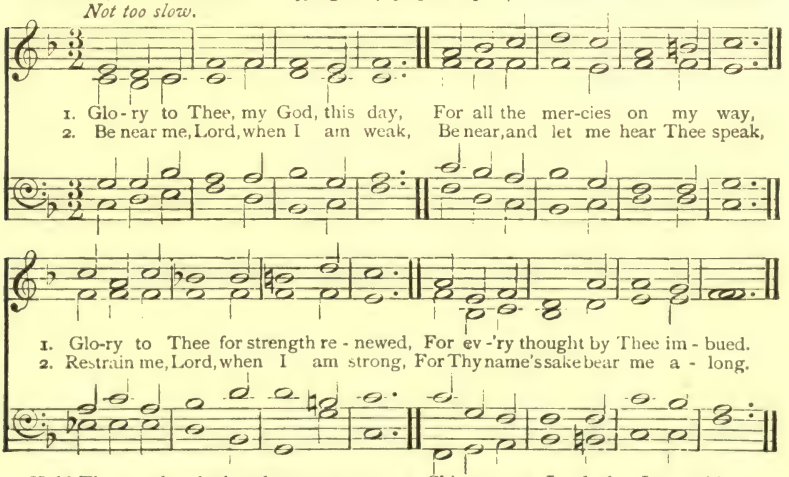
3. Jesus will lead me—wonderful Saviour!
Jesus will lead me, I cannot tell *where;*
But I will follow, through joy or sorrow,
Sunshine or tempest, sweet peace or despair.

4. Jesus will crown me—wonderful Saviour!
Jesus will crown me, I cannot tell *when;*
White throne of splendour hail I with gladness,
Crowned 'mid the plaudits of angels and men.

No. 376. Glory to Thee, my God, this day.

LUX CHRISTI. L.M.

VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY. *Copyright.* (By special per.) VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY.



3. Hold Thou my hands that they may move
In work which Thou wouldst have me love;
Keep Thou my feet, cause them to run
In paths wherein Thy will is done.

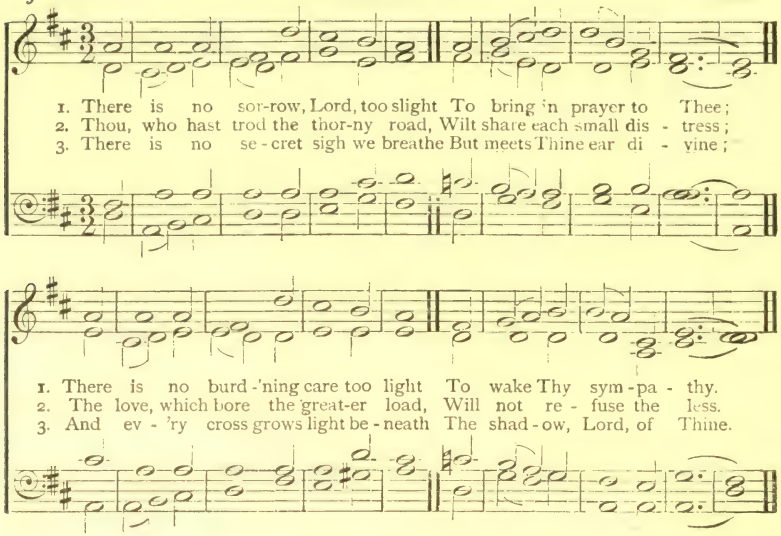
4. Supply my need, be Thou my store,
My treasure and my boundless lore;
Teach me to use Thy gifts, Thy grace,
And ever see Thy holy Face.

5. Shine on me, Lord, that I may shine,
And walk with Thee in Light Divine;
Thy blessèd cleansing be on me,
That all I do for Christ may be.

6. No longer mine but Thine to talk,
Or act, or think; so let me walk
From day to day, my God, with Thee,
That "Christ be magnified in me."

No. 377. There is no sorrow, Lord, too slight.

J. CREWDSON. ST. ALBAN. C.M. Anon.



No. 378. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God.

1. WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,
   Deep as the unfathomed sea,
   Which falls like sunshine on the road
   Of those who trust in Thee.

2. We ask not, Father, for repose
   Which comes from outward rest,
   If we may have through all life's woes
   Thy peace within our breast.

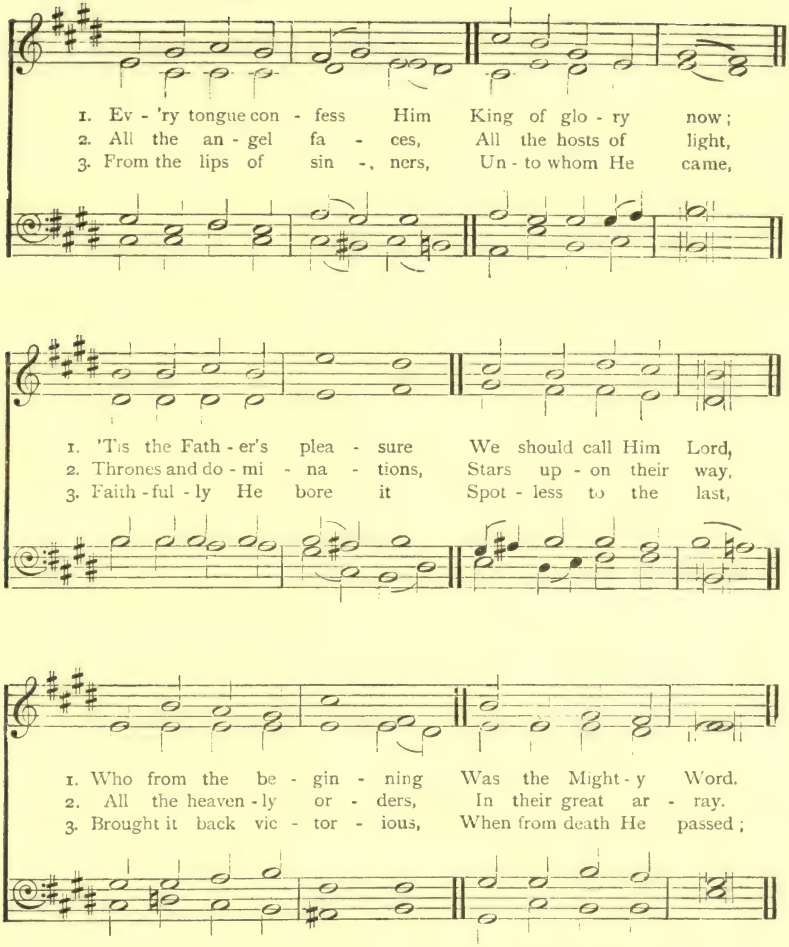
3. That peace which suffers and is strong,
   Trusts where it cannot see,
   Deems not the trial-way too long,
   But leaves the end with Thee.

4. That peace which flows serene and deep,
   A river in the soul
   Whose banks a living verdure keep—
   God's sunshine o'er the whole.

No. 379. In the Name of Jesus.

C. M. NOEL. EVELYNS. 6.5.6.5. D. DR. W. H. MONK.





4. Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

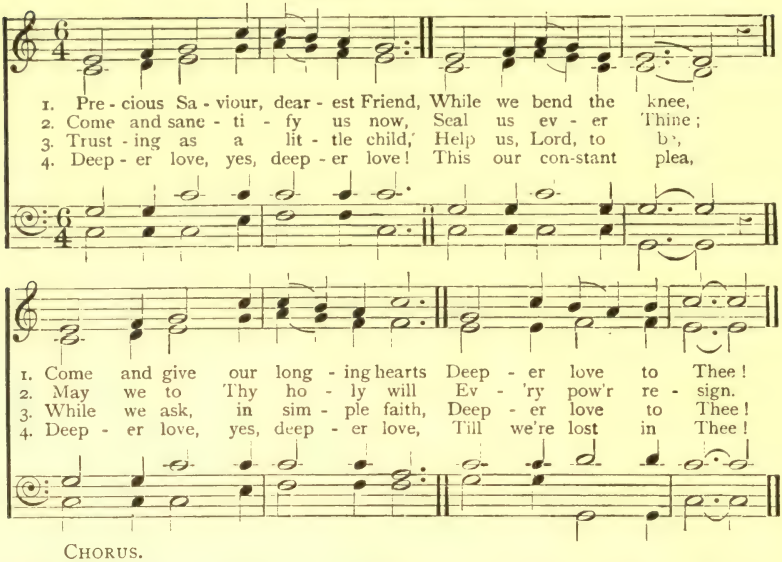
5. Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with 'bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

6. In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

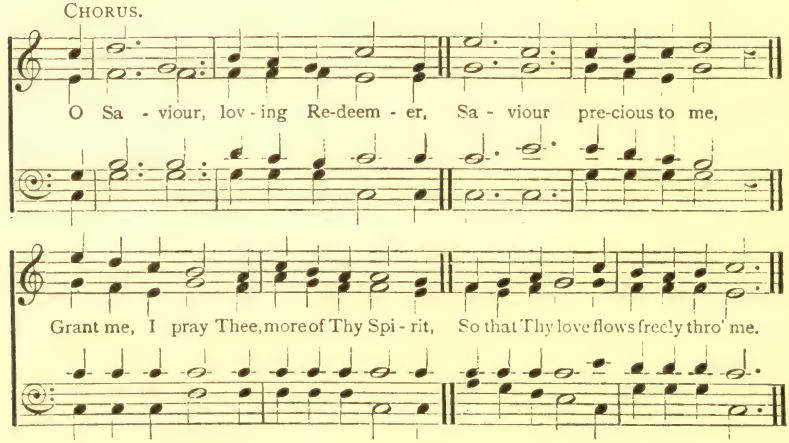
7. Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

No. 380. Precious Saviour, dearest Friend.

DEEPER LOVE. P.M.



CHORUS.



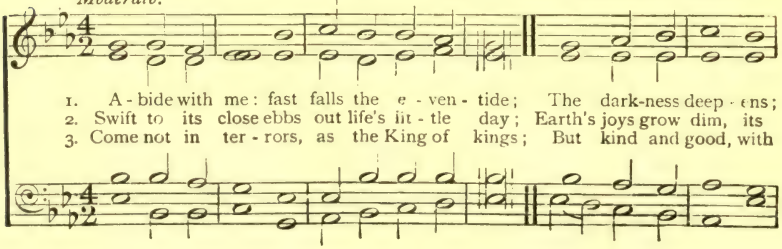
No. 381. Abide with me.

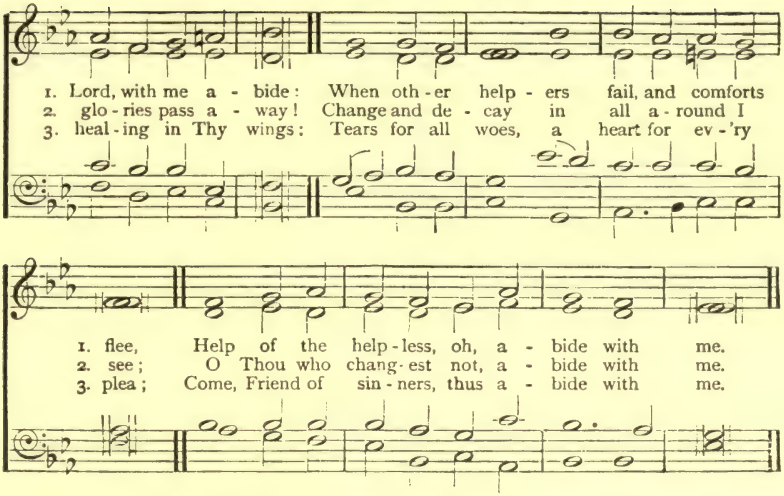
REV. H. F. LYTE.

Moderato.

EVENTIDE. 10. 10. 10. 10. DR. W. H. MONK.

By per. from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."





4. I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me.

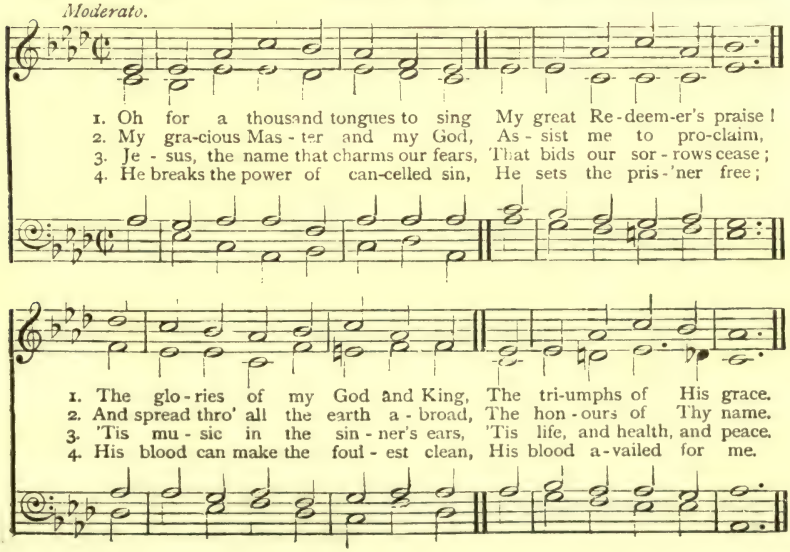
5. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

6. Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 382. Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

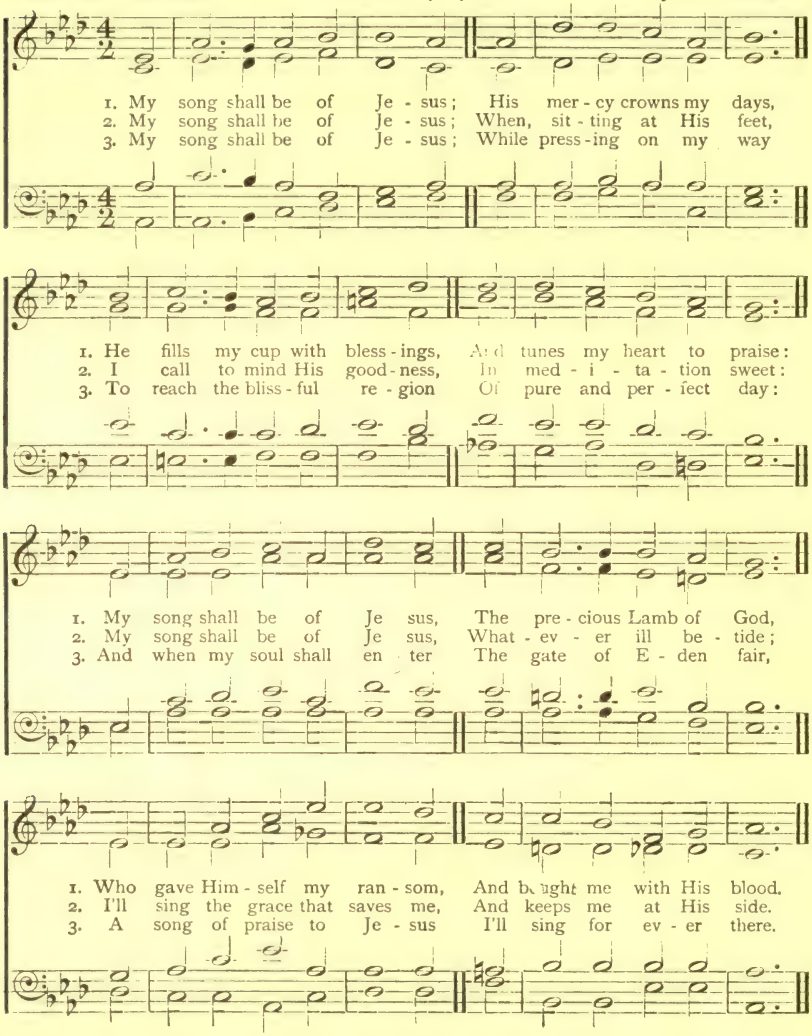
REV. C. WESLEY. EVAN. C.M. REV. CANON HAVERGAL.

Moderato.



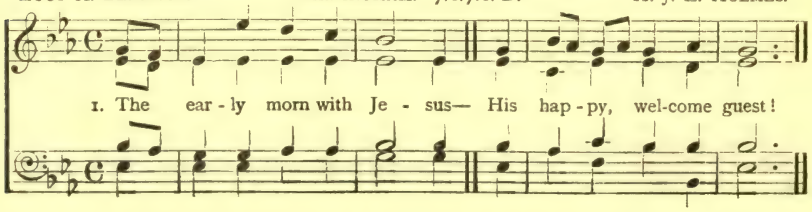
No. 383. My Song shall be of Jesus.

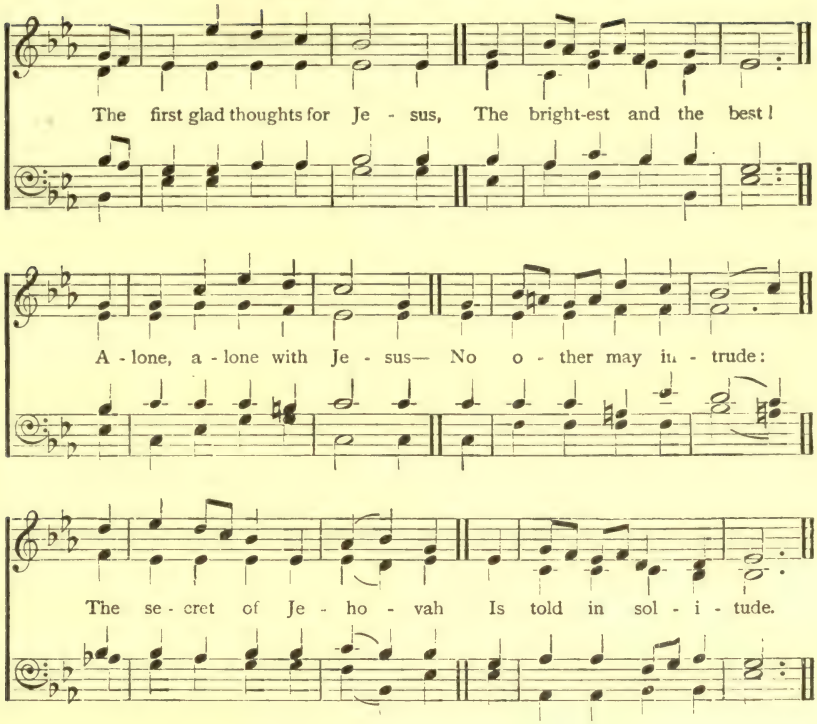
MRS. VAN ALSTYNE. TRANSPORT. 7.6.7.6. D. J. F. GROOME.



No. 384. The Early Morn with Jesus.

LUCY A. BENNETT. FARNINGHAM. 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.





2. This is the time for worship,
This is the time for prayer;
The sweetest time for laying
The heart's petitions bare:
The time for holy wrestling,
The time to intercede,
The time to win from Jesus
The help and strength we need.

3. This is the time to listen
To what the Lord will say;
This is the time to gather
The manna for the day:
New enemies to conquer,
New victories to win;
Come, gain a march on Satan—
Come, gain a march on sin!

4. Oh, ye who sigh and languish,
And mourn your "lack of power,"
Heed ye this gentle whisper—
"Could ye not watch one hour?"
For fruitfulness and blessing
There is no "royal road";
The power for holy service
Is intercourse with God!

5. Or e'er a word or action
Hath stained its snowy scroll,
Bring the new day to Jesus,
And consecrate the whole:
Then fear not for the record
He surely will indite;
Whatever may betide thee,
It shall be, *must* be right!

6. Soon the last golden sunrise
Shall deck the Eastern sky;
Soon the last "Watch" be ended,—
"Redemption draweth nigh!"
Then may this bright incentive
Within our spirits burn;
"It may be that this morning
The Bridegroom may return!"

No. 385. Oh, Master, Blessèd Master!

1. Oh, Master, blessèd Master,
Thy love hath set me free;
A song of glad thanksgiving
I offer now to Thee:
Thy precious blood hath washed me
From every stain of sin;
Oh, may Thy grace preserve me,
And keep me pure within.

2. I know the old temptations
Will often yet arise;
Yet I shall be victorious—
God's power within me lies:
He bids me trust Him wholly,
And He for me will fight;
And Satan, with His armies,
Is ever put to flight.

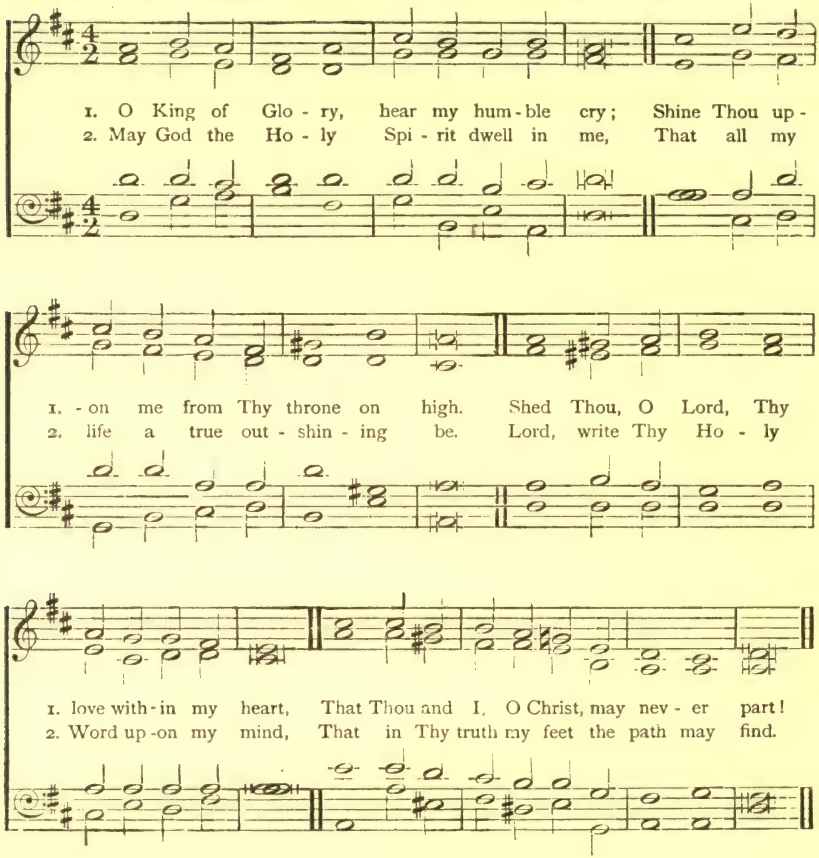
C. S.

No. 386. O King of Glory, hear.

KADESH. 10. 10. 10. 10.

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VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY. VICTORIA, LADY CARBERY



3. Go Thou before me, lest my footsteps stray,
Light up the track of Thy most holy way;
Speak Thou to me in accents clear and strong,
Lest Satan's wiles should lure my soul along.

4. Be Thou my rereward, keep me from the foe;
Lead me in paths wherein the righteous go:
And where Thou goest will I go with Thee—
Only, O Lord, hide not Thy face from me!

5. Lo! marshalled is the foe and fierce the strife;
O Heavenly Captain, lead me on to life—
The life that has no ending where Thou art!
And write my name, O Lord, upon Thine heart!

No. 387. Channels Only.

MARY E. MAXWELL, by per. 8.7.8.7. D. ADA ROSE, by per.



4.

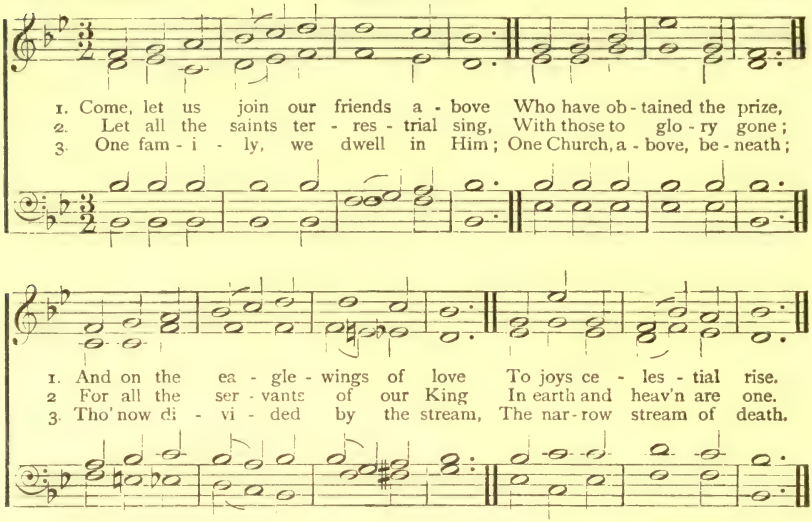
Witnessing Thy power to save me,
Setting free from self and sin;
Thou hast bought me to possess me,
In Thy fulness, Lord, come in.

5.

Jesus, fill now with Thy Spirit
Hearts that full surrender know;
That the streams of living water
From our inner man may flow.

No. 388. Come, let us join our Friends above.

REV. C. WESLEY — EAGLEY. C.M. — J. WALCH.



4. One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5. Be Thou, O God, our constant Guide,
And when the word is given,
Then, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

No. 389. Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

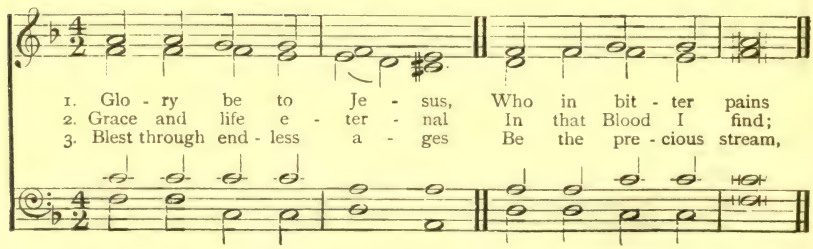
4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

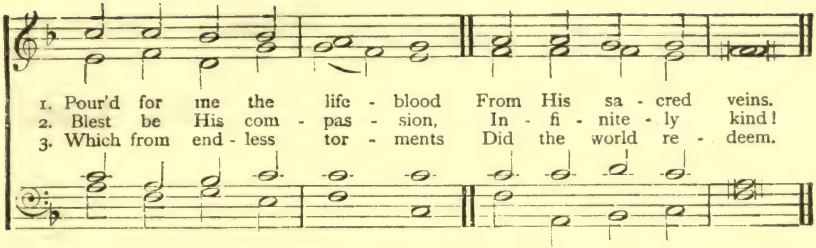
5. The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

J. Montgomery.

No. 390. Glory be to Jesus.

REV. E. CASWALL. — CASWALL. 6.5.6.5. — F. FILITZ.





4. Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5. Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

6. Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

7. Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.

No. 391. Jesu, Meek and Gentle.

1. JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2. Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3. Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4. Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5. Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

George R. Prynne.

No. 392. Give me, Lord, Thy Holy Spirit.

REV. CANON R. J. LYON. 8.7.8.7. REV. CANON R. J. LYON.

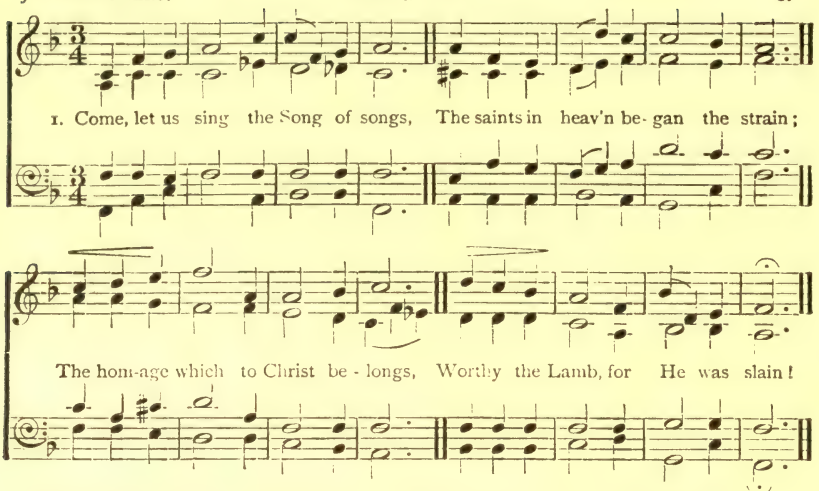


3. Oh, be near me, blessèd Saviour,
Fill me with Thy Spirit's grace;
Help me to reflect Thy glory;
Fit me to behold Thy face.

4. Ever let Thine hand sustain me,
Sheltered by Thy perfect love;
Finish Thine own work, and bring me
Home to rest with Thee above.

No. 393. Come, let us Sing.

J. MONTGOMERY. ARIMA. L.M. C.



2. Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain;
And make as kings and priests to God:
Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!

3. Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song our Song of songs shall be:
Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!

(*May also be sung to Tunes 301 or 323.*)

No. 394. Gracious God, we Worship Thee.

S. T. F. WORSHIP. 7.7.7.6. S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

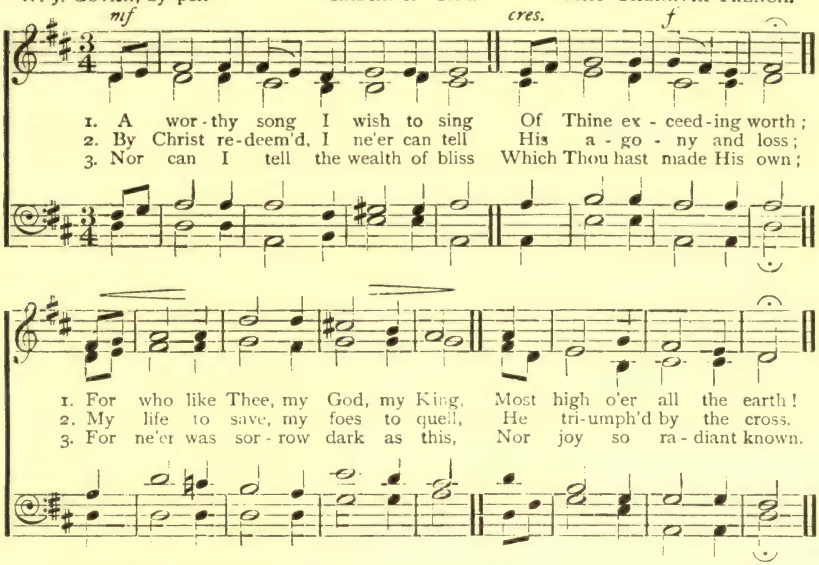


4. By Thy Spirit grant that we
Worshippers in truth may be;
Praise, as incense sweet to Thee:
Father, we adore Thee.

5. Yet again our song we raise,
Note of deep adoring praise;
Now—and soon through endless days:
Father, we adore Thee.

No. 395. The Joy of the Lord.

W. J. GOVAN, by per. RADIANT. C.M. MAY CHENEVIX-TRENCH.



4. It overflows to this sad earth,
And thrills each raptured heart;
It wakens mournful souls to mirth:
How good, how glad, Thou art!

5. My heart with praise would overflow,
Responsive I would sing;
Rejoice, Thy happiness to know—
Thy well-beloved is King!

No. 396. Lord, when we Bend before Thy Throne.

1. LORD, when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour;
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2. Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart;
And let a brightening ray from Thee
Beam peace upon the heart.

3. When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4. Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies!

J. D. Carlyle.

No. 397. I've Found the Pearl of Greatest Price.

1. I'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have:
O what a Christ have I!

2. Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King;
A Prophet full of light;
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man,
A King that rules with might.

3. My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

4. My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Who in God's garden grows; [heal;
Whose fruit doth feed, whose leaves do
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

5. Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My medicine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory and my wealth.

6. Christ is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother, and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

7. My Christ, He is the Heaven of heavens—
My Christ what shall I call?
My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,
My Christ is All in all.

J. Mason.

No. 398. Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name.

REV. J. ELLERTON. ELLERS. 10.10.10.10. DR. E. J. HOPKINS. By per. from "Book of Praise."



3.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

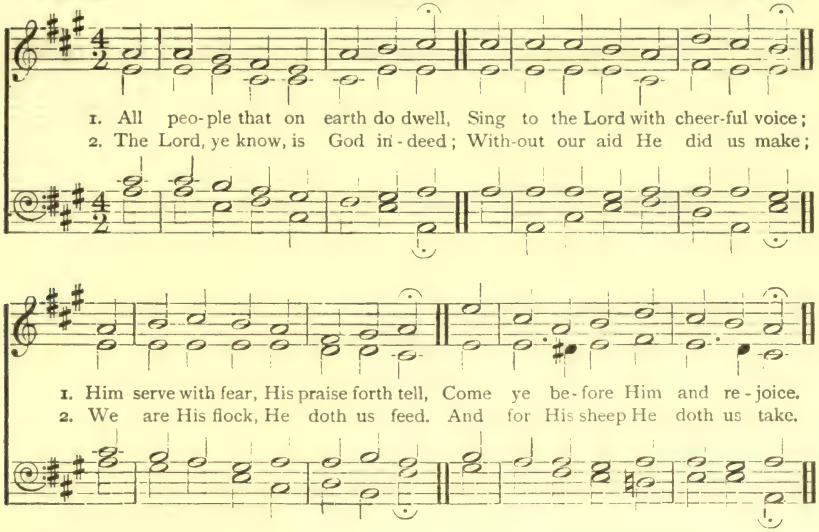
No. 399. Sanctus.

DR. J. CAMIDGE.



No. 400. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

W. KETHE. OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M. Genevan Psalter.



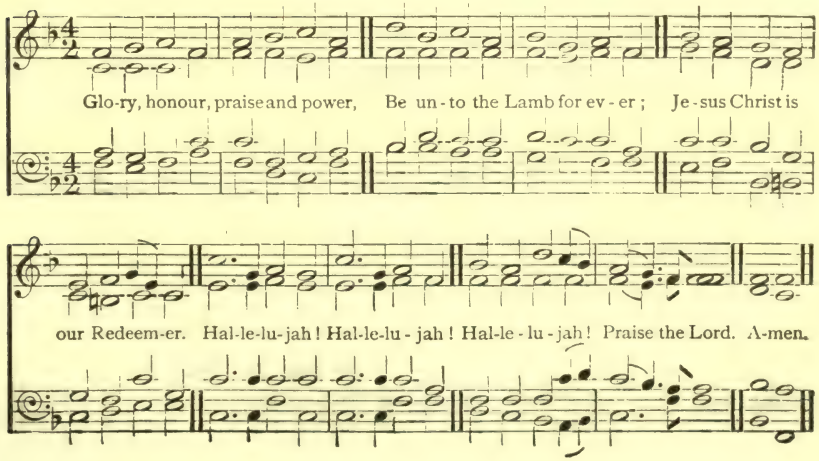
3. Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 401. Doxology.

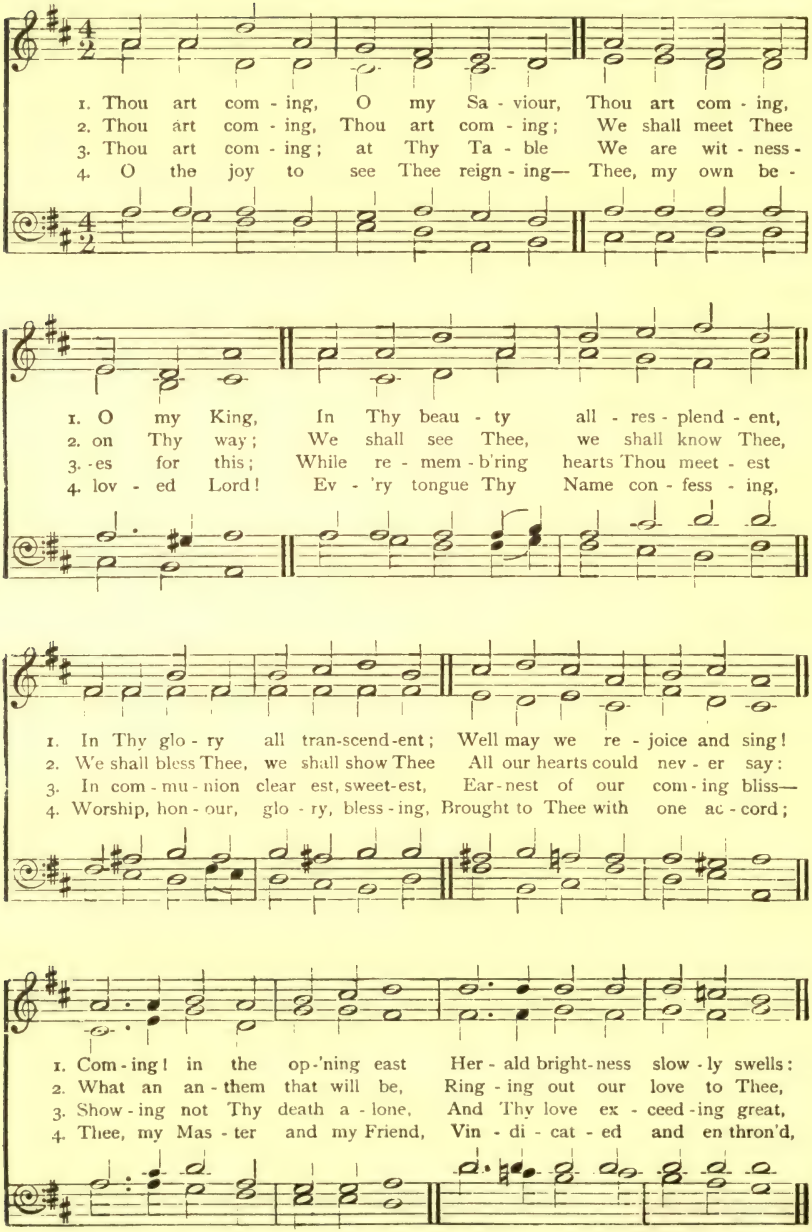
PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 402. Doxology.



No. 403. Thou art Coming.

F. R. HAVERGAL. BEVERLEY. P.M. DR. W. H. MONK.

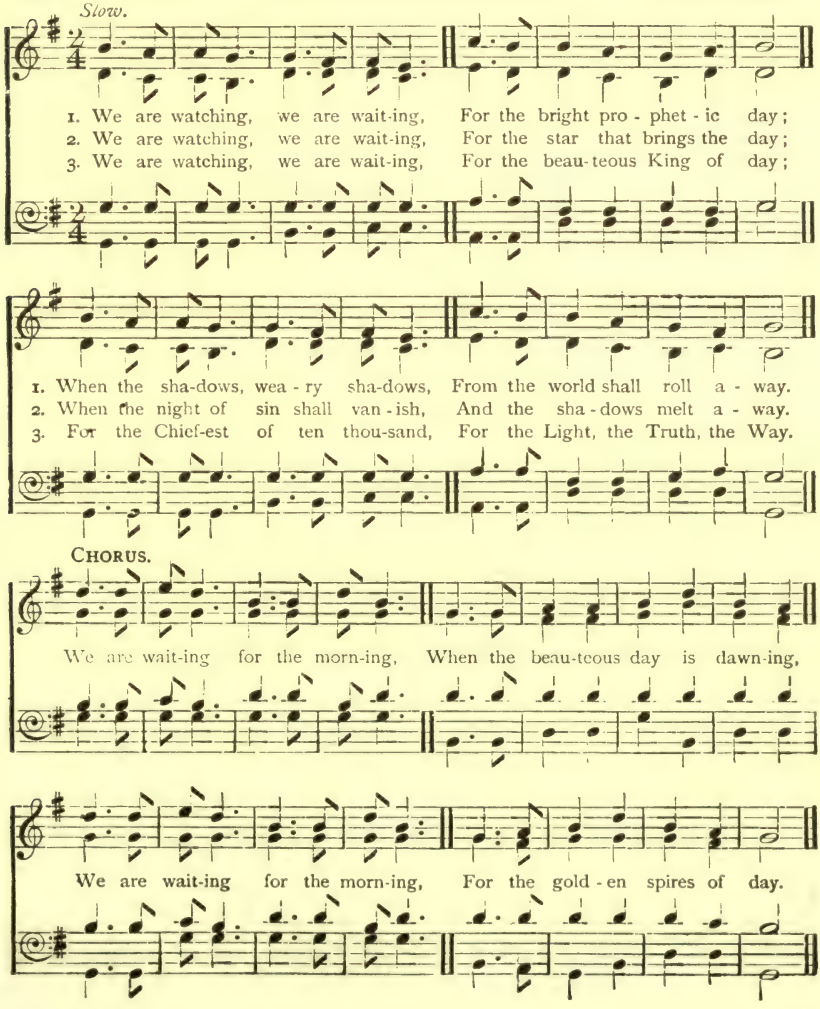




No. 404. Waiting for the Morning.

8.7.8.7., with Refrain.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. By per. of the John Church Company. GEO. F. ROOT.



No. 405. "Surely I come Quickly."

8.7.8.7. D., with Refrain.

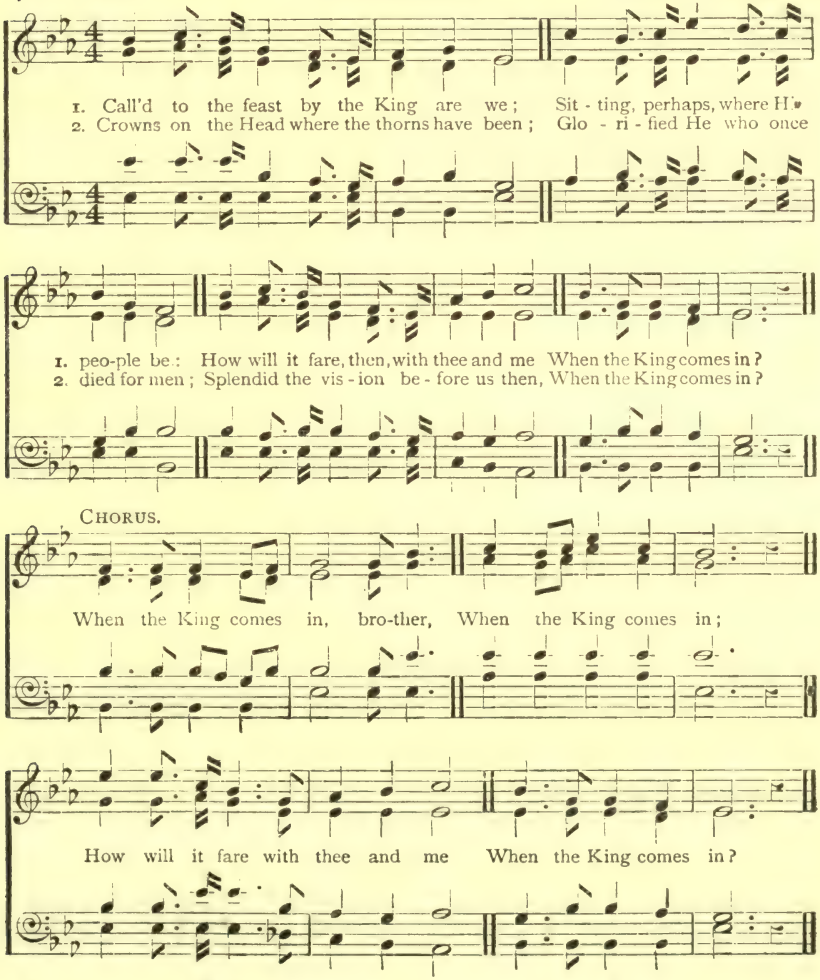
MRS. H. G. GUINNESS. DR. HARRY GRATTAN GUINNESS.





No. 406. Called to the Feast.

J. E. LANDOR. 9.9.9.5., with Refrain. REV. E. S. LORENZ.



3.

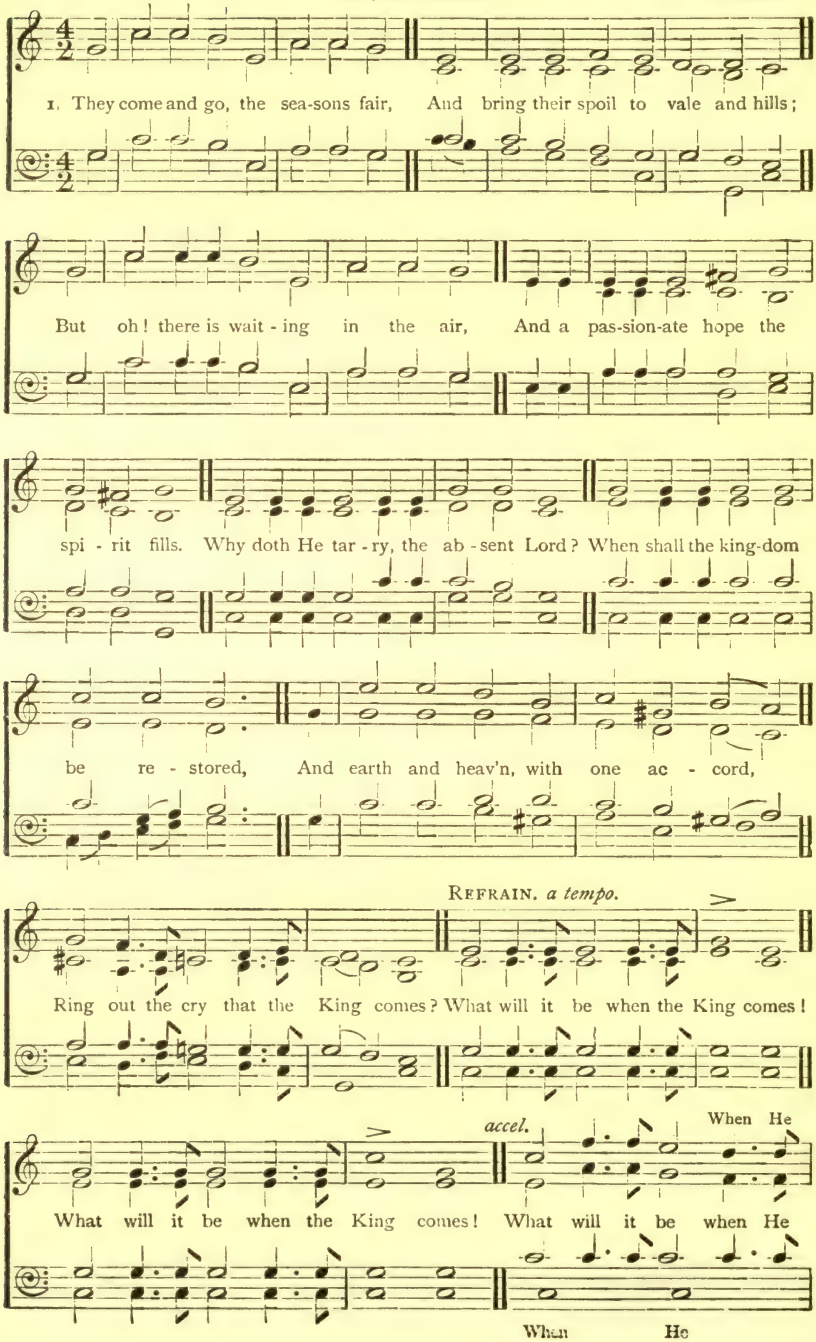
Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from both friend and foe—
Just what we are every one will know,
When the King comes in.

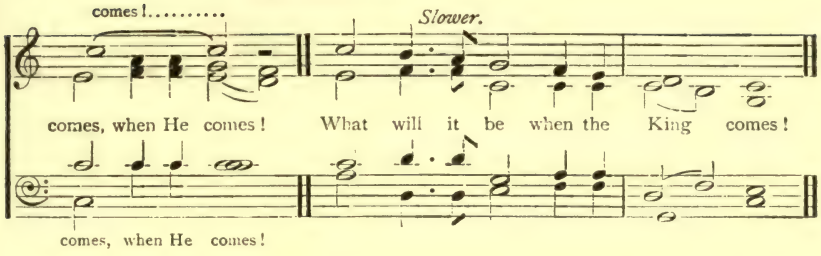
4.

Joyful His eye on each one shall rest
Who is in white wedding garments dress'd;
Ah! well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.

No. 407. When the King Comes!

E. S. E. P.M., with Refrain. E. S. ELLIOTT.





2.

The floods have lifted up their voice—
The King hath come to His own, His own!
The little hills and vales rejoice,
His right it is to take the crown.
Sleepers, awake, and meet Him first!
Now let the marriage hymn outburst,
And powers of darkness flee, disperst:
What will it be when the King comes!

3.

A ransomed earth breaks forth in song,
Her sin-stained ages overpast;
Her yearning, "Lord, how long, how long?"
Exchanged for joy at last, at last!
Angels carry the royal commands;
Peace beams forth throughout all the lands;
The trees of the fields shall clap their hands:
What will it be when the King comes!

4.

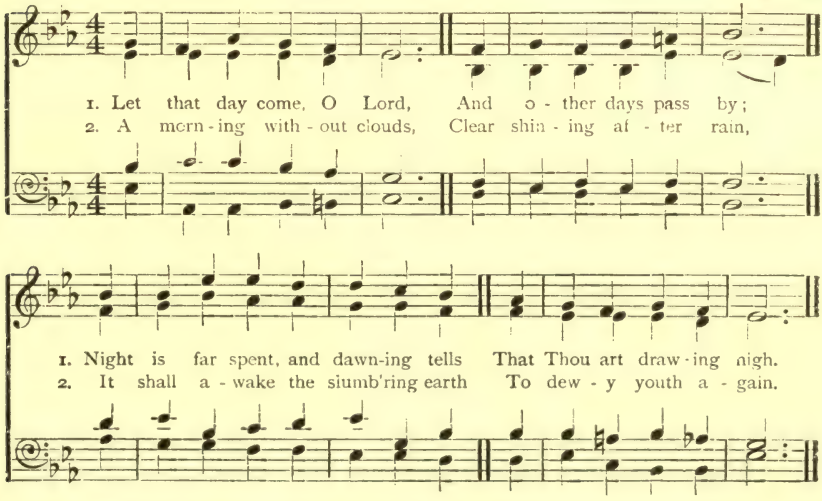
Now Zion's hill, with glory crowned,
Uplifts her head with joy once more;
And Zion's King, once scorned, disowned,
Extends her rule from shore to shore.
Sing, for the land her Lord regains!
Sing, for the Son of David reigns!
And living streams o'erflow her plains:
What will it be when the King comes!

5.

Oh, brothers, stand as men that wait—
The dawn is purpling in the east,
And banners wave from heaven's high gate;
The conflict now—but soon the feast!
Mercy and truth shall meet again;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain!
We can suffer now—He will know us then:
What will it be when the King comes!

No. 408. Until the Day Dawn.

J. H. STUART. PAX DEI. S.M. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. Watch ye, and work, and wait,
For Him your vigils keep,
Lest coming suddenly, He find
His servants sunk in sleep.

4. Watch, for the Bridegroom comes!
The hour one knoweth not;
But yet the stars are growing pale,
And He hath not forgot.

5. Watch till your eyes shall see
The glow first flush the sky:
Light of the world, arise and shine
In full-orbed radiancy!

6. Hasten Thy coming, Lord!
Dawn, O thou glorious day!
Then shall the fairest days of earth
Pass into shade away.

No. 409. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. CARILLON. 8.7.8.7. D. DR. CHARLES VINCENT.

UNISON.

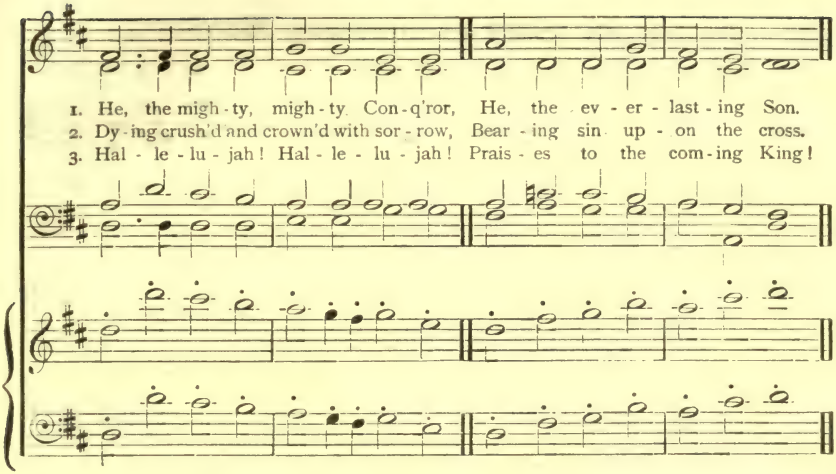
1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing His prais - es
2. He the Lord of all the a - ges, He who arch'd the
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise for all Thou

1. loud and clear; Hal - le - lu - jah! He is com - ing, Shout the tid - ings,
2. gleam - ing skies; Yet who walk'd, a lone - ly Stran - ger, Full of lov - ing
3. hast en - dured; Hal - le - lu - jah! for the tri - umph Thou, O Sa - viour,

HARMONY.

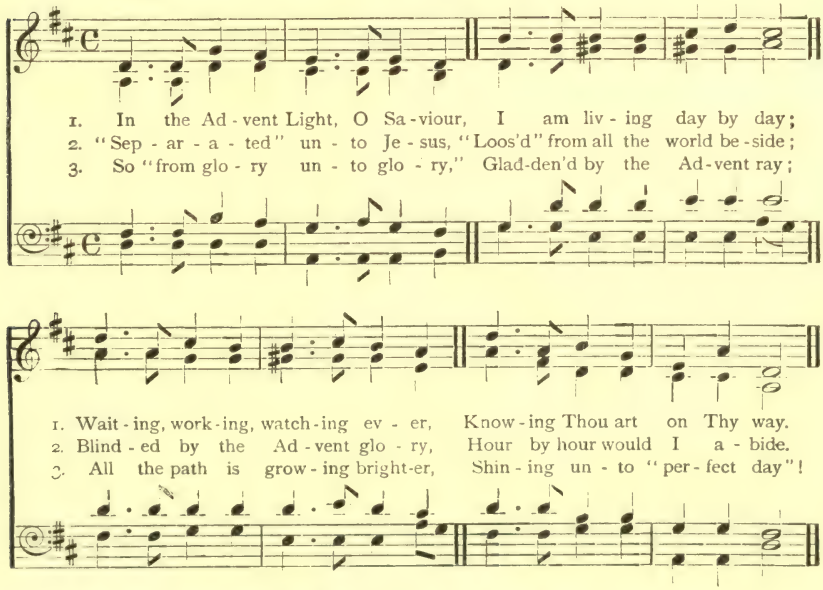
1. "Christ is near!" He, the Saviour, Lord of glo - ry, Who for us sal - va - tion won;
2. sym - pa - thies, Ev - er waiting up - on weakness, Knowing grief and ev - 'ry loss;
3. hast secured: So we praise Thee, Lord of glo - ry; Yea, with all our powers we sing,

pp



No. 410. In the Advent Light.

E. MAY GRIMES. 8.7.8.7. "S. A. G. M. Leaflets," by per.



4. In the Advent Light to witness
To a dark and dying world;
This the holy ordination—
May His banner be unfurled.

5. In the Advent Light *rejoicing!*
Songs of praise along the road
Seem to make the journey shorter,
Mounting upward to our God!

6. He is coming! He is coming!
Pass the heavenly watchword on!
Go ye forth to meet the Bridegroom,
Hail! to God's anointed Son!

7. See the Advent glory breaking!
Faith will soon be lost in sight;
"Face to face" I shall behold Him—
Bathed in His eternal light!

(*May also be sung to Tune 159.*)

No. 411. In the East is Morning Breaking.

M. E. MAXWELL. DERRY. 8.7.8.7.8.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.

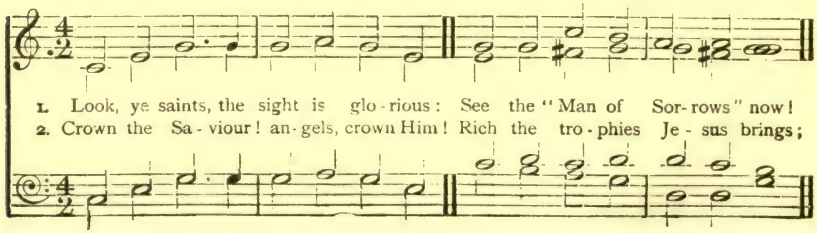


4. Thou art coming, blessèd Master;
Days and moments speed apace,
Soon will cease earth's day of service
Soon we'll see Thee face to face:
Are we ready, are we ready
For that day of crowning grace?

5. Vainly human thought can picture
What that day to us will be;
Who have welcomed full salvation,
Let Thee cleanse and sanctify;
Then Thy beauty, then Thy beauty,
Will each longing satisfy.

No. 412. Look, ye Saints, the Sight is Glorious.

REV. T. KELLY. TRIUMPH. 8.7.8.7.8.7. DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.





3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name:
Crown Him, crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4. Hark! those bursts of acclamation;
Hark! those loud triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

No. 413. "Upheld by Hope."

C.M.

E. MAY GRIMES. Copyright, "S.A.G.M. Hymn Series," No. 5.



3. "Upheld by hope"—that wondrous hope,
That I shall see His face,
And to His likeness be conformed
When I have run the race.

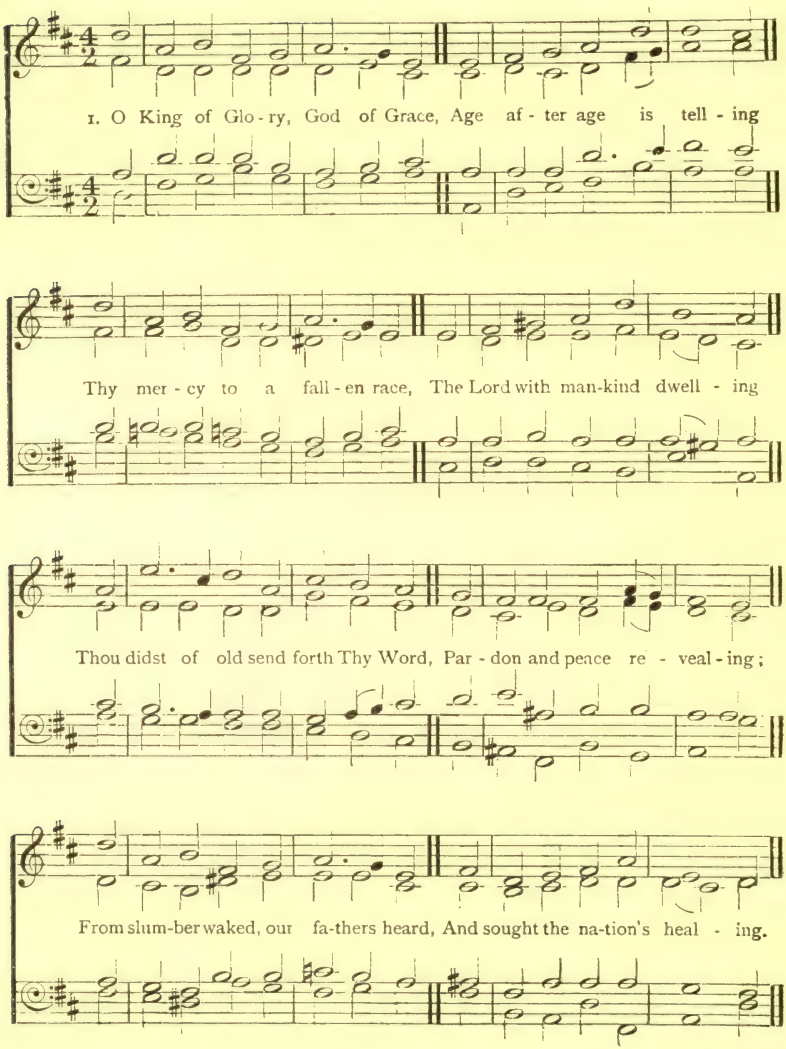
4. "Upheld by hope," in darkest days
Faith can the light descry:
The deepening glory in the East
Proclaims deliverance nigh!

5. "Upheld by hope!" "Belovèd one,"
I hear the Bridegroom say,
"Awake! arise! go forth to meet
My chariot on its way."

6. "Upheld by hope," how glad the heart!
My soul is on the wing!
E'en now His hand is on the door,
He comes—my glorious King!

No. 414. O King of Glory.

REV. PREB. H. E. FOX. LAGOS. 8.7.8.7. D. DR. E J. BELLERBY.



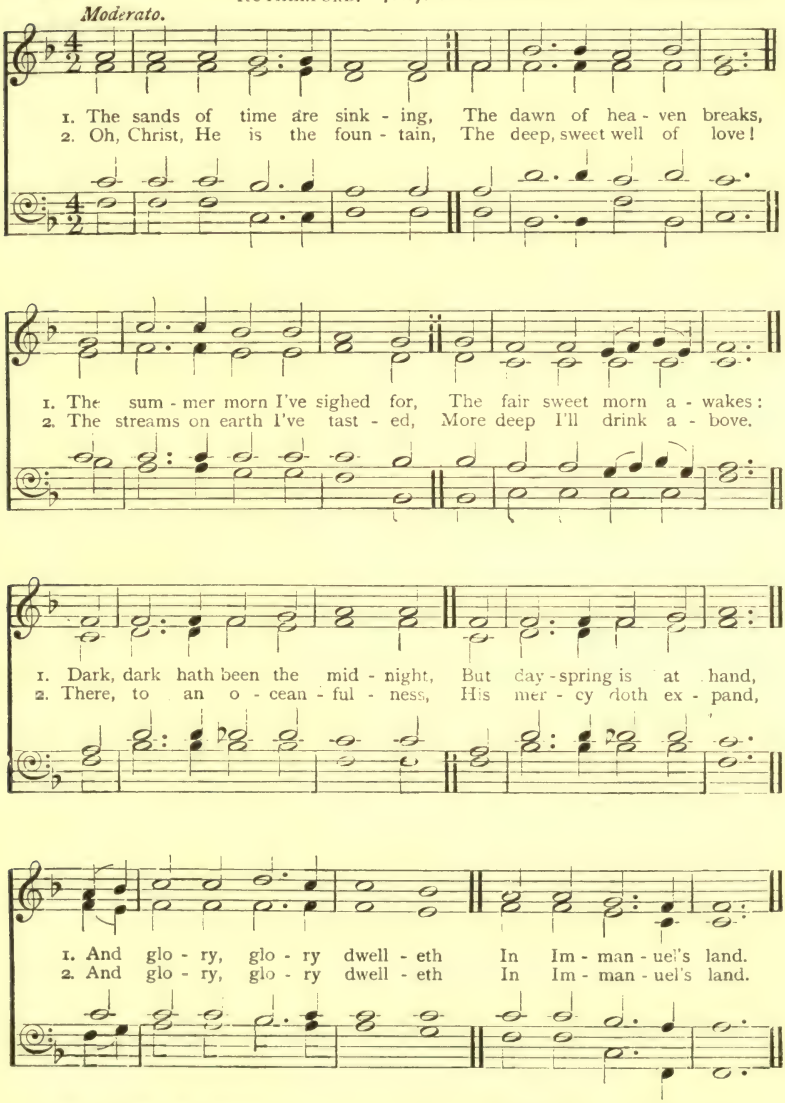
2. To every land the word has gone,
"Christ comes, go forth to greet Him:"
Where darkness dwelt the light has shone,
Prepare, O earth, to meet Him.
Break, Afric, break thine age-long chains,
Proud Islam's bondage spurning
Sing, India, sing o'er all thy plains,
Sorrow to joy is turning.

3. Land of the rising sun, arise,
Thy better day is dawning,
From shore to shore the message flies,
That hails earth's brighter morning.
Kinsmen afar responsive sing,
Pass on the gospel story;
Sing, comrade band, "Make Jesus King,"
The Lord comes back in glory!

No. 415. The sands of time are sinking.

MRS. COUSIN. D'URHAN.

RUTHERFORD. 7.6.7.6. D. Arr. from "Chants Chrétiens."



3. Oh, I am my Belovèd s,
And my Belovèd's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine."
I stand upon His merit;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4. The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace—
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His piercèd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

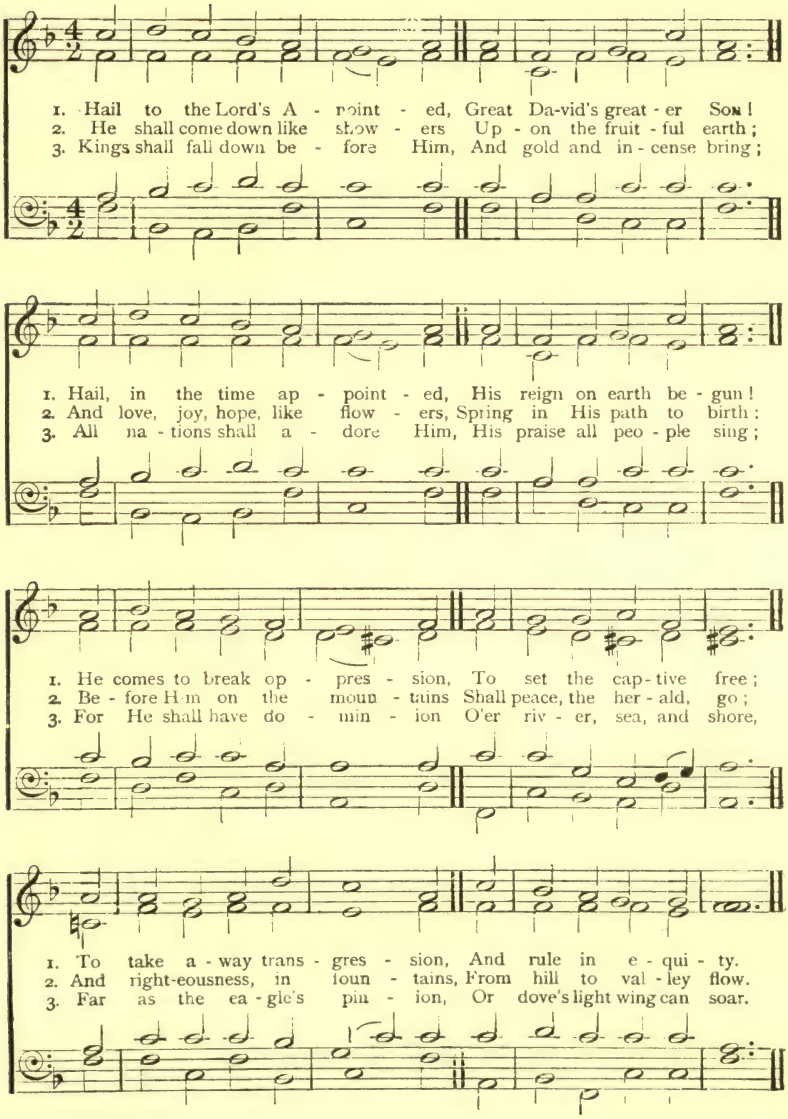
No. 416. I am waiting for the dawning.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. 8.7.8.7. D. JOHN E. GAUL.



No. 417. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

J. MONTGOMERY. CRUGER. 7.6.7.6. D. German.

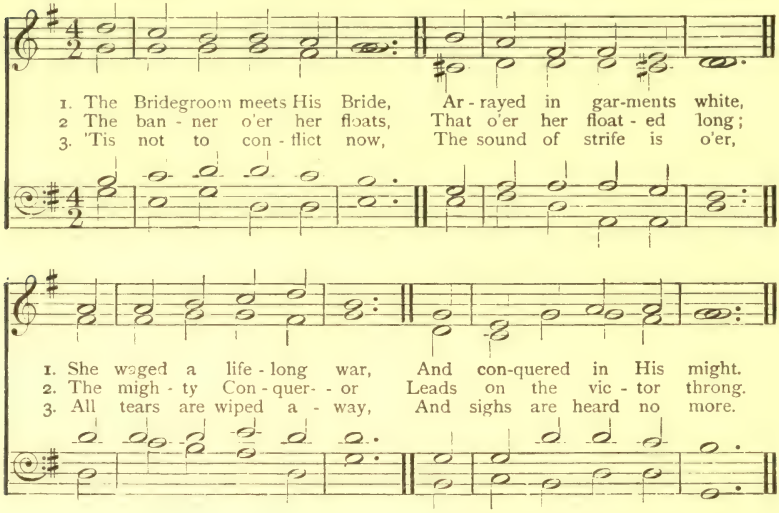


4. To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5. O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

No. 418. The Bridegroom meets His Bride.

REV. JAS. STEPHENS. ST. CECILIA. 6.6.6.6 REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.



4. 'Tis to the banquet spread,
To join the festal throng;
Theirs is the shout of praise,
Theirs the eternal song.

5. The Victor's crown they wear,
Crowned is their living Head:
The Wealth of heaven is theirs,
His glory on them shed.

No. 419. Till the Day dawn.

LUCY A. BENNETT. LOVE DIVINE. C.M. H. J. E. HOLMES.



3. Oh Dawn most fair! Oh Day most bright!
Across the Eastern sky
The Advent-glory soon shall break—
"Redemption draweth nigh."

4. It may be sooner than we think
Shall end the long delay!
It may be that the Bridegroom-King
E'en now is on His way!

No. 420. Some shall go.

SARAH G. STOCK. BOURNEMOUTH. P.M. SARAH G. STOCK.



3. Some one shall travel with eager feet
Over the mountain and through the wild,
Bringing the news of redemption sweet
To each wandering, sinful child.
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—
Who shall sound the tale over hill and vale?
Shall you? Shall I?

4. Some one shall carry His banner high,
Waving it out where the foe holds sway;
Some in His service shall live and die,
And with Jesus shall win the day!
Shall it be you—Shall it be I—
Who His name shall bear, and His triumph share?
Shall you? Shall I?

No. 421. Tell it Out!

F. R. H. EPENETUS. P.M. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



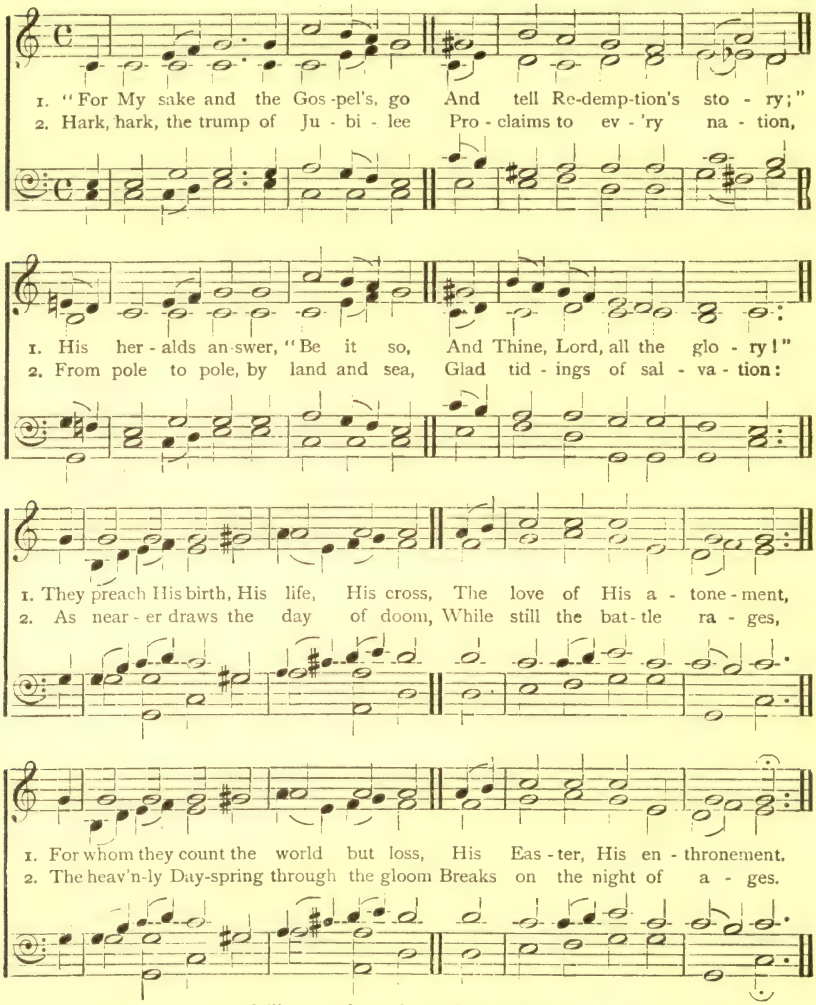


2. Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.

3. Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that He reigns in love!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!

No. 422. "For My Sake and the Gospel's."

RIGHT REV. BISHOP BICKERSTETH. 8.7.8.7. D. REV. E. HUSBAND.



3. Still on and on the anthems spread
Of Hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior-Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph-song are singing.

4. He comes, whose Advent Trumpet drowns
The last of Time's evangels—
Emmanuel crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels:
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, who changest never;
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever.

No. 423. The Master Comes!

E. MAY GRIMES. 8.8.8.8.8.8. REV. E. HUSBAND.



4.

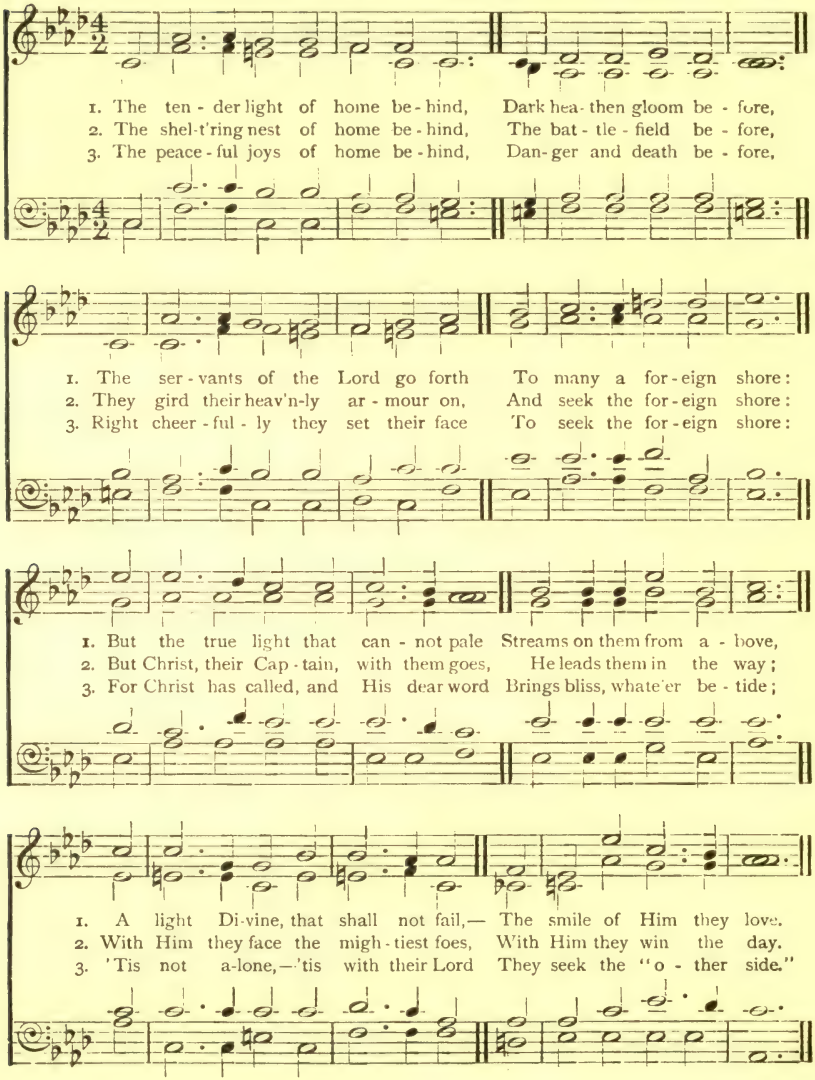
And if thou canst not go, yet bring
An offering of a willing heart;
Then, though thou tarriest at home,
Thy God shall give thee too thy part.
The messengers of peace upbear
In ceaseless and prevailing prayer.

5.

Short is the time for service true,
For soon shall dawn that glorious day
When, all the harvest gathered in,
Each faithful heart shall hear Him say,
"My child, well done! your toil is o'er—
Enter My joy for evermore!"

No. 424. The Tender Light of Home behind.

S. G. S. PENMAENMAWR. D.C.M. SARAH G. STOCK.



4. A wealth of love and prayer behind,
Far-reaching hope before,
The servants of the Lord go forth
To seek a foreign shore:
And wheresoe'er their footsteps move,
That hope makes sweet the air;
And all the path is paved with love,
And canopied with prayer.

5. Christ in the fondly-loved "behind,"
Christ in the bright "before,"
Oh! blest are they who start with Him
To seek the foreign shore!
Christ is their fair, unfading Light,
Christ is their Shield and Sword,
Christ is their Keeper, day and night,
And Christ their rich Reward!

The above Hymn may also be sung to "VOX DILECTI," *No. 251.*

No. 425. Jesus Calls!

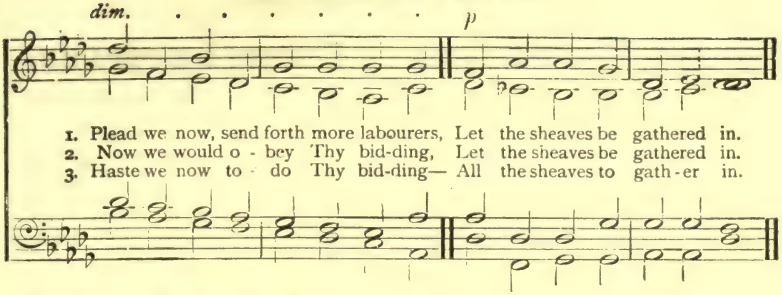
S. G. S. TAITA. P.M., with Refrain. SARAH G. STOCK.



No. 426. See the fields to harvest whitening.

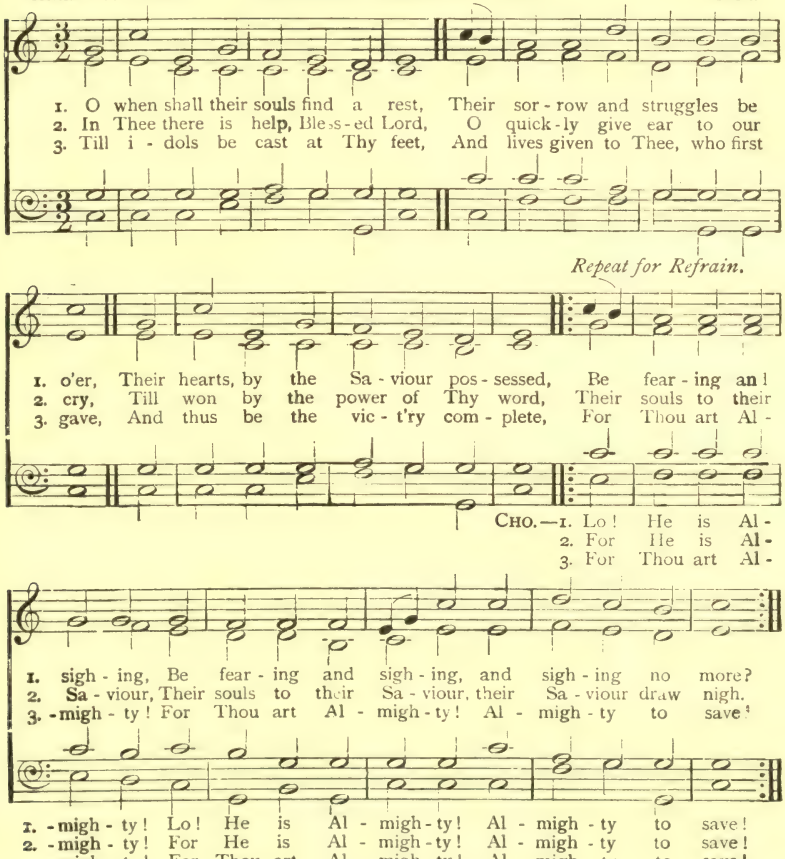
J. R. HARVEST HOME. 8.7.8.7. D., with Refrain. DR. E. J. BELLERBY.





No. 427. O when shall their souls find a rest?

SARAH G. STOCK. SALVATOR OMNIPOTENS. P.M. Anon.

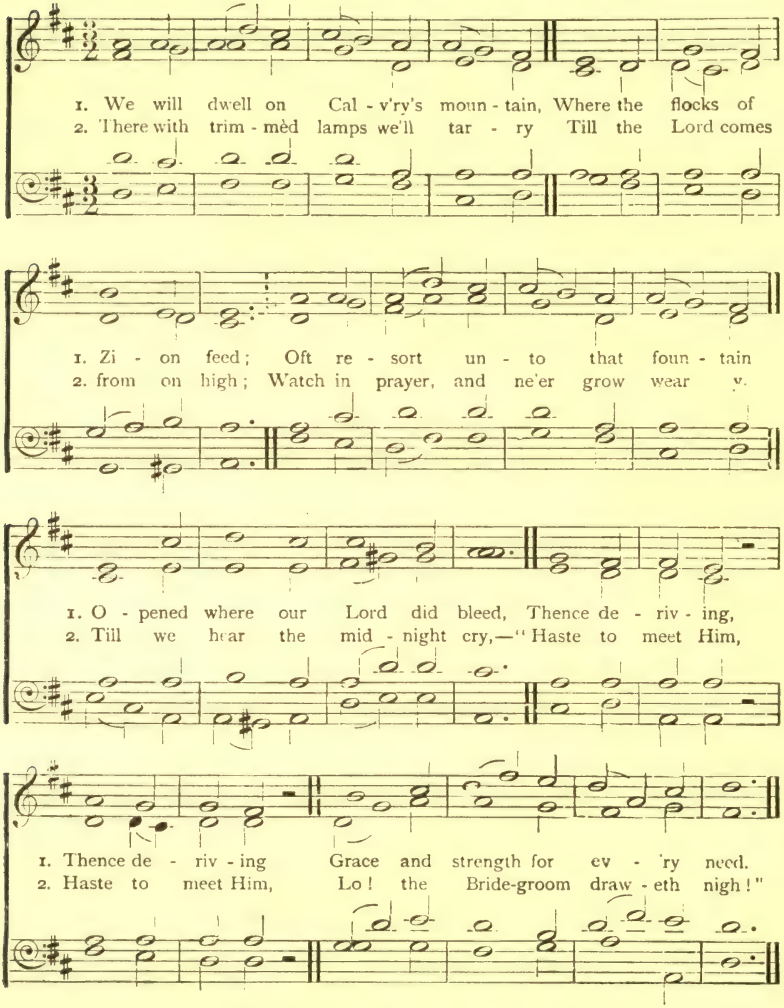


4. O Saviour, Thy word we believe,
Thy blood for their cleansing we see,
And, asking in faith, we receive
Souls won and surrendered to Thee.
For Thou art Almighty! For Thou art Almighty! Almighty to save!

5. O Lord, may we now comprehend
Thy mercy so high and so deep,
And long may our praises ascend,
For Thou art Almighty to keep!
For Thou art Almighty! For Thou art Almighty! Almighty to keep!

No. 428. We will dwell on Calvary's mountain.

COPSLEY. 8.7.8.7.8.7. W. B. ARMSTRONG.



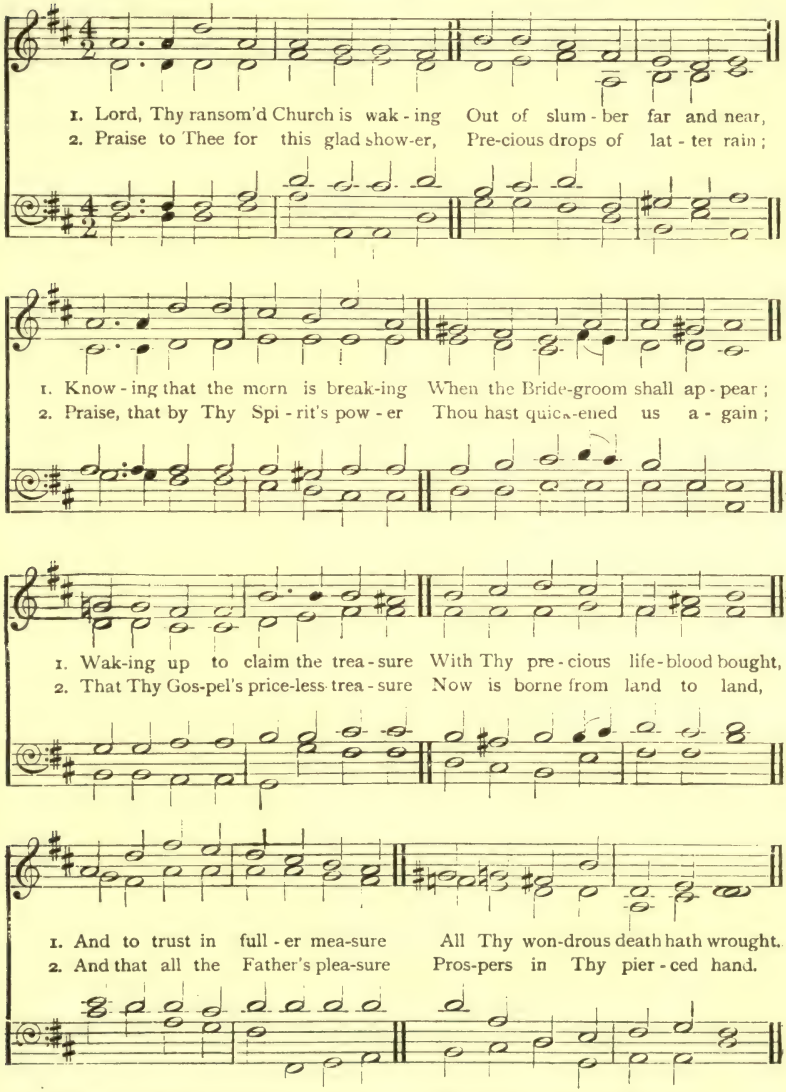
3. Lord, Thy other sheep are calling:
Send us with a message clear;
May we gladly hasten forward,
To obey Thy voice so dear,—
"Go ye therefore,
I am with you, have no fear."

4. Dare we let them die in darkness,
When we have the light of God,
And the life which has been purchased
With the Saviour's precious blood?
Seek to win them,
Win them back through Christ to God.

No. 429. Lord, Thy ransom'd Church is waking.

SARAH G. STOCK. LUX EOI. 8.7.8.7. D. SIR A. SULLIVAN

By per. Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., Limited.

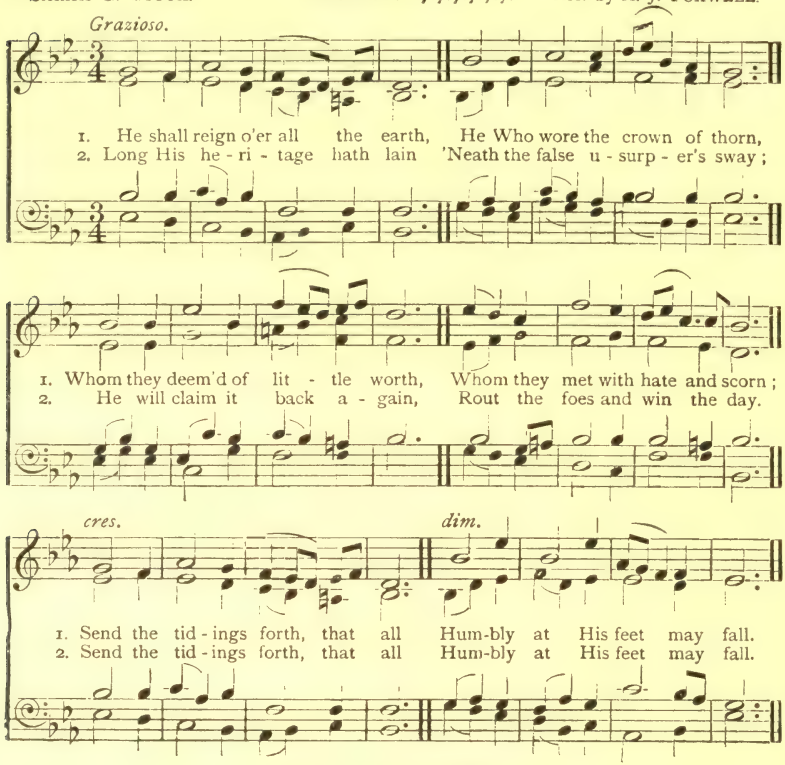


3. Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning
O'er the lost and wandering throng;
Praise for voices daily learning
To upraise the glad new song:
Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;
Praise for souls believing—tasting
All Thy love has won for them.

4. Set on fire our heart's devotion
With the love of Thy dear name;
Till o'er every land and ocean
Lips and lives Thy cross proclaim.
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home

No. 430. He shall reign o'er all the earth.

SARAH G. STOCK. REGNANT. 7.7.7.7.7.7. From HANDEL. Arr. by A. J. FOXWELL.

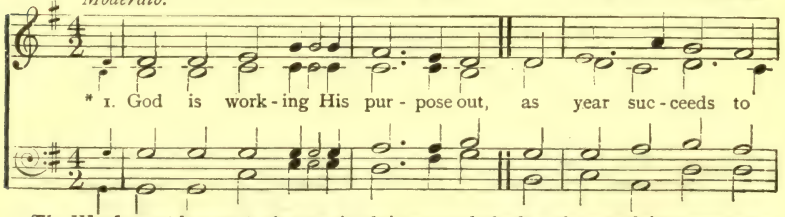


3. Then beneath His rule of peace
Heaven shall smile, and earth shall sing,
Ever yielding rich increase
To the honour of her King.
Send the tidings forth, that all
Humbly at His feet may fall.

4. Hasten, Lord, the wondrous hour,
Bid it strike from shore to shore,
Thine the kingdom and the power,
Thine the glory evermore.
Bow each rebel heart, till all
At Thy feet adoring fall.

No. 431. God is working His purpose out.

A. C. AINGER. BENSON. P.M. M. D. KINGHAM.



The Words must be sung to the tune in their natural rhythm, the notes being repeated or not, as required. The small notes in 1st line for 2nd, 3rd, and 5th verses.



2. From utmost East to utmost West, where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God;
Give ear to Me, ye continents,—ye isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

3. What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind,—the reign of the Prince of Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

4. March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may shine throughout the world:
Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

5. All we can do is nothing worth, unless God blesses the deed;
Vainly we hope for the harvest, till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the time—the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

No. 432. Shine on me, O Lord Jesus!

DR. E. J. B. MARGATE. 7.6.7.6. D. DR. E. J. BELLERBY.



3. Shine through me then, Lord Jesus,
That all the world may see
The life I live is Thy life,
And thus be drawn to Thee.
"My child, I am thy Power;
With those who hear My voice
I ever dwell, and use them,
Thus making them rejoice."

4. Shine out, shine out, Lord Jesus,
Thou Light of all the world;
O let Thy Gospel Banner
Be everywhere unfurled.
"My child, hast thou forgotten
That name is also thine?
My fruit is borne on branches,
Not by the Parent Vine."

5. Arise and shine, Lord Jesus,
Thou Bright and Morning Star;
I long for Thine appearing,
When peace shall follow war.
"My child, before I gather
My family in one,
Its number needs completing;
T'wards this, what hast thou done?"

6. Alas, alas, Lord Jesus,
My life has been but vain,
How little satisfaction
Have I brought for Thy pain!
"My child, I still desire thee,
Go, spread the news afar;
Then shalt thou shine in heaven
With glory like a star."

No. 433. From the Eastern Mountains.

REV. PREB. GODFREY THRING. STARLIGHT. 6.5.6.5. D. C. S. BEATSON. Arranged by G. B. BRAMLEY.

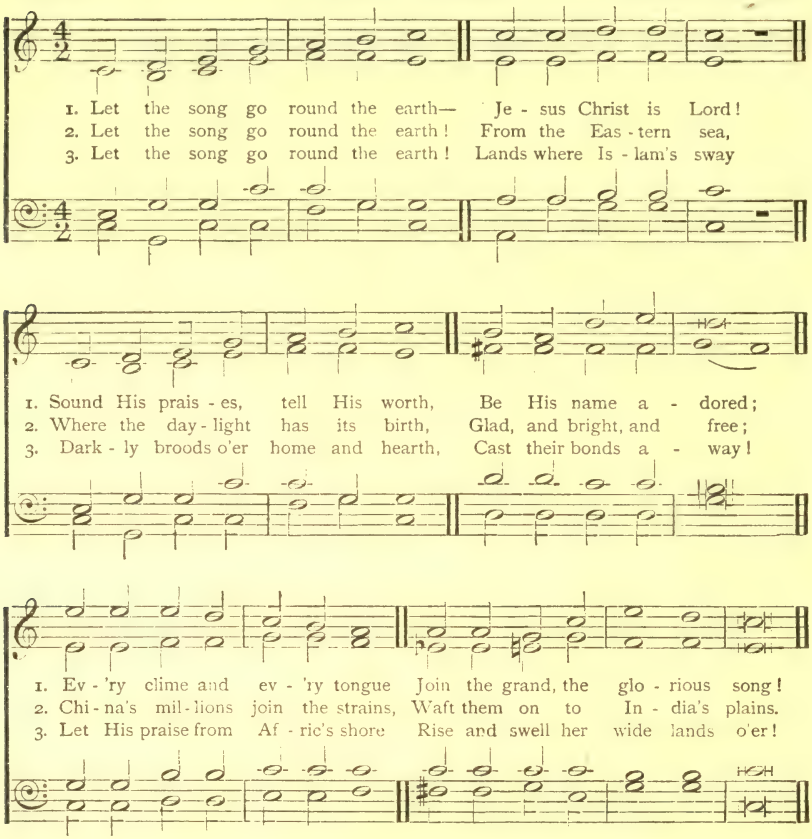


4. Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light—
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star.

5. Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

No. 434. Let the Sound go Round the Earth.

S. G. S. MOEL LLYS. 7.5.7.5.7.7. SARAH G. STOCK.

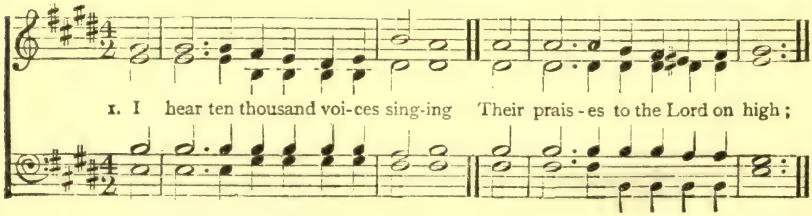


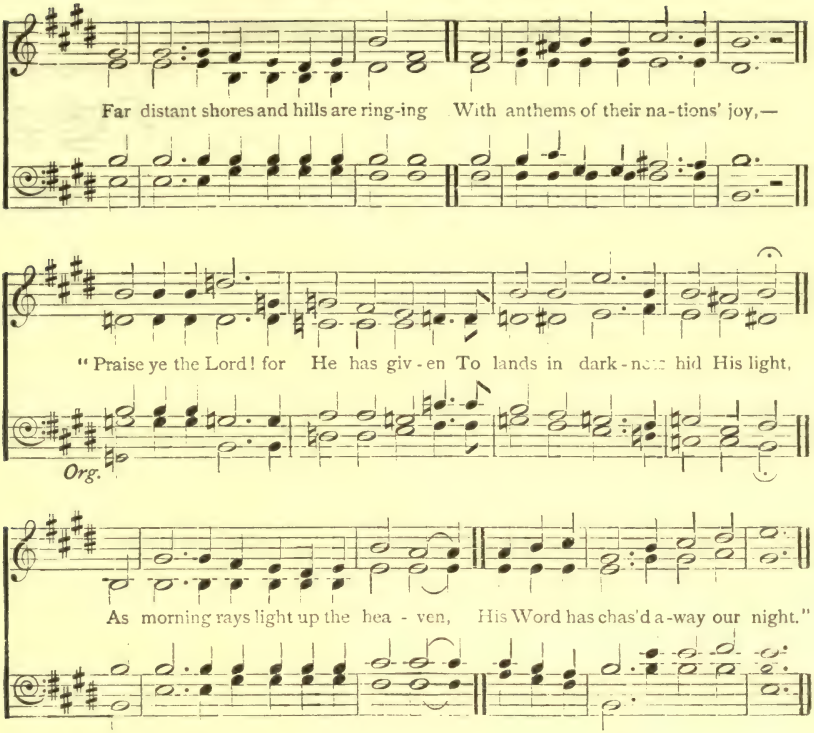
4. Let the song go round the earth!
Where the summer smiles;
Let the notes of holy mirth
Break from distant isles!
Inland forests dark and dim,
Snow-bound coasts give back the hymn.

5. Let the song go round the earth!
Jesus Christ is King!
With the story of His worth
Let the whole world ring!
Him crea - on all adore
Evermore and evermore!

No. 435. I hear Ten Thousand Voices.

REV. H. W. FOX. 9.8.9.8. D. J. H. MAUNDER.





2.

On China's shores I hear His praises
From lips that once kissed idol stones;
Soon as His banner He upraises,
The Spirit moves the breathless bones:
"Speed, speed Thy word o'er land and ocean,
The Lord in triumph has gone forth;
The nations hear with strange emotion,
From East to West, from South to North."

3.

The song has sounded o'er the waters,
And India's plains re-echo joy;
Beneath the moon sit India's daughters,
Soft singing as the wheel they ply:
"Thanks to Thee, Lord, for hopes of glory,
For peace on earth to us revealed;
Our cherished idols fell before Thee,
Thy Spirit has our pardon sealed."

4.

On Afric's sunny shore, glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee;
The negro, once a slave, rejoices,
Who's freed by Christ is doubly free:
"Sing, brothers, sing! yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God and live;
E'en we are heralds of salvation,
The Word He gave we'll freely give."

5.

Fair are New Zealand's wooded mountains,
Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steeps;
But sweeter than the murmuring fountains
Rises the song from holy lips:
"By blood did Jesus come to save us,
So deeply stained with brothers' blood;
Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us
Deliverance from the fiery flood."

6.

O'er prairies wild the song is spreading,
Where once the war-cry sounded loud;
But now the evening sun is shedding
His rays upon a praying crowd:
"Lord of all worlds, Eternal Spirit!
Thy light upon our darkness shed;
For Thy dear love, for Jesu's merit,
From joyful hearts be worship paid."

7.

Hark! hark! a louder sound is booming
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and sea;
The angel's trump proclaims His coming—
Our day of endless Jubilee: [Thee;
"Hail to Thee, Lord! Thy people praise
In every land Thy name we sing;
On heaven's eternal throne upraise Thee,
Take Thou Thy power, Thou glorious King."

No. 436. Speed Thy Servants.

REV. T. KELLY. NUNC DIMITTIS. 8.7.8.7.4.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.



4. In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see.

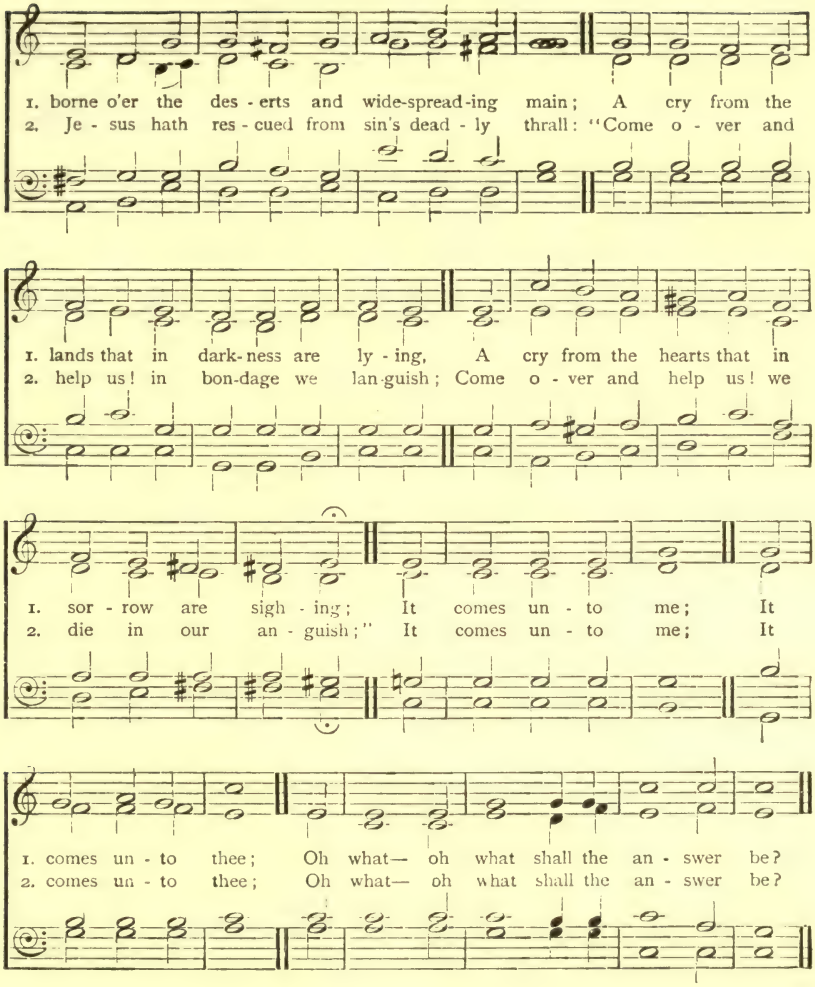
5. There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone!

No. 437. A Cry, as of Pain.

S. G. S. ZENANA. P.M. SARAH G. STOCK.

Slow.



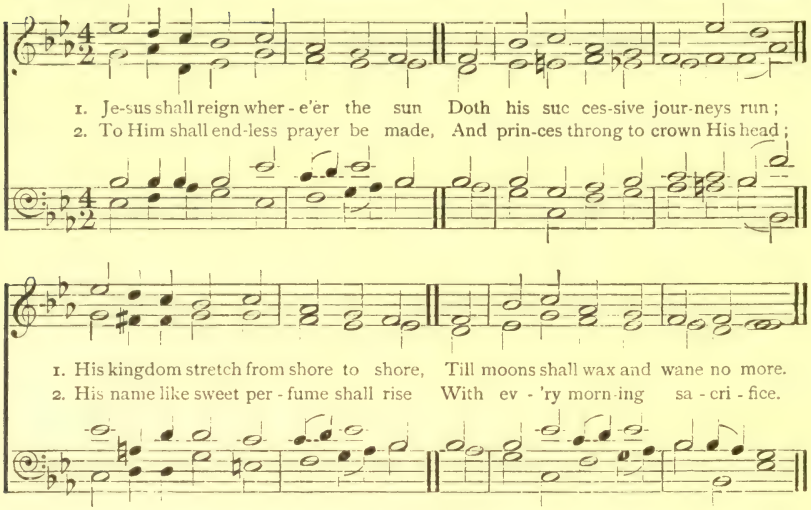


3. It comes to the soul
That Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His name to extol;
It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing;
It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing:
"For Christ's sake" to me;
"For Christ's sake" to thee;
Oh what—oh what shall the answer be?

4. We come, Lord, to Thee,
Thy servants are we;
Inspire Thou the answer, and true it shall be!
If here we should work, or afar Thou shouldst send us
Oh grant that Thy mercy may ever attend us,
That each one may be
A witness for Thee,
Till all the earth shall Thy glory see!

No. 438. Jesus shall Reign.

DR. WATTS. MONARCH. L.M. REV. P. J. SIMPSON, by per.



3. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

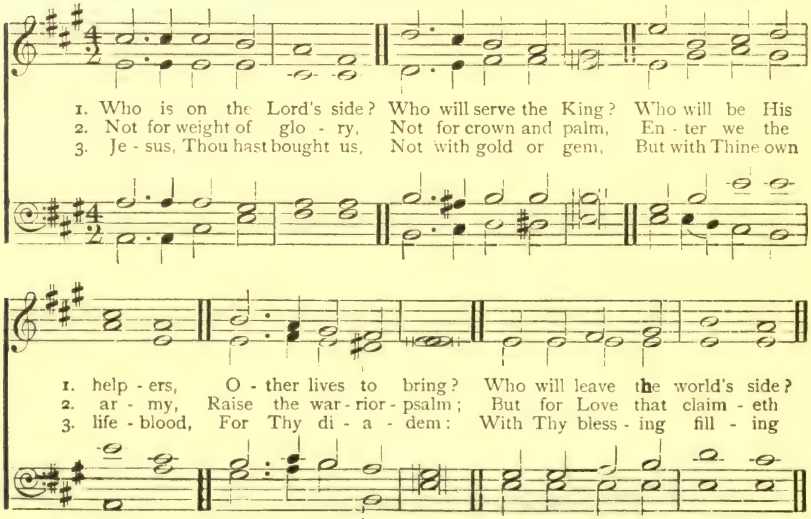
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

5. Where He displays His healing power
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King!
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

No. 439. Who is on the Lord's Side?

F. R. H. HERMAS. 6.5.6.5. D., with Refrain. F. R. HAVERGAL.





4. Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace Divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

5. Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land;
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band:
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace Divine,
Always on the Lord's side—
Saviour, always Thine.

No. 440. Lord, we come before Thee.

1. LORD, we come before Thee,
In our Saviour's name,
For Thy chosen people
Blessing now to claim:
Send the "showers of blessing"
On each Jewish head,
To the Cross of Jesus
Be each lost one led.

Father, bless and save them,
Israel's sons, we pray;
Turn to joy their bondage,
Turn their night to day.

2. Satan doth enslave them,—
Blinds them to Thy word;—
Oh! do Thou convict them
By Thy Spirit's Sword:
Send Thy promised Spirit,
Break their chains of sin,
Bid them trust in Jesus,
Call each lost one in.

3. O'er the wide world scattered,
Yet they still are Thine,
May Thy glorious Day-star
In their darkness shine:
Though in every country
Far from Thee they roam,
Saviour, seek and find them,
Bring each lost one home.

Rev. J. Stuart Holden.

No. 441. Where hast thou Gleaned to-day?

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD. NAOMI. 6.6.4.6.6.4. C. H. FORREST.



2. In the great field of prayer,
Have we been gleaning there—
Abroad—at home—
Blessings, for His dear sake,
On all who strive to make
His kingdom come?

3. From God's own Scripture field
Glean we some precious yield
Of golden grain—
Promise, and plan, and will
For this great world, until
Christ comes again?

4. Glean we from fields afar
News of the holy war
Of God's dear Son,
Of progress towards the goal,
Of many a heathen soul
For Jesus won?

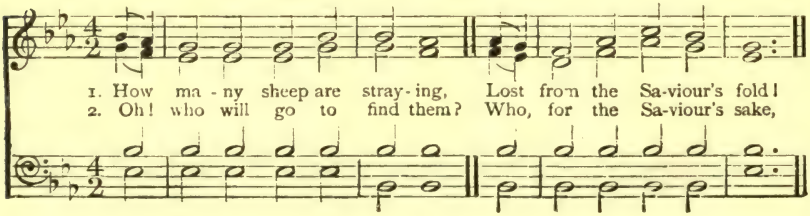
5. Or in the fields around
Have we no gleanings found
Of gifts or gold,
To God's great treasure store,
Brought in by rich or poor,
By young or old?

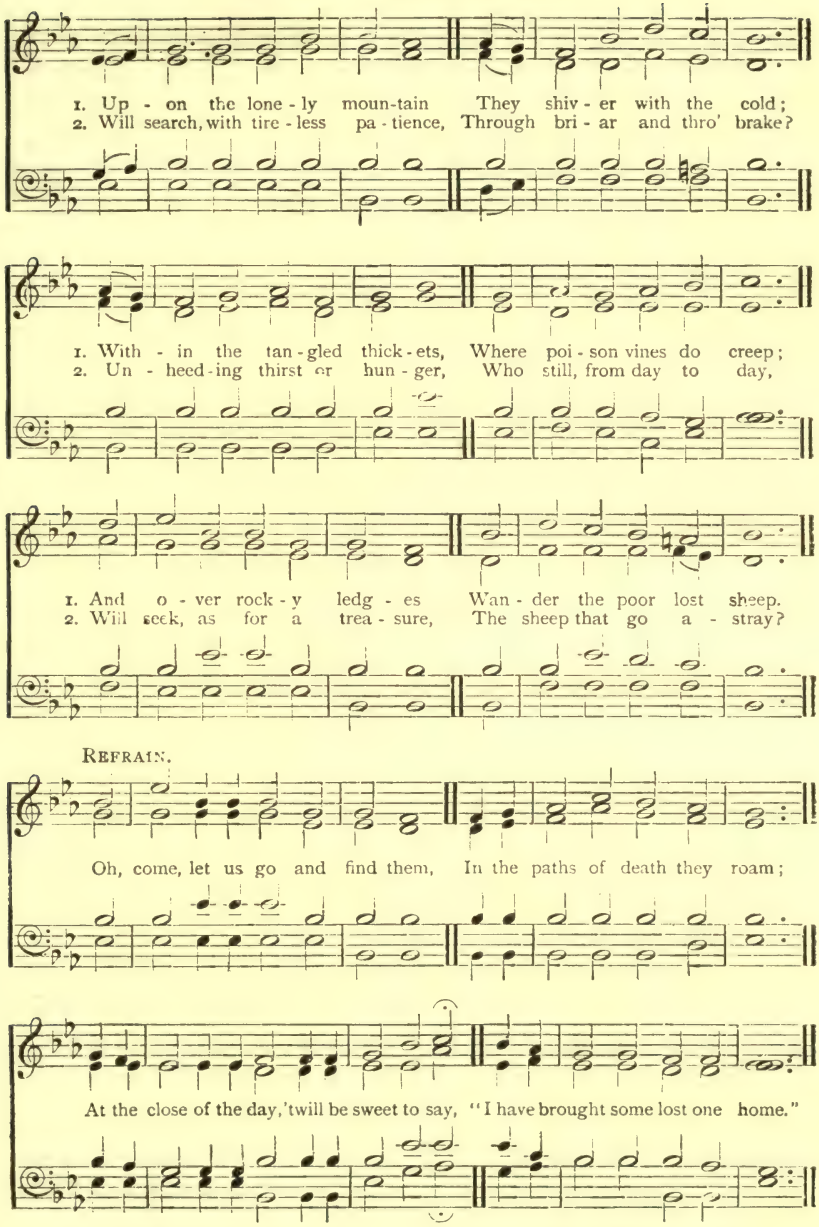
6. And, gleanings richer still,
Those who, the Father's will
Longing to do,
Bring to Him heart and hand,
Joining our Gleaner-Band—
Co-workers true?

7. So grant us, Lord, we pray,
To glean while it is day,
That ours may be
At last the blest reward—
To bring our sheaves, dear Lord,
With joy to Thee!

No. 442. How many Sheep are Straying!

E. M. H. GATES. PROCUL AB OVILI. P.M., with Refrain. REV. R. LOWRY.





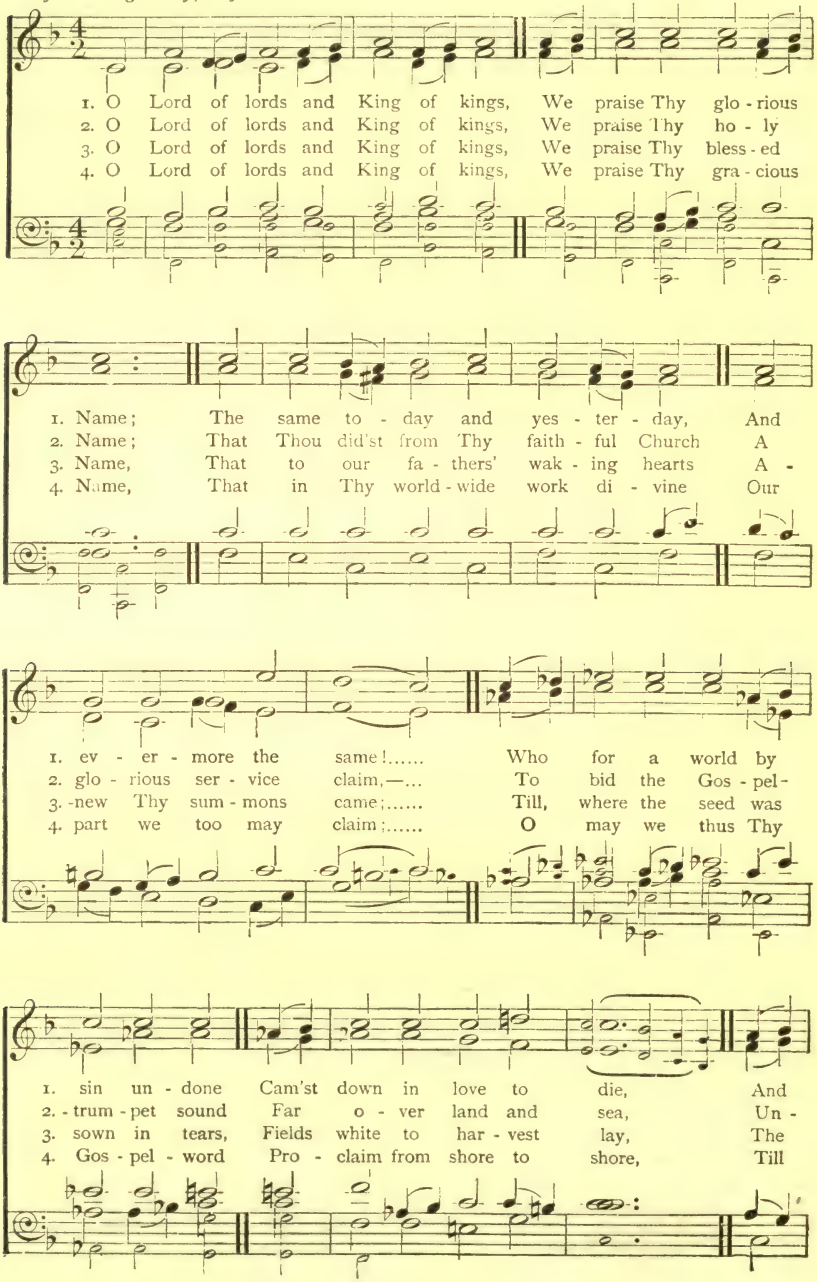
3. Say, will you seek to find them?
From pleasant bowers of ease,
Will you go forth determined
To find the "least of these"?
For still the Saviour calls them,
And looks across the wold,
And still He holds wide open
The door into His fold.

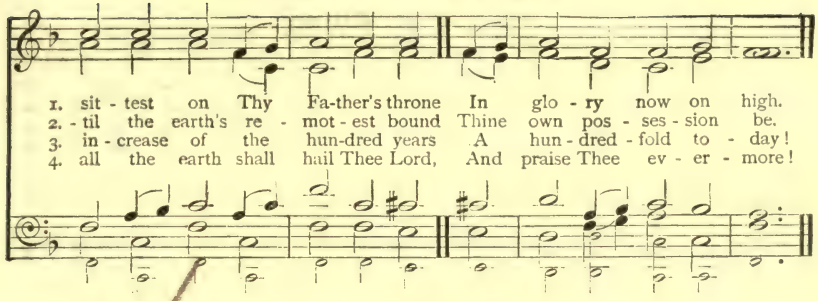
4. How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,—
"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking,
The sheep that went astray!
Heartsore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And, lo! we come at nightfall
And bear them safely home."

No. 443. O Lord of lords!

REV. W. J. L. SHEPPARD. LAUS, TIBI, CHRISTE. D.C.M. G. F. COBB.

Sung, not smoothly, but with the rhythm well marked, in the manner of a March. The small notes are for the Organ only, not for the Voices.





No. 444. Coming, Coming, Yes, they are.

7.7.8.7.8.7.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL. From "Consecrated Melodies," by per. REV. E. HUSBAND.



3. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the Indies and the Ganges,
Steady flows the living stream,
To love's ocean, to His bosom,
Calvary their wond'ring theme.

4. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the steppes of Russia dreary,
From Slavonia's scattered lands,
They are yielding soul and spirit
Into Jesu's loving hands.

5. Coming, coming, yes they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
From the frozen realms of midnight,
Over many a weary mile,
To exchange their soul's long winter
For the summer of His smile.

6. Coming, coming, yes, they are,
Coming, coming, from afar;
All to meet in plains of glory,
All to sing His praises sweet;
What a chorus, what a meeting,
With the family complete!

No. 445. Far, Far Away.

G. M. J. OMNIS POTESTAS MIHI. 11.10.11.10., with Refrain. J. McGRANAHAN.



3.

"Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling,
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His name:
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.

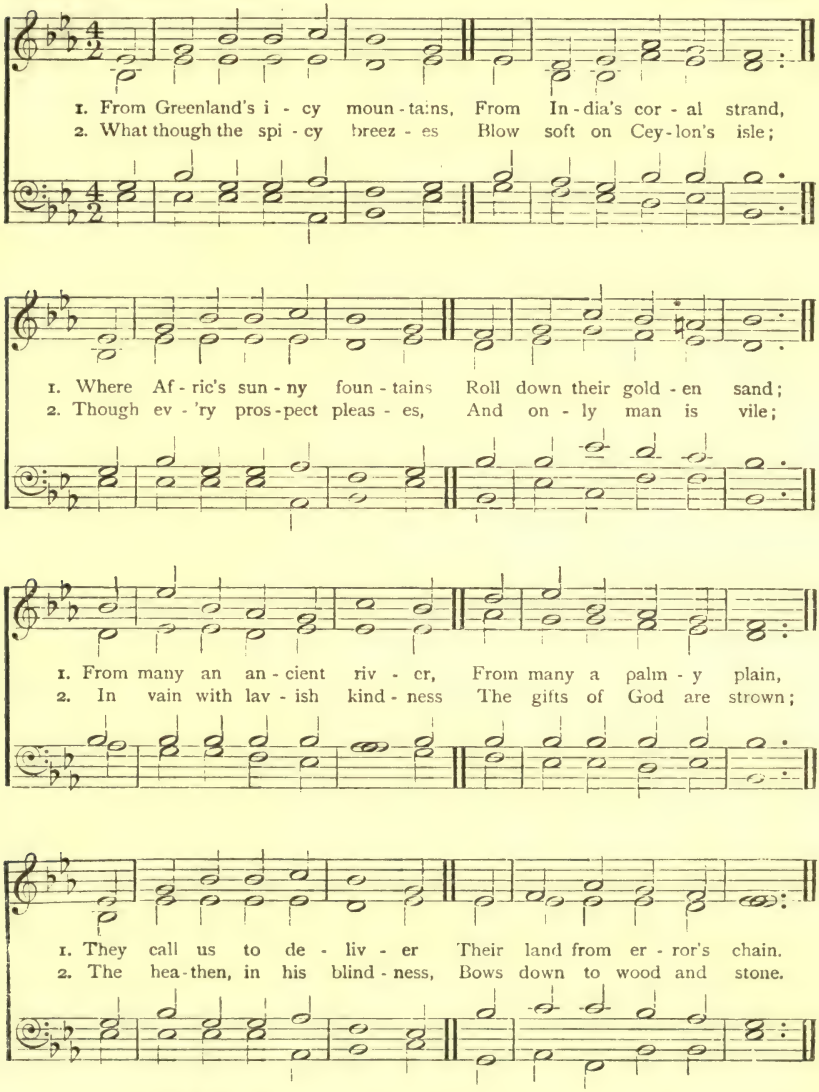
4.

God speed the day when those of every nation
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

No. 446. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

MISSIONARY. 7.6.7.6. D.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP HEBER. DR. L. MASON.



3. Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

No. 447. Sound ye the Trumpet-Call.

J. H. STUART. ADVANCE. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. M. W. STUBBS.

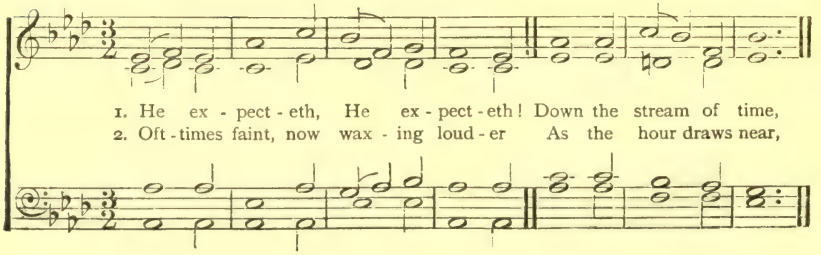


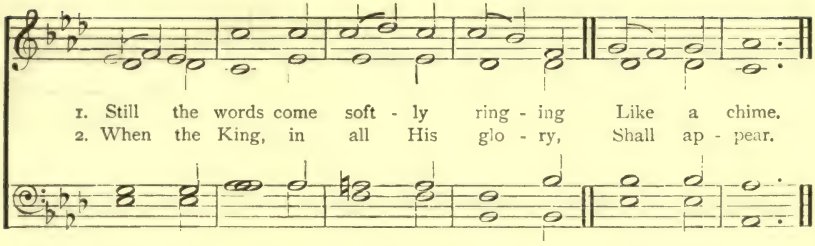
3. Go, for the crowning day
Draws ever near;
Time will soon pass away,
Jesus be here:
Raise ye the cross where now
Nations to idols bow;
Dawn o'er the mountain's brow
Tells He is near.

4. Hark to the trumpet-blast!
Jesus is King!
He comes to reign at last,
All conquering:
Then the wide world shall own,
Bending before His throne,
Jesus is King alone,
Jesus is King!

No. 448. From henceforth Expecting.

ALICE J. JANVRIN. 8.5.8.3. REV. DR. E. W. BULLINGER.





3. He is waiting with long patience
For His crowning day,
For that kingdom which shall never
Pass away.

4. And till every tribe and nation
Bow before His throne,
He expecteth loyal service
From His own.

5. He expecteth—but He heareth
Still the bitter cry
From earth's millions, "Come and help us,
For we die."

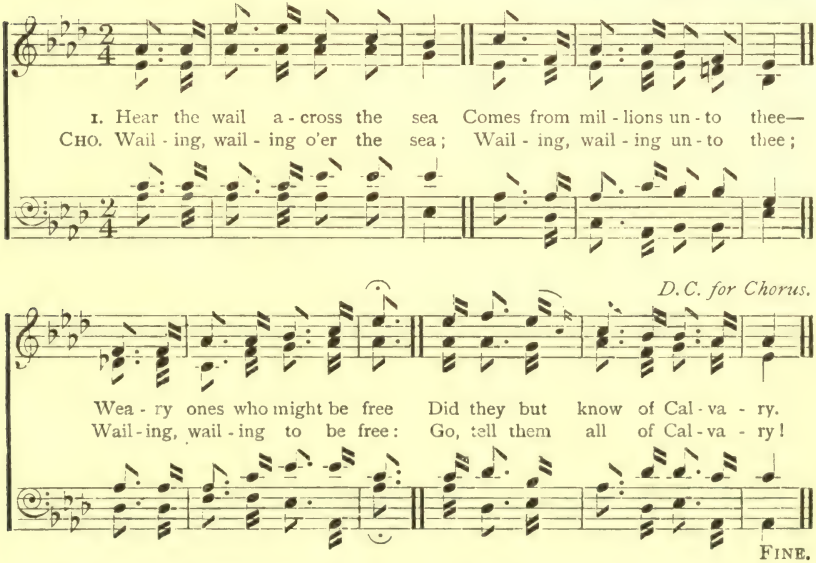
6. He expecteth—doth He see us
Busy here and there,
Heedless of those pleading accents
Of despair?

7. Shall we—dare we disappoint Him?
Brethren, let us rise!
He who died for us is watching
From the skies;—

8. Watching till His royal banner
Floateth far and wide,
Till He seeth of His travail
Satisfied!

No. 449. Hear the Wail across the Sea.

J. W. MAC GILL. By per. from "Consecrated Melodies." Highland. Harm. by E. M.



2. Hear the wail of broken hearts
Rise from slavery's cruel marts!
There's a balm for bitter smarts—
The balm that's found at Calvary.

3. Hear the wail from priest-crushed lands,
Man's device for God's commands—
Forms as countless as the sands
Have blocked the way to Calvary.

4. Wailing of the prophet cursed,
Of fanatics, wildest, worst,
Help us, Lord, their chains to burst,
And set them free by Calvary.

5. Wailings reach this favoured shore,
Wailings ceasing nevermore;
Men are dying evermore—
Go, tell them all of Calvary!

No. 450. We Rise to Praise Thee.

K. P. M., by permission. BANIAS. L.M.D. MEYER LUTZ.



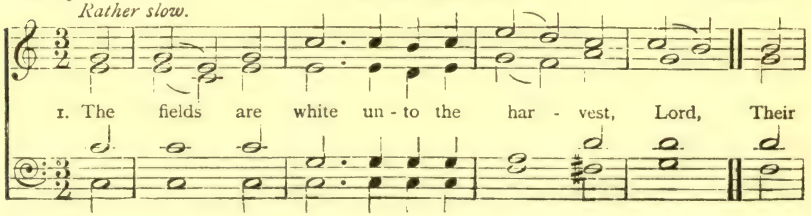
2. Yet as we pray, condemned we stand;
To us Thou gavest the command,
"Go ye into the world and preach,
The Gospel to all nations teach:"
With deep contrition, Lord, we own,
As now we stand before Thy throne,
How little we have done to bring
The world to Thee, its rightful King.

3. Forgive us, Lord, and make us know
Just the right thing for each to do;
Come now and with Thy Spirit fill,
That we may do Thy perfect will:
Then we may pray, and Thou wilt hear,
And give the answers to the prayer,
That Thou wilt make Thy kingdom come,
And bring Thy ransomed children home.

No. 451. The Fields are White.

REV. J. S. SCOTLAND. NUNC DIMITTE. 10.10.10.10.6. W. W. HEWITT.

Rather slow.





2. The fields are Thine, with Love's great ransom bought,
The precious blood of Thy belovèd Son:
'Tis long since His redeeming work was wrought,
Yet scarce the reaping seems to be begun.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

3. To us, Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed,
To us belong the sin, the humbling shame;
We have not reaped, we have but slept and dreamed,
Nor called with holy ardour on Thy name.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

4. Awake Thy Church, ere yet the day departs,
For while she sleeps swift works the reaper, Death;
O God, forgive, and into torpid hearts
Send like a mighty wind Thy quickening breath!
Lord, send the labourers forth!

5. Come from the South, O Wind! come from the North,
And from Thy garden make the spices flow!
Their fragrance sweet throughout the earth shed forth,
Till God's great gift to men all men shall know.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

6. The glory, Father, shall be Thine; Thy Son
With joy the fruit of all His travail see;
Thy will on earth shall as in heaven be done,
And heaven and earth make one full harmony.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

No. 452. Now the Lord our Souls has Fed.

ANNIE W. MARSTON. NEW CALABAR. 7.7.7.7. J. DOWNING FARRER.



3. For, while we are feasting here,
Starving millions, far and near,
Call us with the bitter cry:
Come and help us, or we die!

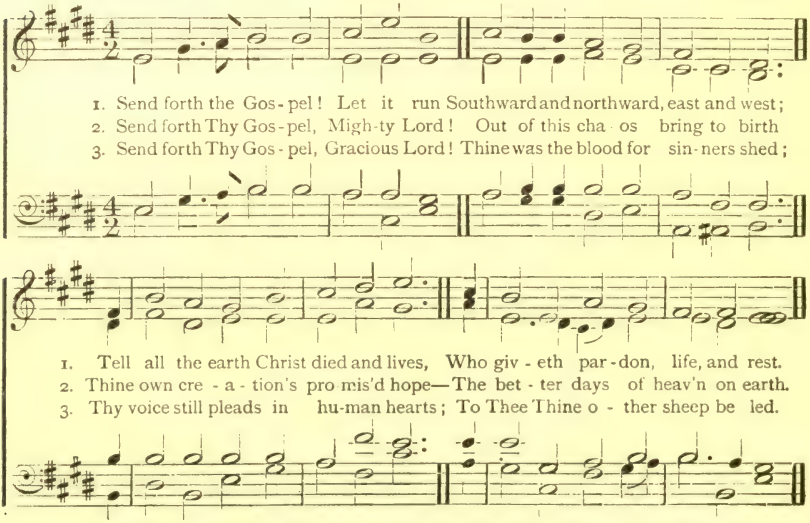
4. In this day of full increase,
Shall we, can we, hold our peace?
Staying here we do not well;
Now then, let us go and tell—

5. Tell how He hath set us free,
How He leads triumphantly;
How He satisfies our need;
How His rest is rest indeed.

6. Speak, for we, Thy servants, hear;
Thou hast taught us not to fear;
And whate'er Thy word shall be,
We can do it, Lord, in Thee.

No. 453. Send forth the Gospel.

THE REV. PREB. H. E. FOX. MELANESIA. L.M. S. SMITH.



4. Send forth Thy Gospel, Holy Lord!
Kindle in us love's sacred flame—
Love giving all, and grudging naught
For Jesu's sake—in Jesu's name.

5. Send forth the Gospel! Tell it out!
Go, brothers, at the Master's call;
Prepare His way, who comes to reign,
The King of kings, and Lord of all.

No. 454. Nothing but Thy Blood.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

R. S. P.M., with Chorus. R. SLATER.

Andante con espress.



3. Dark, indeed, the past has been,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
Yet in mercy take me in,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

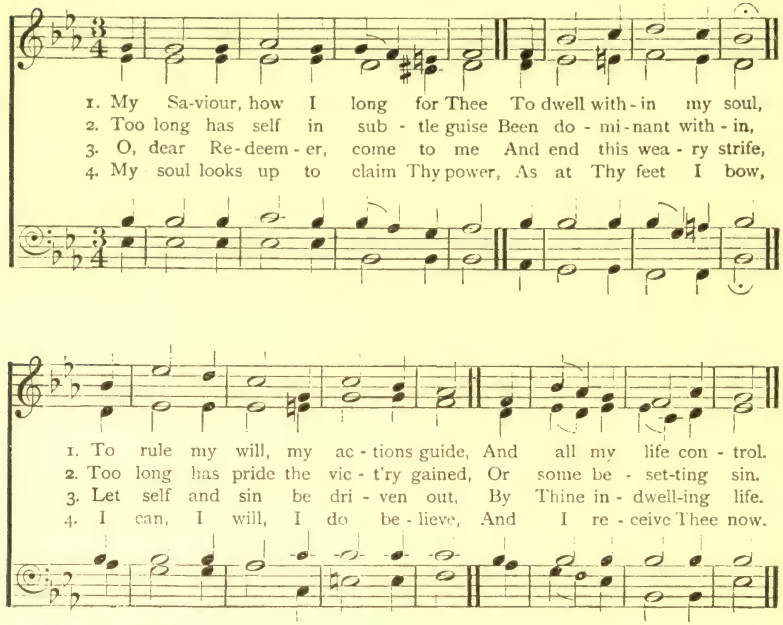
4. As I am, O hear me pray,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
I can come no other way,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

5. All that I can do is vain,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
I can ne'er remove a stain,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

6. Lord, I cast myself on Thee,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me;
From my guilt, oh, set me free,
Nothing but Thy Blood can save me.

No. 455. My Saviour, how I long for Thee.

A. M. P. C.M., with Refrain. ANNIE M. POTTER.



REFRAIN.



No. 456. Oh, live Thy life in me.

8.8.8.6., with Refrain.

H. A. By per. of the Salvation Army Musical Board. H. ANDERSON.

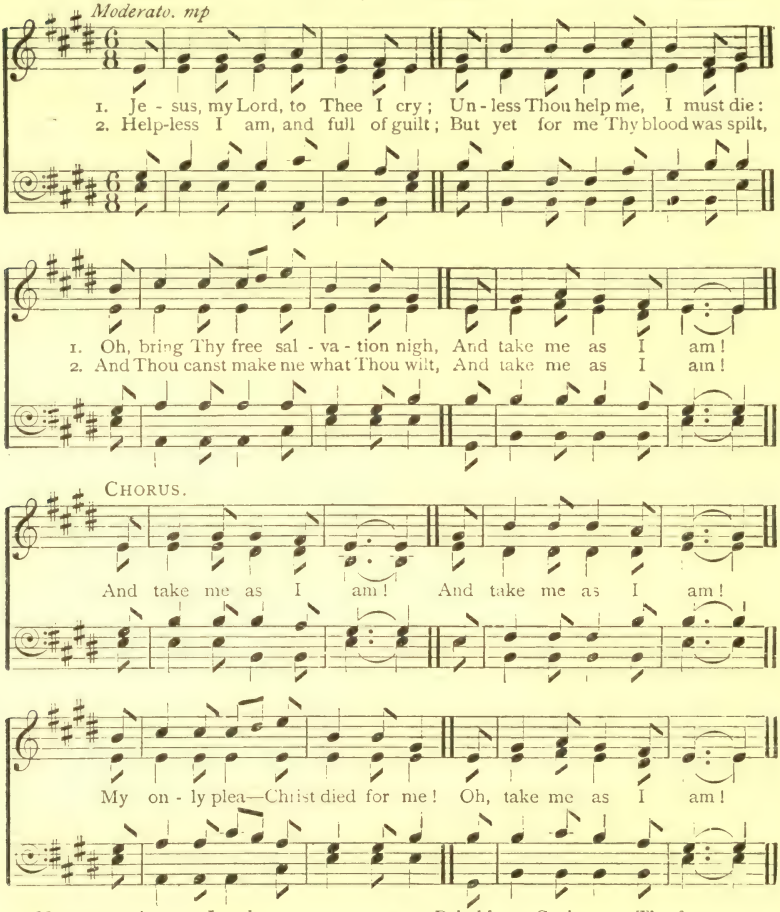


4. I want Thy constant presence, Lord,
Then e'en a dark adversity
Will be a blessing in disguise;
Live Thou Thy life in me.

5. Then to faith's vision Thou shalt be
Ever a bright reality,
Keeping my heart in purity,
Living Thy life in me.

No. 457. Take me as I am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. 8.8.8.6., with Refrain. IRA D. SANKEY.

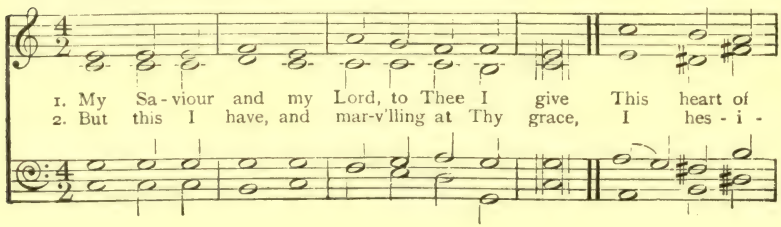


3. No preparation can I make,
My best resolves I only break,
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
And take me as I am!

4. Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
But take me as I am!

No. 458. My Saviour and my God.

J. S. PIGOTT. MORECAMBE. 10.10.10.10. Anon.

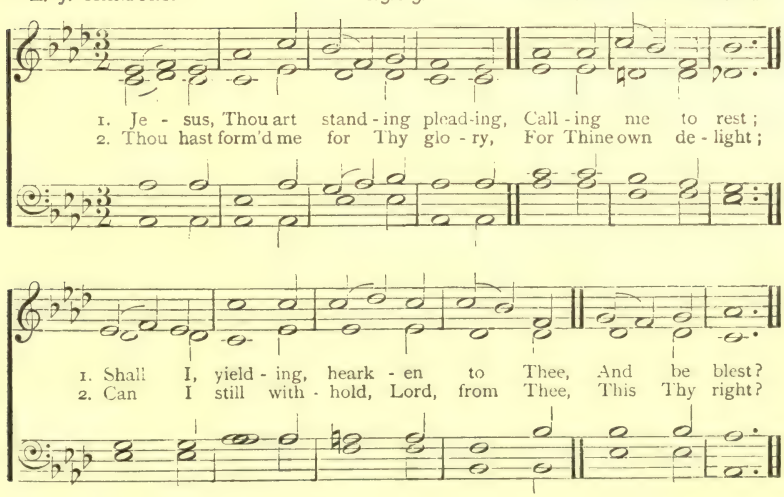




3. Oh! *reign* therein, and *keep* it wholly Thine,
Make every pulse unto Thy blessèd will
To beat so full, so true, that evermore
My spirit Thou mayest sanctify and fill.

No. 459. Jesus, Thou art standing pleading.

E. J. HANBURY. 8.5.8.3. REV. DR. E. BULLINGER.



3. Oh, this heart is weary, restless,
Bound by many a chain, [stubborn,
'Gainst which heart and will, though
Strive in vain.

4. Lord, I yield: no more withstanding
Thine all-loving will,
Take me, Master, break me, make me,—
Cleanse, and fill.

5. Take my will: 'tis Thine henceforth, Lord,—
Lead me by Thy way;
Let my words and actions please Thee
Day by day.

6. Oh, the joy of full surrender,
Keeping from Thee *nought*,
As I yield, my heart is finding
Peace long sought.

No. 460. At Thy feet I fall.

P.M.

MRS. BOOTH-CLIBBORN. By per. of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

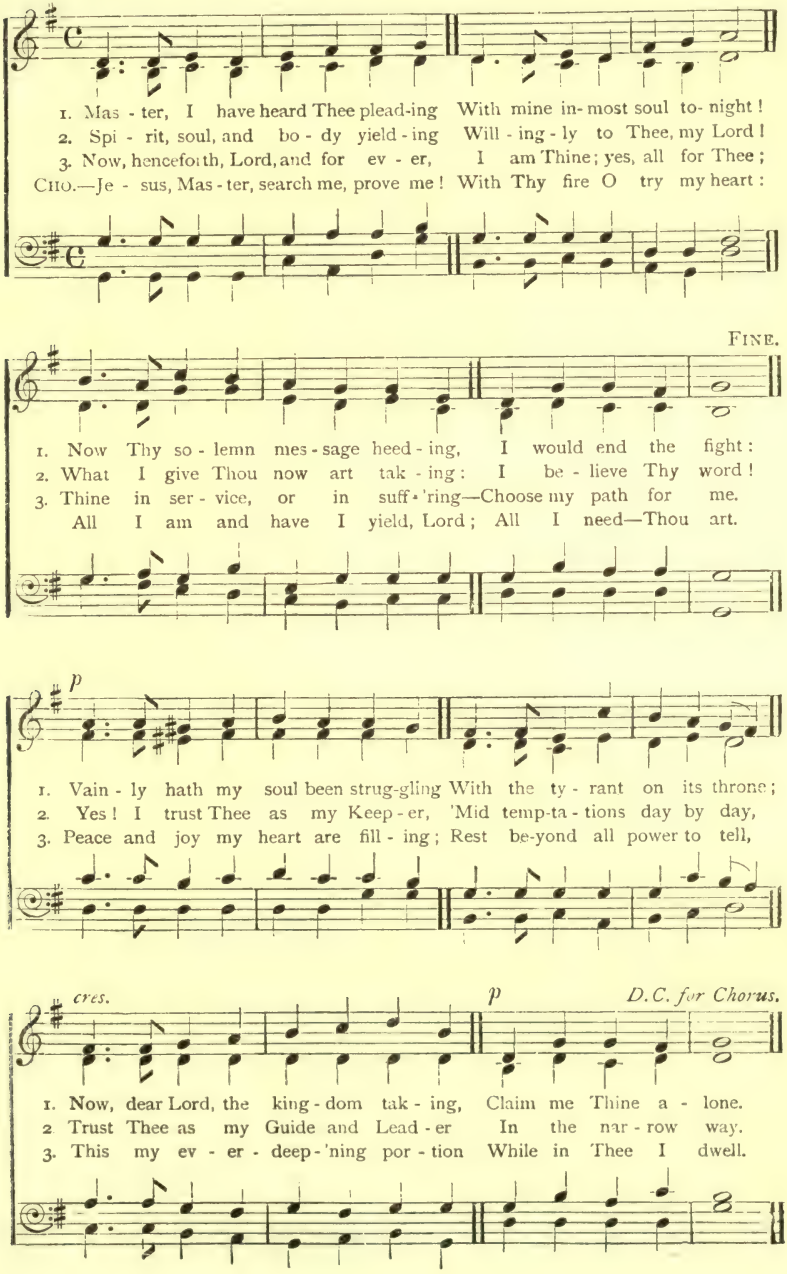


3. Descend the heav'ns, Thou whom my soul adoreth!
Exchange Thy soul for my poor longing heart.
For Thee! for Thee! I watch, as for the morning;
No rest or peace is mine from my Saviour apart.

4. Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestowing,
Destroy the works of sin, the self, the pride;
Burn, burn in me, my idols overthrowing,
Prepare my heart for Him—for my Lord crucified!

No. 461. Master, I have heard Thee pleading.

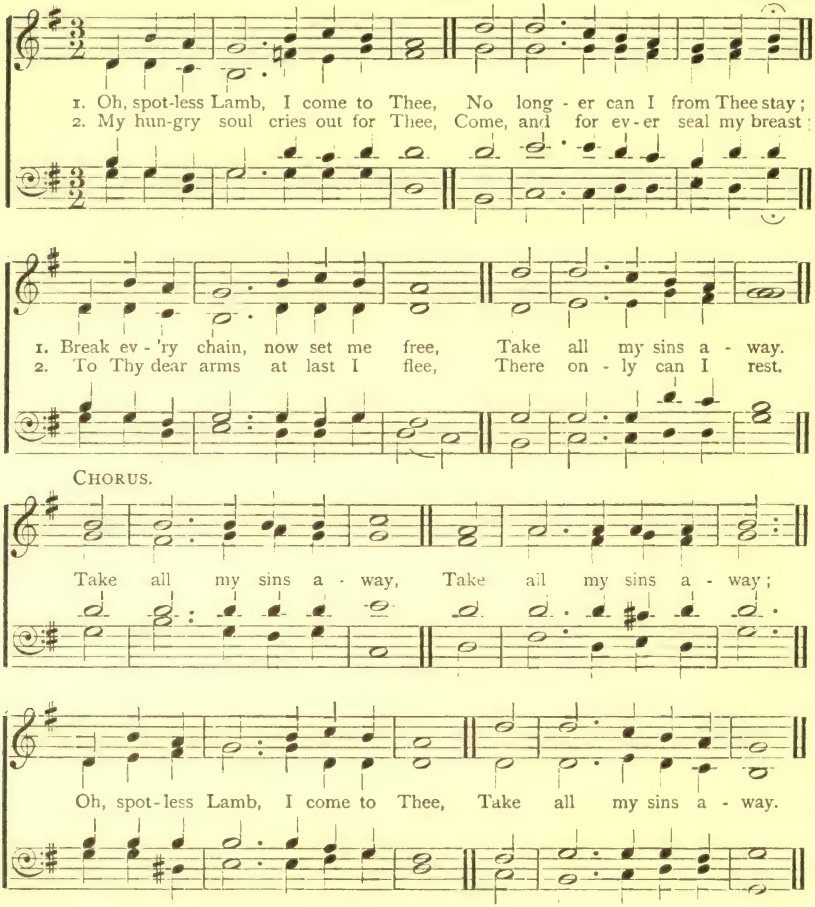
E. J. H. TRANQUILLITY. 8.7.8.5. D. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.



No. 462. Take all my Sins away.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

MRS. B.-C. 8.8.8 6., with Refrain. MRS. BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

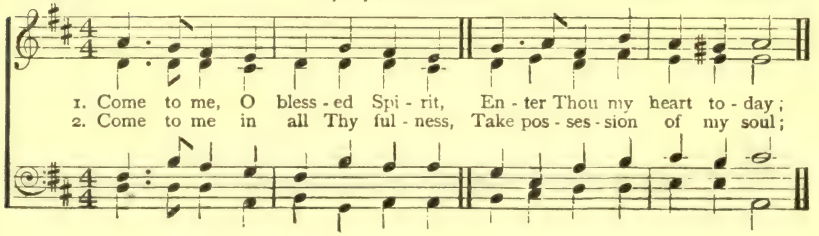


3. Weary I am of inbred sin,
Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release,
Enter and speak me pure within,
Give me Thy perfect peace?

4. I plunge beneath Thy precious blood,
My hand in faith takes hold of Thee,
Thy promises just now I claim—
Thou art enough for me.

No. 463. The Indwelling Spirit.

A. M. P. 8.7.8.7., with Chorus. ANNIE M. POTTER.





3. Loving Spirit, make me loving,
Melt my heart, and cleanse from sin,
Satisfy my restless longings,
Make me fair and pure within.

4. Holy Ghost, I now receive Thee!
I accept Thy mighty power;
And, by faith, I claim Thy presence
In this solemn, sacred hour.

No. 464. Doubt Him not, although He Leadeth.

1. DOUBT Him not, although He leadeth
Other ways than hope had said;
All the grace thy spirit needeth
Dwells in Him. Be not afraid!

I will trust Thee—yes, will trust Thee!
Nought I need of other aid;
All sufficient Thou, my Saviour!
Never will I be afraid.

2. Fret thee not about the morrow,
Faint thou not for hope delayed;
He will lead, through joy, through sorrow,
To thy Home. Be not afraid!

3. Does some fierce temptation try thee,
Look to Him who bruised its head;
See the Conqueror standing by thee—
Trust in Him. Be not afraid!

4. Faileth all of earth's reliance?
Do thy "vine and fig-tree" fade?
Thou canst bid all foes defiance
Through thy Lord. Be not afraid!

5. Does there come a time of testing,
When *thine* all of strength seems fled?
His strength then on thee is resting
If thou trust. Be not afraid!

6. Trusting thus, and trusting ever,—
On the Lord Jehovah stayed,
Thou at last shalt ford the river
Safe, through Him. Be not afraid!

H. E. Govan.

No. 465. Lord, I come at Last to Thee.

A. W. MARSTON. CHESILTON. 7.5.7.5. D. MARIAN WOOD. *Especially written for this Work.*

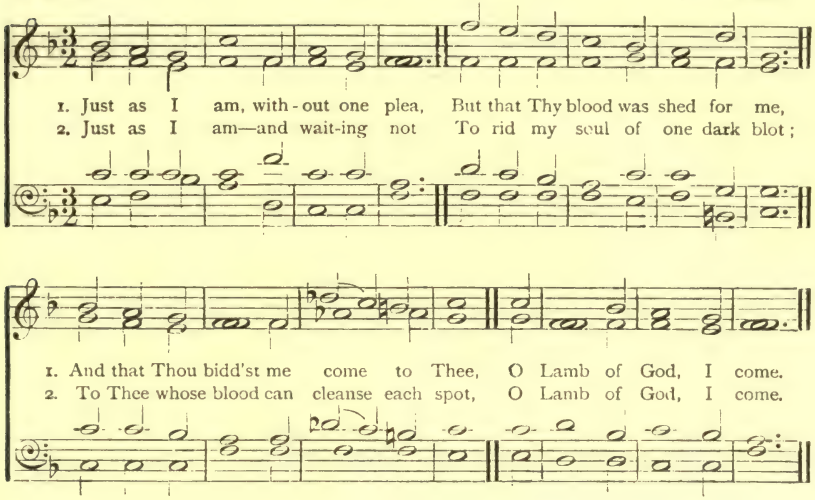


4. Then, since Thou dost welcome me
On Thy wealth to live;
And, in giving me Thyself,
Thou dost all things give—
All I know I give Thee now,
Nothing shall be mine;
What I know not Thou wilt take—
All alike is Thine.

5. And when Thou shalt show to me
Thy surrendered one,
Something to be given up,
Something to be done—
I may never stay to ask,
Shall it be or no?
Since my all belongs to Thee,
Given long ago.

No. 466. Just as I am.

C. ELLIOTT. ST. FABIAN. 8.8.8.6. J. SUMMERS.



3. Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind;
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

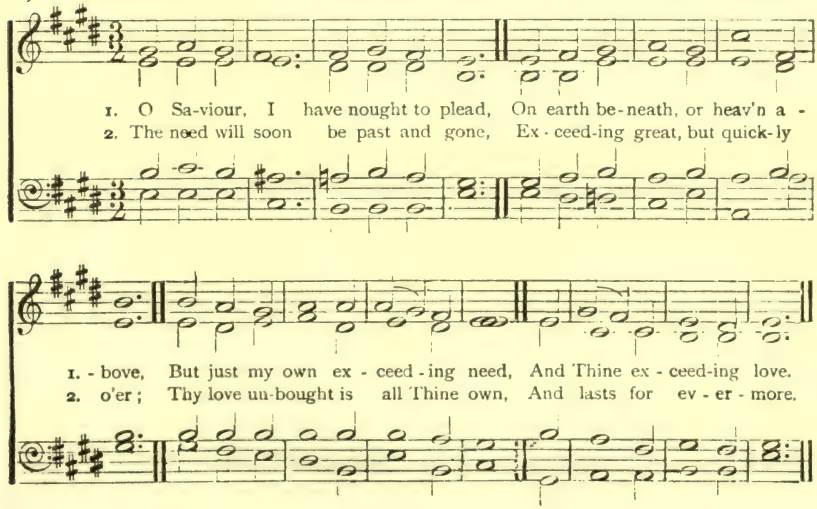
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

May also be sung to No. 467.

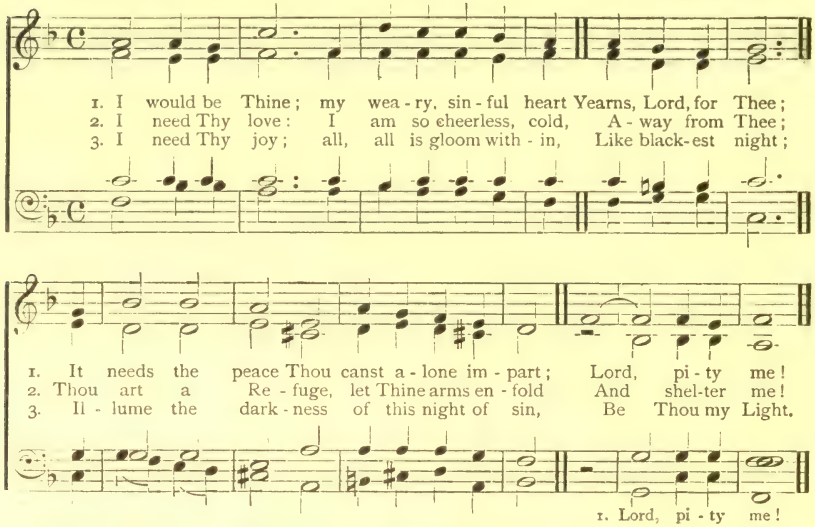
No. 467. O Saviour, I have Nought to Plead.

JANE CREWDSON. AGNUS DEI. 8.8.8.6. REV. W. BLOW.



No. 468. The Cry of the Weary Heart.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. 10.4.10.4. JOHN E. GAUL.

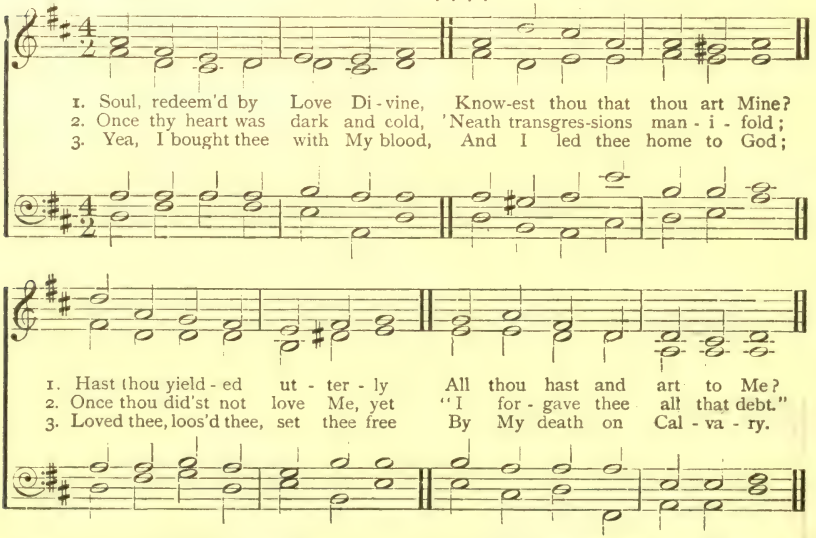


4. I need Thy blood to wash away my guilt,
To that I flee;
On Calvary it was for sinners spilt,
And cleanses me.

5. I need Thyself, Lord, I would come to
Close to Thy side; [Thee,
I would within the arms that circle me
Rest satisfied.

No. 469. Soul, redeemed by Love Divine.

E. M. G. CHERRY. BUCKLAND. 7.7.7.7. REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.



4. Rose to claim at God's right hand
Room for all My ransomed band;
Though for thee is all My heaven,
All to Me thou hast not given.

5. Child! redeemed by Love Divine,
Wilt thou not be *wholly* Mine?
Yield, oh yield thee utterly
Now, and evermore to Me!

No. 470. Sinful, Sighing to be Blest.

1. SINFUL, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free,
Weary, waiting for my rest;
"God be merciful to me!"

2. Holiness, I've none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see;
I can only bring my need:
"God be merciful to me!"

3. Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee;
Yet Thou can'st interpret sighs:
"God be merciful to me!"

4. There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone;
"God be merciful to me!"

5. He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all, and for His sake,
"God be merciful to me!"

Rev. Dr. J. S. B. Monsell.

No. 471. Out in the Dew and Cold he stands.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. 8.8.8.4. REV. E. HUSBAND.



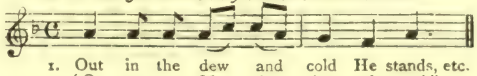
4. He hath no place to lay His head,
No one a home or roof will spare;
No one respondeth when He knocks:
And who, who keeps Him there?

5. The winds are out, the storm is up,
Freezing and sharp the midnight air;
He does not leave, but knocketh on:
And who, who keeps Him there?

6. Our ear is sealed, our heart is cold,
And we refuse both hearth and fare:
He speaks, we hear not: ah, 'tis we—
Yes, *we* who keep Him there!

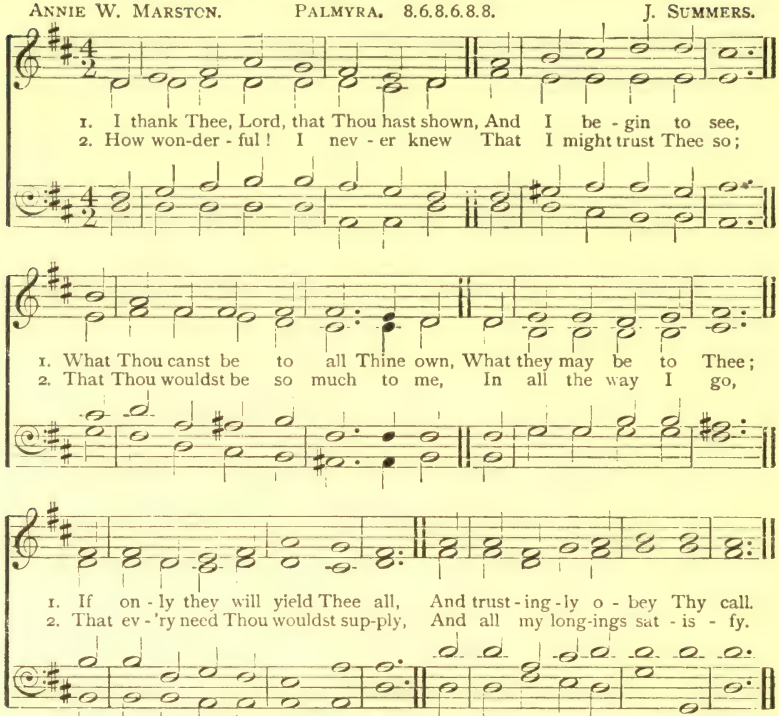
7. But now no more we shut Thee out,
O Thou, the fairest of the fair!
Come in, Thou blessèd One; we will
No longer keep Thee there.

* *The 1st and 3rd verses only should commence thus:*



No. 472. I thank Thee, Lord.

ANNIE W. MARSTON. PALMYRA. 8.6.8.6.8.8. J. SUMMERS.



3. I take Thee as my Keeper now,
And I commit to Thee
My soul, my way, my works, my cause,
In Thy sole charge to be;
And my deposit, Thou, I know
Wilt guard secure from ev'ry foe.

4. I take Thee for my Peace, O Lord,
My heart to keep and fill,
Thine own great calm, amid earth's storms
Shall keep me always still,
And as Thy kingdom doth increase,
So shall Thine ever-deep'ning peace.

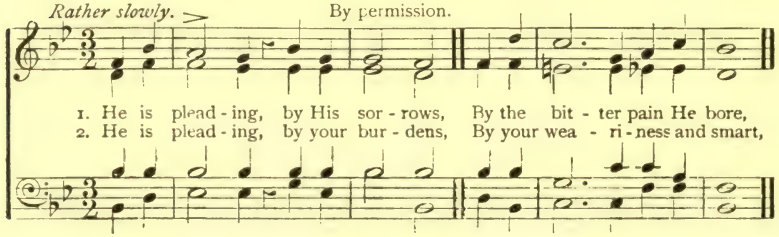
5. I take Thee as my Wisdom too,
For wisdom's sum Thou art;
Thou, who dost choose the foolish things,
Set me henceforth apart,
That I may speak and work for Thee
As Thou shalt work and speak in me.

6. I take Thee, Lord, to be my All,
Since all Thou art is mine,
I nothing have, and nothing am;
That nothing, Lord, is Thine.
Thou shalt be everything to me,
In all things my sufficiency.

No. 473. He is pleading.

REV. W. ST. HILL BOURNE. 8.7.8.7. D. F. G. COLE.

Rather slowly. By permission.





3. He is pleading, by the glory
On the golden-pavèd street,
And the never-broken union
Where the souls made perfect meet;
Will you lose the pleasant pastures,
For the shore without a fold?
And the stillness of their waters,
For the torrent black and cold?

4. He is pleading, ever pleading,
Here below, as there above,
By the Father's perfect pity,
And the Spirit's tender love.
He is pleading, *now* is pleading
With the sheep that He hath found—
Yield your heart, your life to Jesus,
That His love may fold you round.

No. 474. Art thou hungering for the fulness?

1. ART thou hungering for the fulness
Of the blessing Christ doth give?
Longing now to learn the secret
Of the life He bids thee live?
In His Word thine answer standeth,
"Christ who is our Life" it saith,
Open now thy heart, and trust Him
There to dwell, henceforth, "by faith."

2. Christ, the Lord's Anointed, reigning
O'er the life He died to win,
Daily shall reveal more fully
His great power without, within.
What *thou* never could'st accomplish
Shall His Spirit work through thee,
While thy soul this witness beareth,
"'Tis not I, but Christ in me."

3. "In Him" dwelleth all God's fulness,
"In Him" thou art made "complete";
Rise, and claim thy heavenly birthright,
Kneeling at thy Father's feet.
He will never disappoint thee,
Praise Him that the gift *is* thine;
Then go forth to live each moment
On sufficiency Divine.

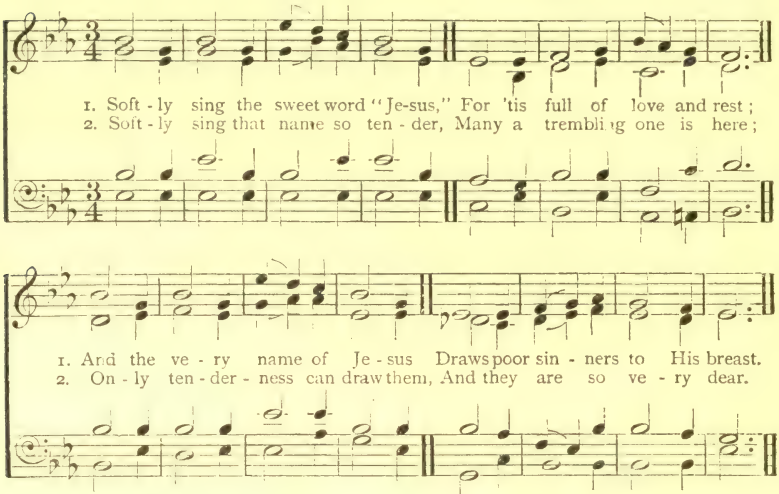
4. Lord, I come, and simply resting
On Thy faithful, changeless Word,
I believe the Blood doth cleanse us,
And that Christ is crownèd Lord.
Grant henceforth a ceaseless outflow
Of Thy life and love through me;
Reaching those who sit in darkness,
Winning priceless souls to Thee.

Freda Hanbury Allen.

No. 475. Softly sing the sweet word "Jesus."

MELBOURNE HALL. 8.7.8.7

By per. from "Llanthony Abbey Hymns." Adapted by W. J. MAYERS.



3. O, poor sinner, speak to Jesus,
In the silence of thy heart;
Say, "For this Thy love so wondrous,
Now with all my sin I'll part.

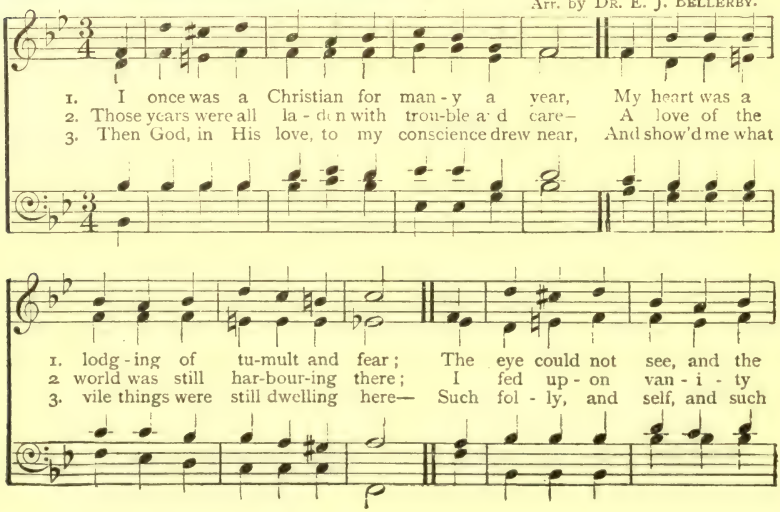
4. "I will trust Thee now, Lord Jesus,
Keep Thee waiting now no more;
Let Thee take away my sin-stains,
Let Thee heal my every sore."

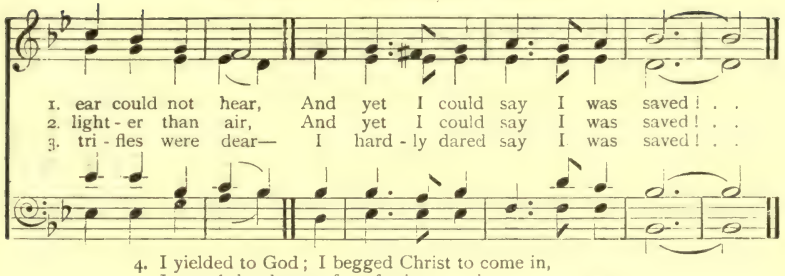
5. Jesus answers, "I receive thee;
Only look on Me and live;
And I now will never leave thee,
All thy sins I *now* forgive."

6. Sing aloud, oh, happy sinner!
"Jesus says I am forgiven,
And that He will never leave me
Till He brings me safe to heaven."

No. 476. I once was a Christian.

REV. DR. ELDER CUMMING. 11.11.11.8. REV. J. STUART HOLDEN.
Arr. by DR. E. J. BELLERBY.





4. I yielded to God; I begged Christ to come in,
I tasted the shame of confessing my sin;
I turned from the past, and wished now to begin—
Ah! still I could say I was saved!

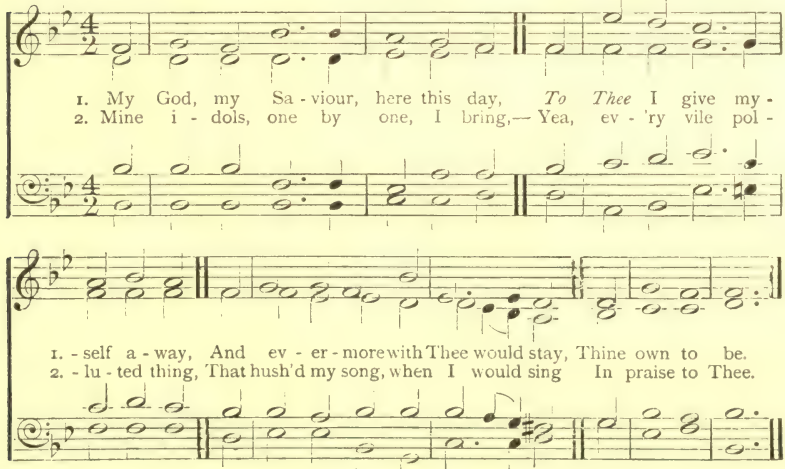
5. And then from God's face fell a heavenly ray,
A load from my poor burdened soul fell away,
A song in my heart began singing alway:
Yes! *now* I could say I am saved.

6. Now, Lord, it is only abiding in Thee,
My safety and peace in thus yielding, I see;
And so 'tis not I, but Christ liveth in me,
I mean when I say I am saved!

7. I am saved from the power of the enemy's hand;
By faith of Thine all-Blessèd Presence I stand:
Already I walk on the long-promised Land;
And now, oh thank God! I am saved!

No. 477. My God, my Saviour, here this day.

L. ANDREWES. 8.8.8.4. J. DOWNING FARRER.



3. Each *doubtful* thing that kept me bound,
Like grave-clothes fast'ning me around,
And dead'ning ev'ry heav'nly sound,
I yield to Thee.

4. My "will," that held unhinder'd sway
O'er my whole being day by day,
Gladly I now do give away
In love to Thee.

5. My very body, spirit, soul,
Take now, dear Lord, to Thy control,
And in Thy service use the whole
In work for Thee.

6. Come and *abide*, Thou Heavenly Guest;
Make Thou within my soul Thy rest,
Then truly shall I know I'm blest
In having Thee.

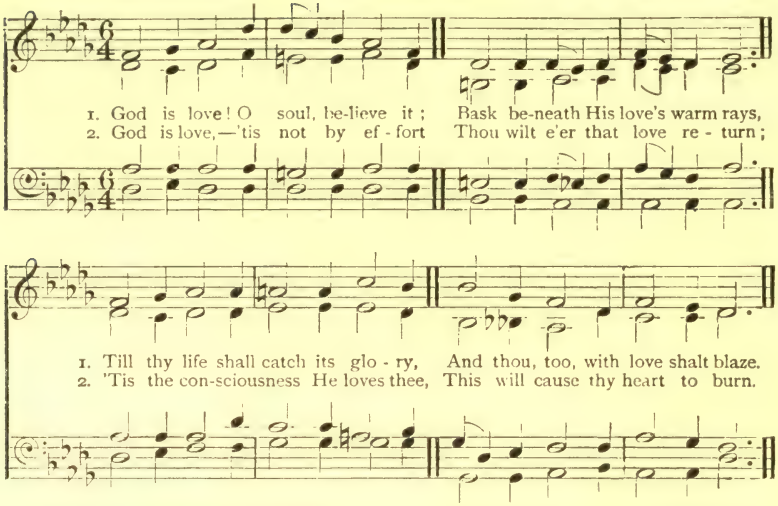
7. Roll in, Thou Wondrous Tide, roll in;
Sweep down the barriers of all sin,
And call Thou forth fresh song within
To welcome Thee.

8. Thou com'st, Thy still small voice I hear!
An inward silence speaks Thee near,
And all subdued, without a fear,
I REST in Thee.

May also be sung to No. 352.

No. 478. God is Love.

FREDA HANBURY ALLEN. AMOUR. 8 7.8.7. EDITH C. DODDRELL.



3. Suffer that His love should hold thee
As a captive evermore ;
Then in ceaseless streams of blessing,
His great love shall through thee pour.

4. Love shall stamp thy every action,
Love shall utter every word,
And the souls who daily meet thee
Shall behold in thee thy Lord.

No. 479. All for Jesus! all for Jesus!

1. ALL for Jesus ! all for Jesus !
All my being's ransomed powers ;
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.

2. Let my hands perform His bidding ;
Let my feet run in His ways ;
Let mine eyes see Jesus only ;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3. Worldlings prize their gems of beauty ;
Cling to gilded toys of dust ;
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure ;
Only Jesus will I trust.

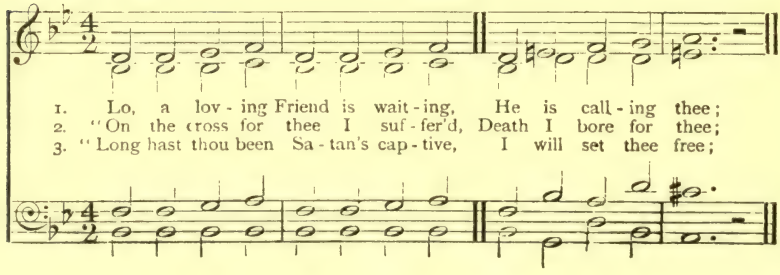
4. Since mine eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.

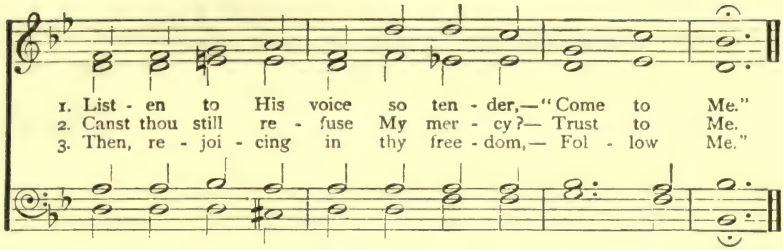
5. Oh, what wonder ! how amazing !
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.

The above may also be sung to Nos. 159 & 207.

No. 480. Lo, a loving Friend is waiting.

J. M. WIGNER. FESSUS. 8.5.8.3.





4. Many times has Jesus spoken,
Now He speaks again;
Shall thy Saviour's invitation Be in vain?

5. Soon that voice will cease its calling,
Wilt thou still delay?
Wait no longer, sin grows stronger, Yield to-day.

6. Saviour, I will wait no longer,
Now to Thee I come;
And when life's short voyage is over, Take me home.

No. 481. "Almost persuaded."

P. P. BLISS. P.M. P. P. BLISS.

Slowly and entreatingly.



No. 482. Hungering for the Sacred Fire.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

MRS. H. SOLO. *mp Andante.* 8.8.8.3., with Chorus. MRS. HEATHCOTE.



4. In that love my need supplying,
In Thy boundless grace relying,
Thou art not my plea denying—
Lord, I come!

5. Precious is the cleansing river,
More than life art Thou the Giver;
Filled am I, the glad receiver—
Lord, I come!

No. 483. Thou art Enough for me.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

COMMISSIONER OLIPHANT. L.M., with Chorus. R. SLATER.



3. At times 'tis hard for flesh and blood
To say, "Thy will be done, my God;"
But if my grief means others' gain,
Oh, what to me are loss and pain?

4. Through every fear my soul doth climb
Above the things of passing time;
And to my eyes the sight is given
Which makes my earth a present heaven.

No. 484. Speak, Saviour, Speak!

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

H. H. Booth. P.M.





No. 485. All my Doubts I give to Jesus.

J. C. MORGAN. 8.7.8.7., with Chorus. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



4. All my joys I give to Jesus!
He is all I want of bliss;
He of all the worlds is Master—
He has all I need in this.

5. All I am I give to Jesus!
All my body, all my soul;
All I have, and all I hope for,
While eternal ages roll.

No. 486. Come, Lord, and Fight the Battle.

HETTY BOWMAN. ST. ALBAN'S. 7.6.7.6. D. Lutheran Chorale.



4. Take them! I cannot yield them—
I am not what I seemed:
I have no power, Lord Jesus,
To do what once I dreamed:
The yearning of the earth-life
Is stronger than my strength;
When may the spell be broken,
And freedom come at length?

5. Like dew on drooping blossoms,
Like breath from holy place,
Laden with health and healing,
Come Thy deep words of grace:
"Thy strength is all in leaning
On One who fights for thee,
Thine is the helpless clinging,
And Mine the victory."

No. 487. Come in, Lord Jesus!

By permission.

EDITH GILLING CHERRY. P.M. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Pleadingly.



3. Come in, come in, Lord Jesus!
And dwell, and rule, and reign;
Yea, come in peace, my Lord, my King,
To Thine own house again:
Thou shalt bring with Thee what Thou wilt,
Take what Thou wilt away;
Only come Thou Thyself to m
And come, oh, come to stay.

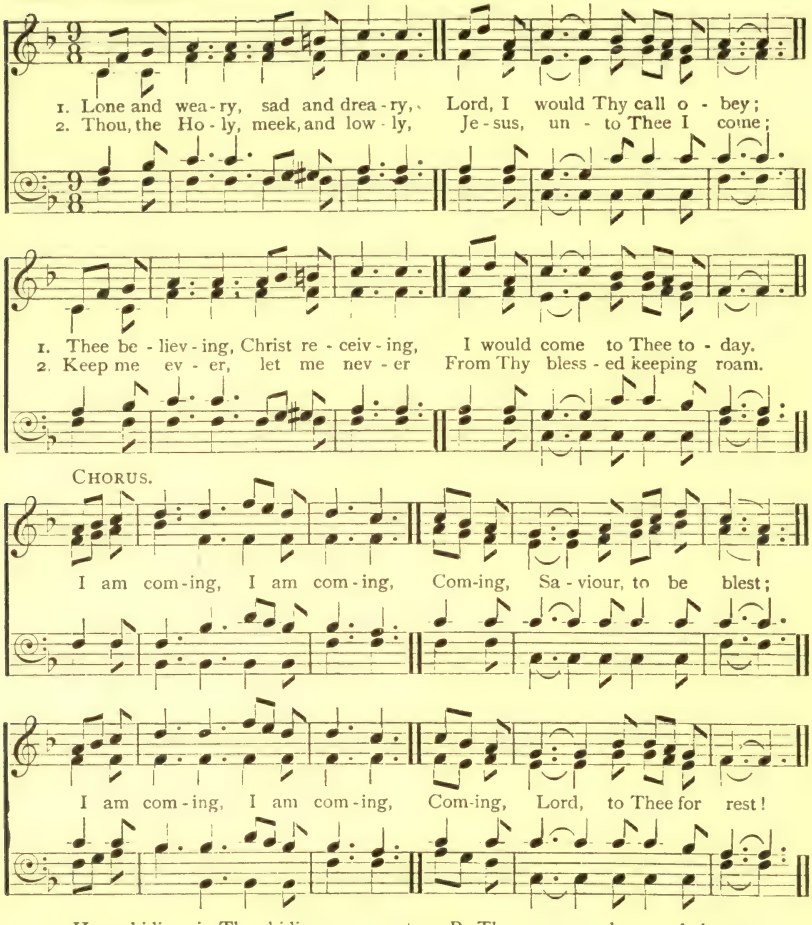
4. Come in, come in, Lord Jesus!
I give the struggle o'er;
I hinder not Thine entering,
Nor fear Thy coming more:
I do but whisper through my tears—
"Thou knowest what hath been!
Only forgive the long delay!
Only come in! come in!"

5. Come in, come in, Lord Jesus!
And leave me nevermore;
Thou hast the keys of all my heart;
Come in, and shut the door!
Yea, shut the door on what Thou wilt,
That fits not Thine abode;
And open it on all Thou wilt
That is of heaven and God.

6. Come in, come in, Lord Jesus!
So wonderful it seems [for me,
That Thou should'st think such thoughts
Beyond my faintest dreams: [things,"
That Thou should'st choose the "foolish
The "weak things," and "the base";
And stoop to humbled, broken hearts,
To find Thy dwelling-place.

No. 488. Lone and Weary.

ALLIE STARBRIGHT. 8.7.8.7., with Chorus. IRA D. SANKEY.

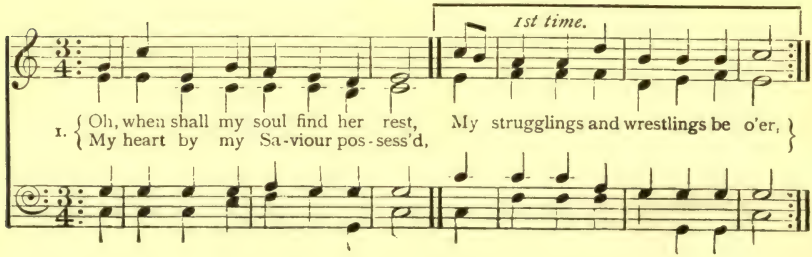


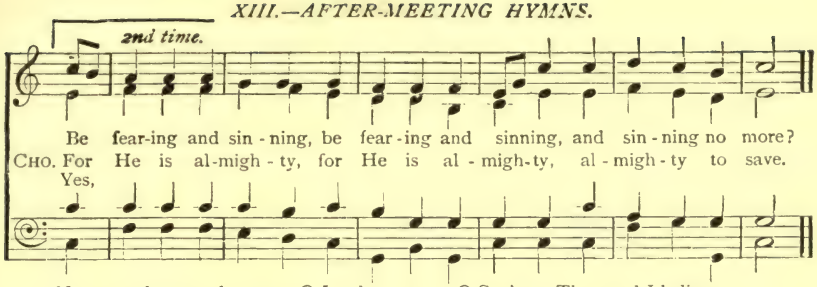
3. Here abiding, in Thee hiding,
Seeks my weary soul to rest;
Till the dawning of the morning,
When I wake among the blest.

4. Be Thou near me, keep and cheer me,
Through life's dark and stormy way;
Turn my sadness into gladness,
Turn my darkness into day.

No. 489. Oh, when shall my Soul?

SALVATOR OMNIPOTENS. P.M. Anon.





2. Now search me and try me, O Lord;
Now Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See helpless I rest on Thy word—
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

3. My idols I cast at Thy feet;
My all I return Thee, who gave:
This moment the work is complete,
For Thou art almighty to save.

4. O Saviour, Thy word I believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see;
And, asking in faith, I receive
Salvation—full, present, and free.

5. O Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy so high and so deep;
And long shall my praises ascend—
For Thou art almighty to keep.

No. 490. Lord, bring some Wanderers home.

B. M. R. C.M., with Chorus. R. MANSELL RAMSEY.



2. May none Thy mercy spurn to-night,
Thy Holy Spirit grieve;
May prodigals return to-night;
May sinners now believe.

3. Let none unblest depart to-night,
Unsaved and unforgiven;
Over some yielding heart to-night
Let there be joy in heaven.

No. 491. There is a Fountain filled with Blood.

W. COWPER. C.M., with Chorus.

Joyful.



2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

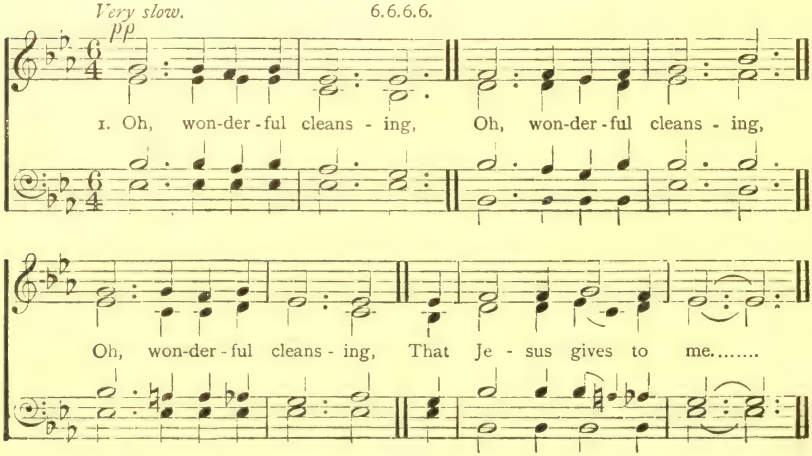
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 492. Oh, Wonderful Cleansing.

Very slow. 6.6.6.6.



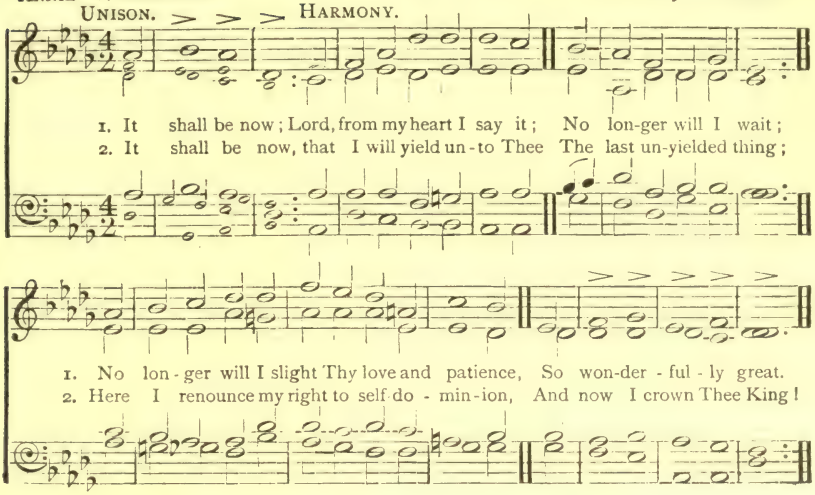
2. Oh, wonderful keeping,
Oh, wonderful keeping,
Oh, wonderful keeping,
That Jesus gives to me.

3. Oh, wonderful filling,
Oh, wonderful filling,
Oh, wonderful filling,
That Jesus gives to me.

No. 493. It shall be Now.

ANNIE W. MARSTON. WHITCHESTER. 10.6.10.6. DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

UNISON. HARMONY.

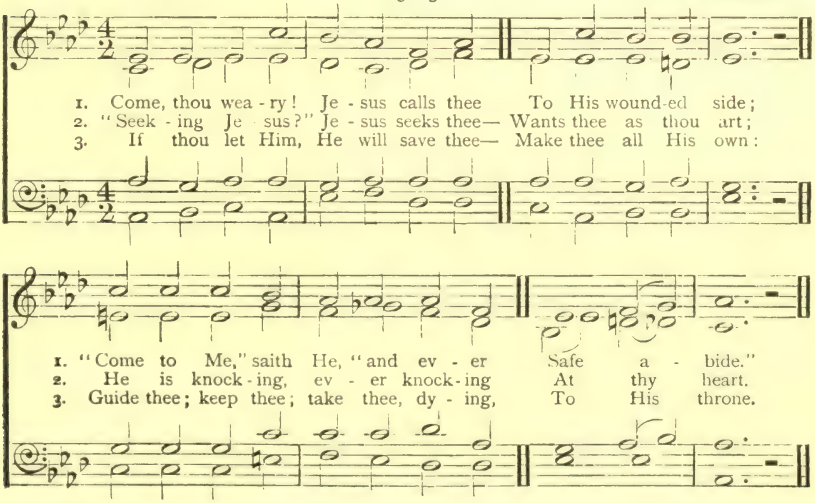


3. It shall be now, and Thou wilt gladly take me,
In spite of all my sin;
Now that Thou wilt unto Thyself receive me,
And cleanse my heart within.

4. It shall be now, and here, my Lord and Master,
That Thou shalt have Thy way;
And Thou wilt set Thy seal, the bond confirming,
Which I have signed to-day.

No. 494. Come, thou Weary!

REV. S. C. MORGAN. 8.5.8.3. IRA D. SANKEY.

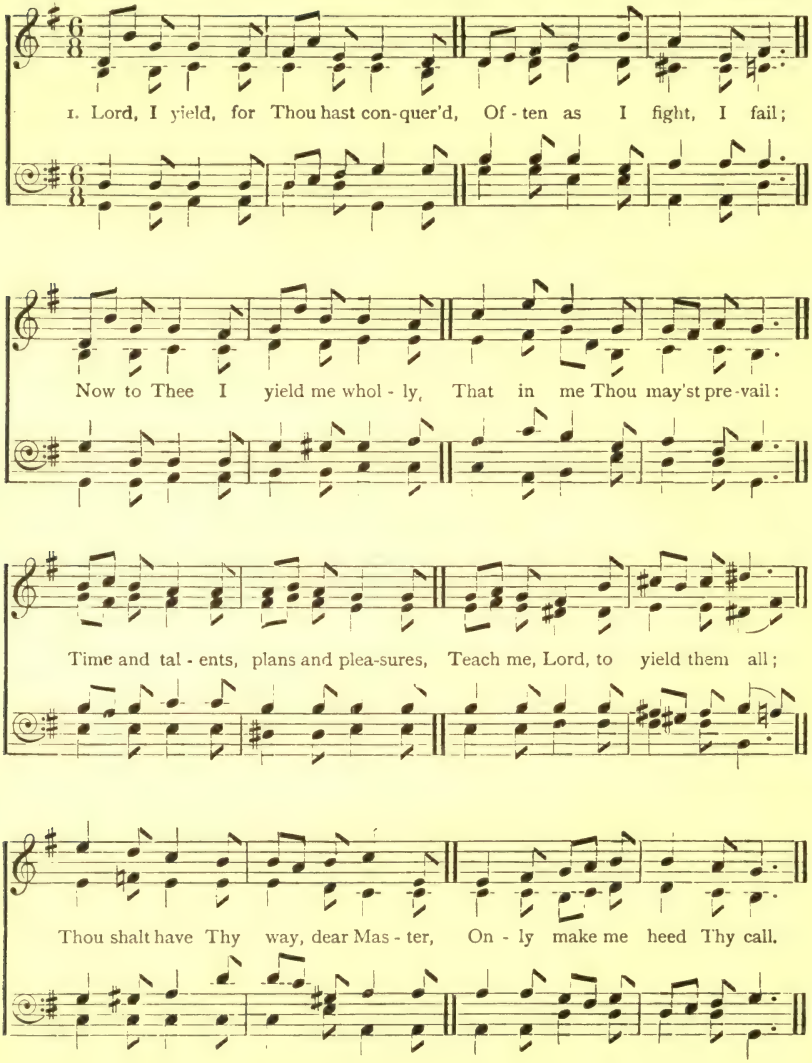


4. Wilt thou still refuse His offer?
Wilt thou say Him nay?
Wilt thou let Him, grieved, rejected,
Go away?

5. Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
Is thy soul distrest?
Take His offer, wait no longer:
Be at rest!

No. 495. Lord, I Yield.

S. F. FORREST. YIELDED. 8.7.8.7. D. C. H. FORREST.



2.

Lord, I claim Thy promised blessing,
Fulness of Thy Spirit's power;
Only for Thine own blest service,
Lord, on me Thy Spirit shower:
Fill me, Lord, with Thine own fulness,
That I may a channel be;
Ever passing on to others
All that Thou dost give to me.

3.

Lord, I thank Thee for the greatness
Of Thy love's unfailing spring;
Let my heart be always singing
Everywhere, for everything:
Only for Thy glory living,
Serving Thee in humblest ways;
Keep me, Lord, Thy heart from grieving;
Teach me, Lord, to live Thy praise.

No. 496. Be Still!

REV. C. A. FOX. CAREY. 8.8.8.8.8.8. CAREY.



3.

"Be still, and know that I am God!"
Peace, wounded conscience, heaving breast!
Christ's pierced hand bears alone the rod,
His cloud transfigures and brings rest.
Take, Lord, Thy power, reign, great I AM,
O'ershadowing Guest, all-conquering Lamb!

4.

Then in the hush of this fair Tent,
And solemn stillness of this hour,
Three thousand souls before Thee bent,
Break forth, O Holy Ghost, in power—
Sweep thro', thou Wind of God, sweep thro';
Once more cleanse, consecrate, renew!

No. 497. The ninety and nine.

MISS E. C. CLEPHANE. P.M. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow and plaintive.



4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They're pierced to-night by many a thorn,
They're pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5. And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,—
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His Own!
Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His Own!"

No. 498. There is life for a look.

A. M. HULL. P. M. E. G. TAYLOR.

Joyful.



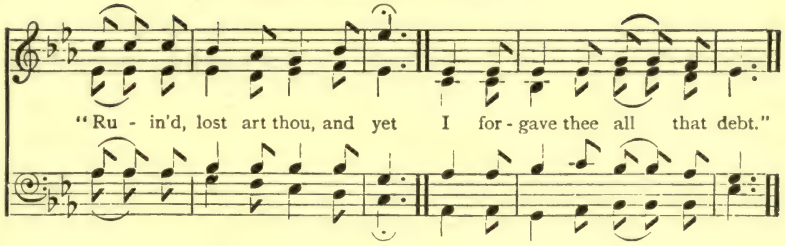
4. Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

5. Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance, thou never canst die
Since Jesus, thy Righteousness, lives.

No. 499. Nothing to pay!

F. R. H. P.M., with Refrain. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.





No. 500. They tell me there are dangers.

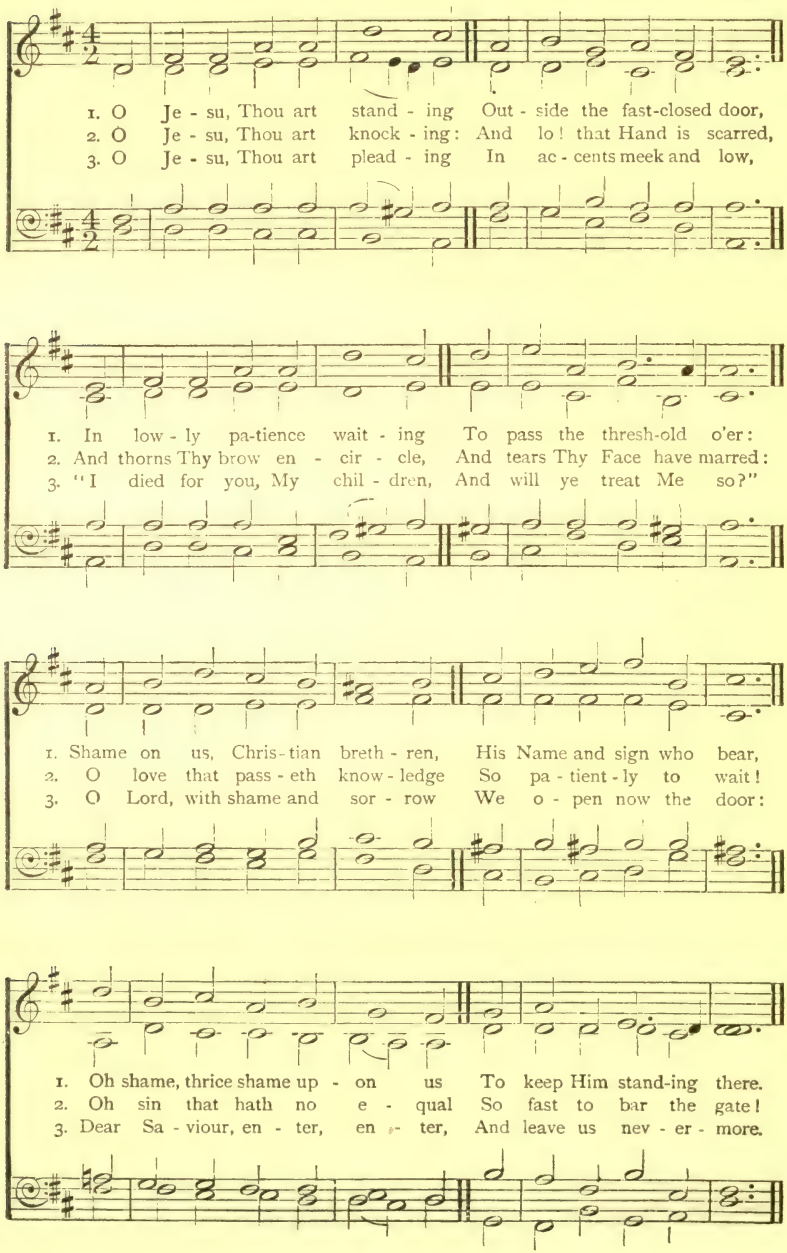
P.M.



No. 501. O Jesu, Thou art standing.

ST. CATHERINE. 7.6.7.6. D.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP W. HOW. REV. DR. R. F. DALE.



No. 502. O the deep, deep love of Jesus.

S. Trevor Francis. Evening Blessing. 8.7.8.7. D. H. J. E. Holmes.



No. 503. Lead, Kindly Light.

CARD. J. H. NEWMAN. LUX BENIGNA. 10.4.10.4.10.10. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 504. The Love of Jesus.

R. ALDRICH. 10.6.10.6., with Chorus. THEO. E. PERKINS.



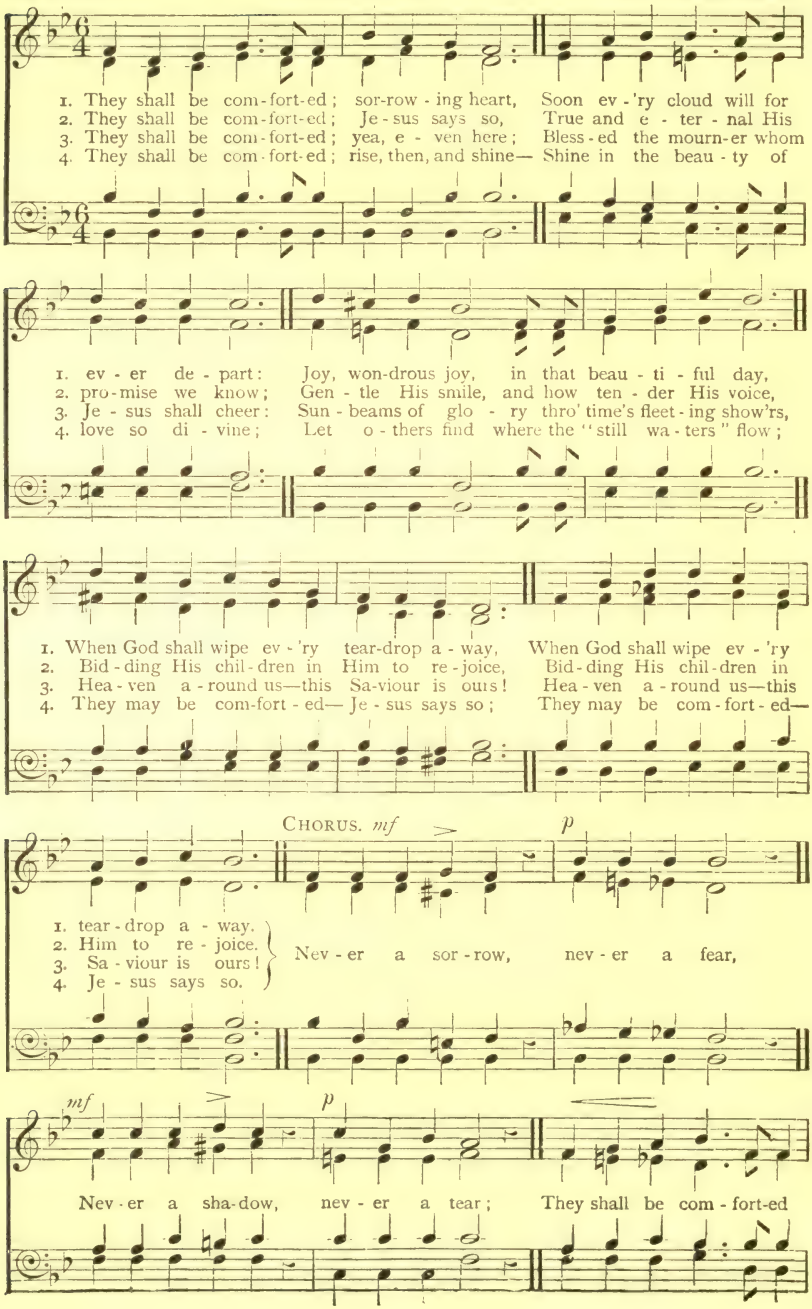
4. There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Tender and sweet its chime—
Like musical ring of a flowing spring
In the bright summer-time.

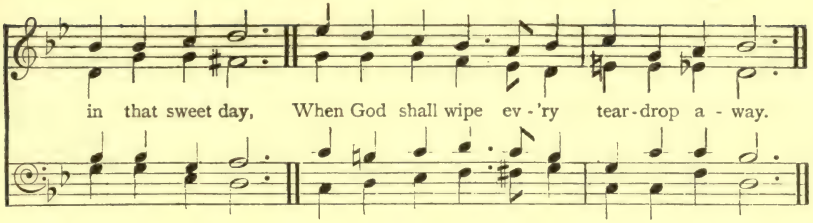
5. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus!
Then we shall never roam;
And we shall rest on His loving breast,
All the way to our heavenly home.

No. 505. They shall be Comforted.

Copyright.

E. E. HEWITT. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10., with Chorus. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





No. 506. Oh, the Peace the Saviour gives!

F. A. B. 8.7.8.7., with Chorus. F. A. BLACKMER.



3. Now I'm trusting every moment,
Nothing less can be enough;
And the Saviour bears me gently
O'er those places once so rough.

4. Day by day my soul He's keeping
By His wondrous power within;
And my heart is full of singing
To my Saviour from all sin.

No. 507. Think of Jesus, in the Morning.

MRS. L. SHOREY. CONVENTION. 8.7.8.7. D. G. E. MOSER.



3. Think of Jesus, when in sorrow,
Or if friendless, lone or sad;
He will bring a bright to-morrow,
He will cheer and make you glad:
Casting all your care upon Him,
This is what He bids you do;
Gladly take His yoke upon you,
You will find it easy too.

4. Courage, then, for Jesus loves you;
Place your hand in His to-day:
Courage! though He sometimes proves you
By the trials of the way.
All will tend to make you stronger,
Make you firmer clasp His hand,
Till at last you joyful enter,
Welcomed, to the Glory-land.

No. 508. My Lord and I!

MRS. L. SHOREY. P.M. Huguenot Melody. Arr. by DR. E. J. BELLERBY.

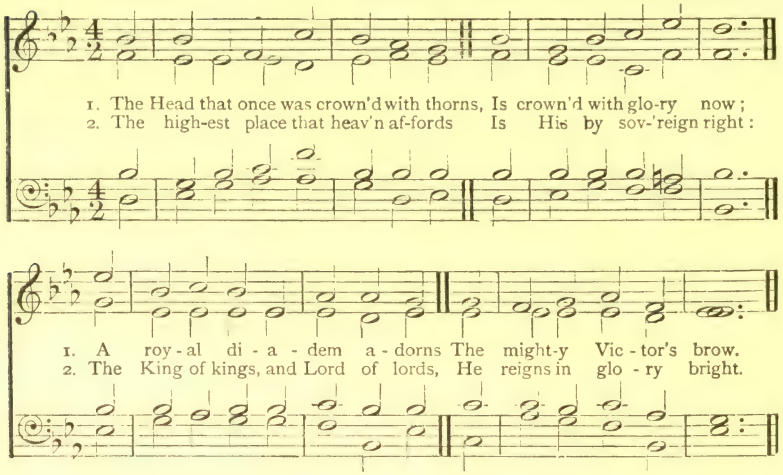


3. He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go, and speak
The loving word for Him:
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And why He came to die—
And so we work together,
My Lord and I!

4. And when the journey's ended
In rest and peace at last,
When every thought of danger
And weariness is past,
In the Kingdom of the future,
In the Glory by-and-by—
We'll live and reign together,
My Lord and I!

No. 509. The Head that once was crowned.

REV. T. KELLY. ST. FULBERT. C.M. DR. H. J. GAUNTLETT.



3. The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:

4. To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6. The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

No. 510. God moves in a mysterious way.

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

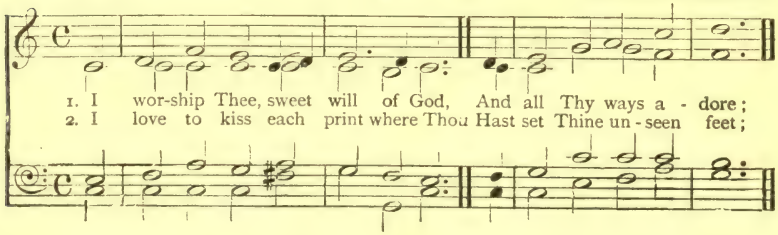
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

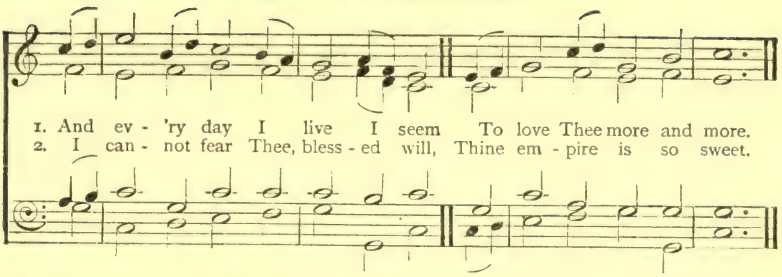
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper.

No. 511. I worship Thee, sweet will of God.

REV. DR. F. W. FABER. C.M. REV. E. HUSBAND.





3. I have no cares, O blessèd will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

5. He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

6. Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet will.

No. 512. O blessed Saviour, is Thy love.

1. O BLESSED Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, we give our thoughts, our hearts,
Our lives, our all, to Thee.

2. We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see;
We love Thee for that Cross of shame
Endured so patiently.

3. No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain:
What love with Thine can vie?

4. Make us like Thee in meekness, love,
And every beauteous grace;
From glory unto glory changed,
Till we behold Thy face.

Stennett.

No. 513. I hear the words of love.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. PAX DEI. S.M. H. J. E. HOLMES.

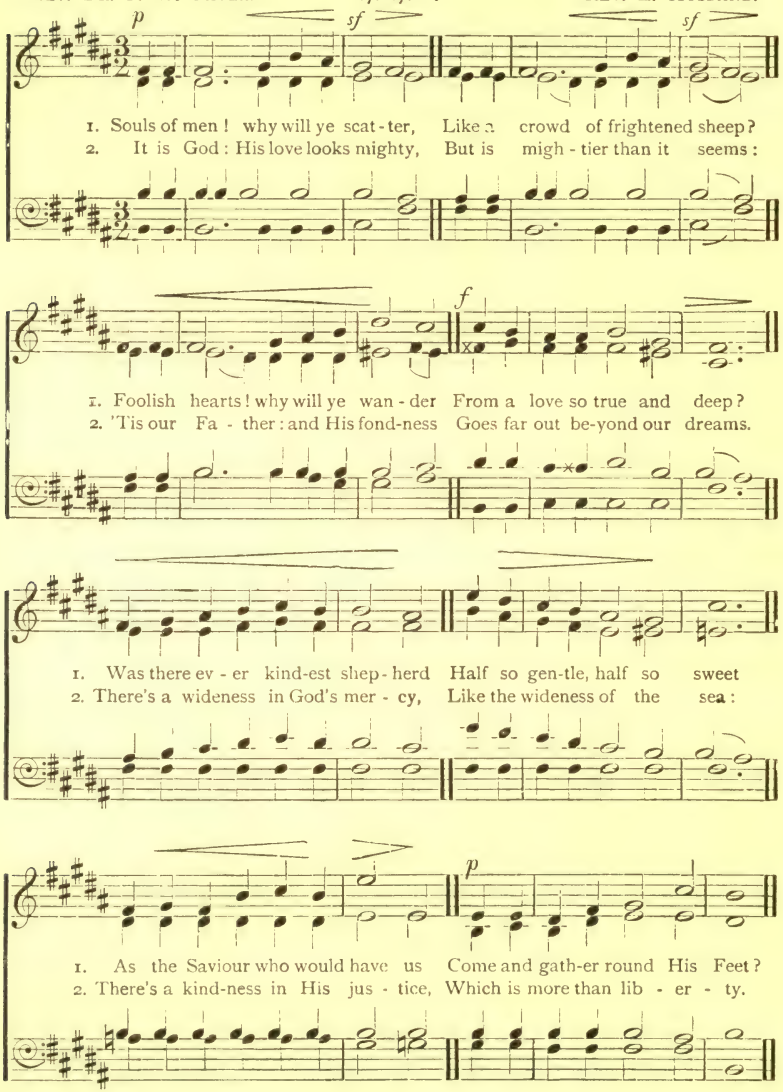


3. The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-seal'd friendship changes not,
The cross is ever nigh.

4. I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place
His truth, not mine, the tie.

No. 514. Souls of men! why will ye scatter?

REV. DR. F. W. FABER. 8.7.8.7. D. REV. E. HUSBAND.



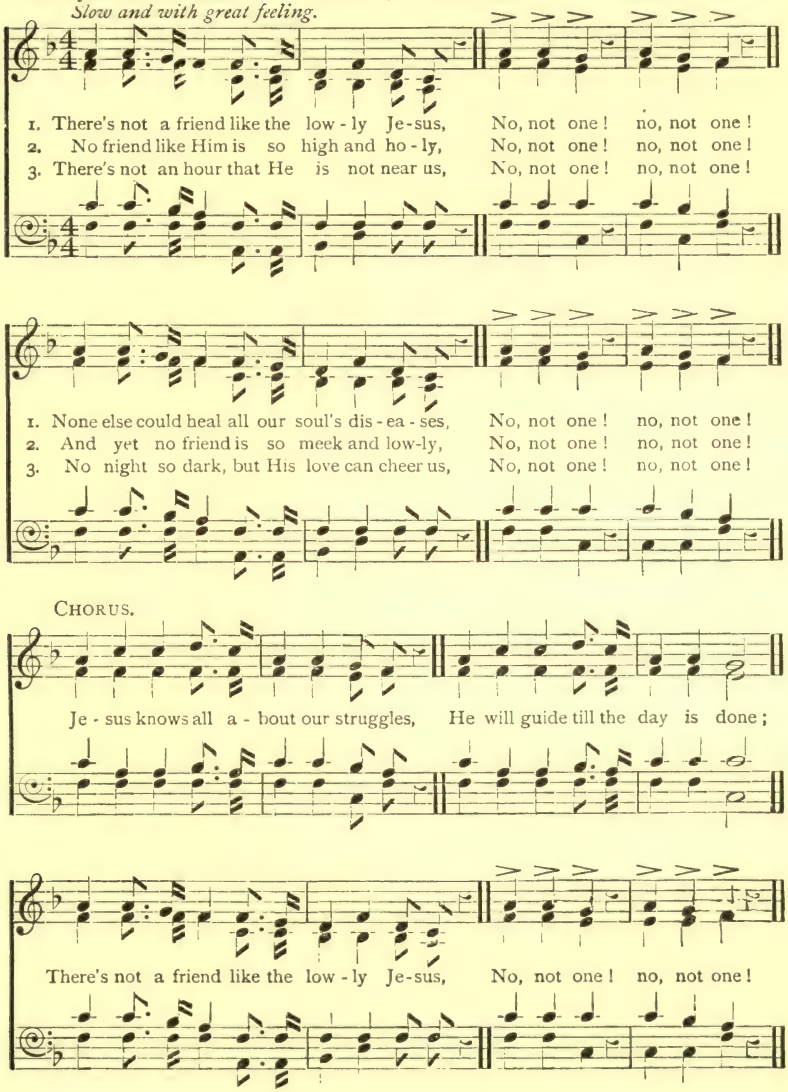
3. For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind:
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

4. Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 515. No, not one.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN. 10.6.10.6., with Refrain. GEO. C. HOGG.

Slow and with great feeling.



4. Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take him?
No, not one! no, not one!

5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?
No, not one! no, not one!
Will He refuse us a Home in Heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

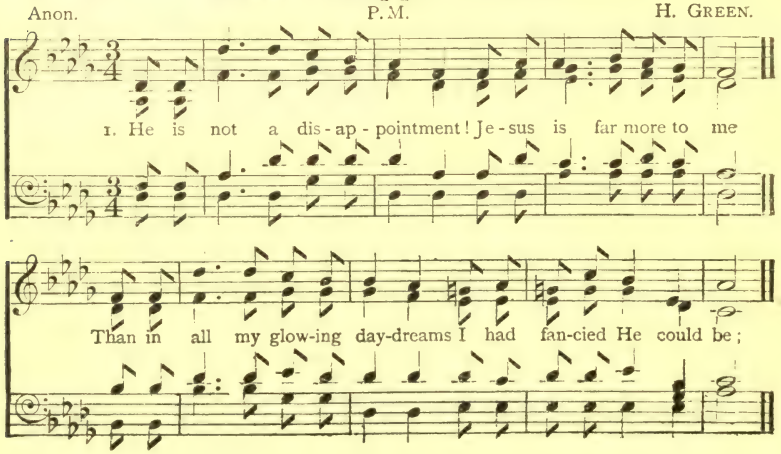
No. 516. In the heart of Jesus.

6.5.6.5. D. C. H. FORREST.



No. 517. Not a disappointment!

Anon. P.M. H. GREEN.





2. He is not a disappointment! He has saved my soul from sin:
All the guilt, and all the anguish, which oppressed my heart within,
He has banished by His presence, and His blessèd kiss of peace
Has assured my heart for ever that His love will never cease.

3. He is not a disappointment! He is coming by-and-by,
In my heart I have the witness that His coming draweth nigh.
All the scoffers may despise me, and no change around may see,
But He tells me He is coming, and that's quite enough for me.

4. He is not a disappointment! He is all in all to me—
Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer; the unchanging Christ is He!
He has won my heart's affections, and He meets my every need;
He is not a disappointment, for He satisfies indeed.

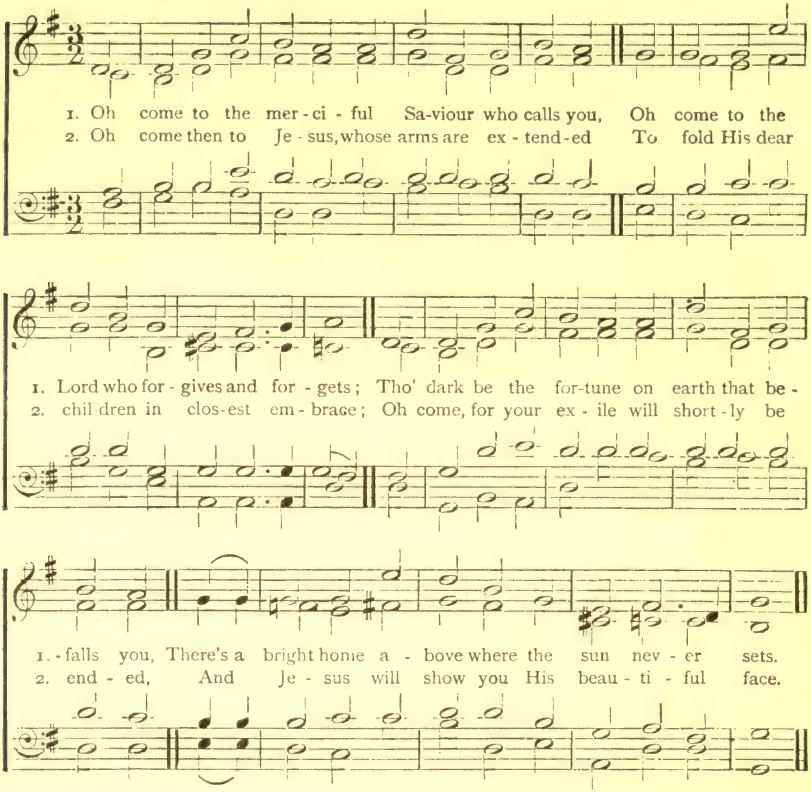
No. 518. Chorus.

To be sung to above Tune.

LET me never disappoint Thee, through my wilfulness or fear,
Knowing, Lord, that Thou art planning how to make my way most clear;
Then whatever Thou appointest, though my reasonings far above,
May I never be offended, resting in Thy mighty love,
May I never be offended, resting in Thy mighty love. *H. Green.*

No. 519. Oh come to the Merciful Saviour.

REV. DR. FABER. 12.11.12.11. REV. E. HUSBAND.

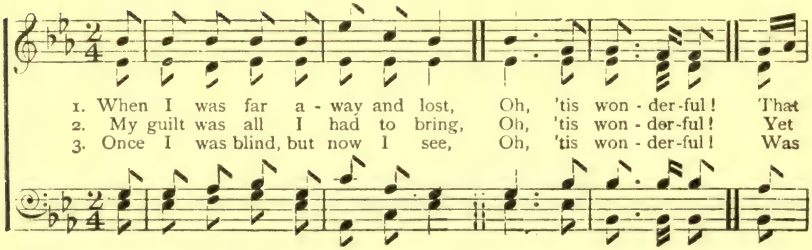


3. Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh, fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood you have spilt.

4. Then come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

No. 520. Oh, 'tis Wonderful!

8.5.8.5., with Refrain. C. H. FORREST.





4. This great salvation all may share,
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
Throughout the world the message bear,
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

5. Come, sinner, now and seek His grace,
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
And find in Him a resting-place,
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

No. 521. Loved!

MEMORIAL. 8.8.8.4. H. ROSS PHILLIPS.



4. Loved, when we leave our native soil,
In heathen lands to live and toil;
Under His shadow nought can foil—
Still we are loved.

5. Time, that affects all things below,
Can never change the love He'll show;
The heart of Christ with love will flow,
And we are loved.

6. Loved in the past of yesterday,
And all along our future way,
And in the present of to-day—
For ever loved.

7. Loved when we sing the glad new song
To Christ, for whom we've waited long,
With all the happy, ransomed throng—
For ever loved.

No. 522. I shall See them again.

REV. E. HUSBAND. P.M. REV. E. HUSBAND.



3. Twas their lives in the past helped to fill me with gladness;
And the future in heaven, the home without sadness;
Where I see them to-day clad in bright robes of whiteness—
In the Land where the weary ones rest.

4. Would I wish for them back from their bright home in heaven?
No! in patience I'll wait till the vail shall be riven,
And the Saviour restores me the friends He has given—
In the Land where the weary ones rest.

No. 523. They are Gathering Homeward.

MARY LESLIE. ONE BY ONE. P.M.

From "The Children's Hymn Book," by per. H. J. E. HOLMES.



2.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one;
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one;
The ways of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spot where our feet may hold;
O Thou who didst pass through at eventide,
Be Thou our strength, and Thy light our Guide,
One by one.

3.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,
One by one;
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one;
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind;
Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in view,
Trustfully, peacefully, shall we pass through,
One by one.

No. 524. Jesus is Passing by.

REV. JAMES STEPHENS. 6.4.6.4.6.4. J. S. MITCHELL.

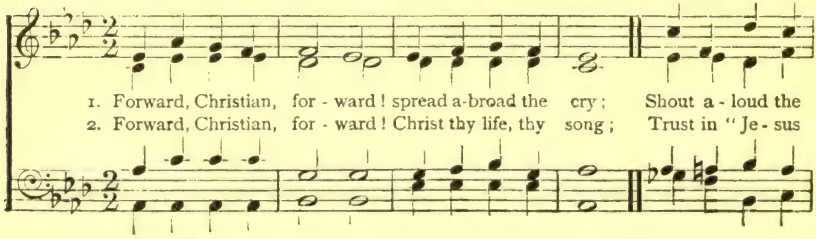


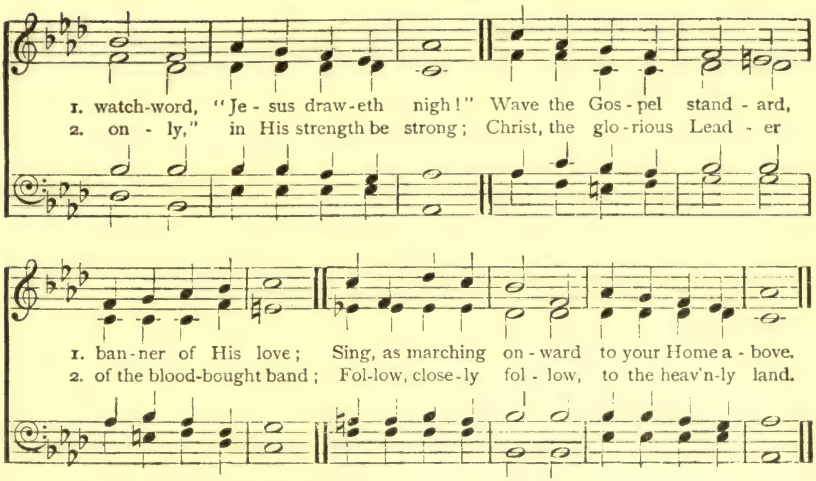
3. Jesus waits patiently,
Hast thou no plea?
Lo! the great God of all
Waiteth for thee!
Bids thee fall near His feet—
Fall at the mercy-seat;
God waits for thee,
God waits for thee.

4. He holds in pierced hand
Thy pardon free;
Purchased on Calvary's Cross,
Purchased for thee:
Take it, and freed from sin,
New life in Him begin:
He died for thee,
He died for thee.

No. 525. Forward, Christian, Forward!

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. EVENTIDE. 11.11.11.11. H. J. E. HOLMES.



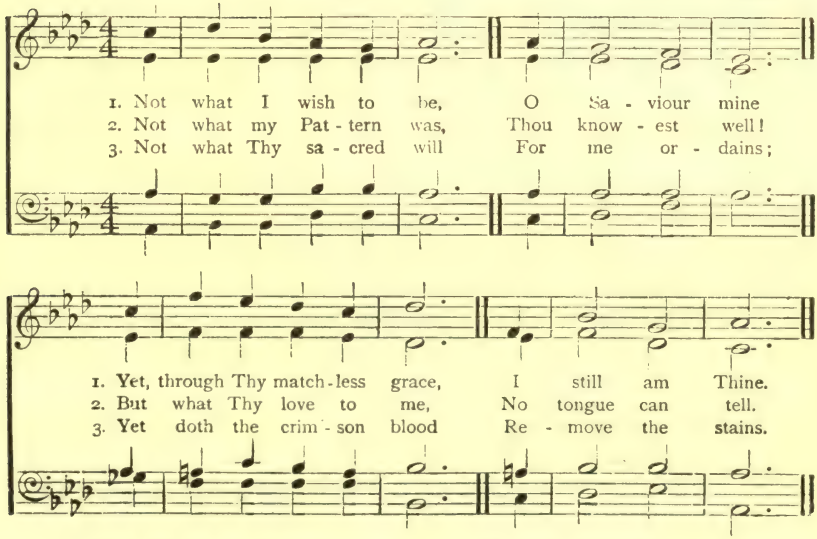


3. Sound your Hallelujahs, praise to Jesus bring;
Magnify His glories, of His coming sing;
Sing amidst the conflict, shout the battle-cry:—
"Jesus Christ is coming; on to victory!"

4. Haste, thou glorious morning! welcome, shadeless day!
Chasing with thy sunlight all our tears away;
Haste, O wondrous moment, when 'midst radiant skies
Sleeping saints and living at His word arise.

No. 526. According to His Mercy.

LUCY A. BENNETT. MERCY. 6.4.6.4. CHAS. H. FORREST.



4. Not yet Thy will is done,
How far I fail!
But precious is the Name
Which doth prevail.

5. Not what one fairer day
I hope to be;
But Jesus is the same—
Mine only plea.

No. 527. Jesus, my Saviour.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS. O QUANTA QUALIA. 10.10.10.10. From LA FEUILLÉE.



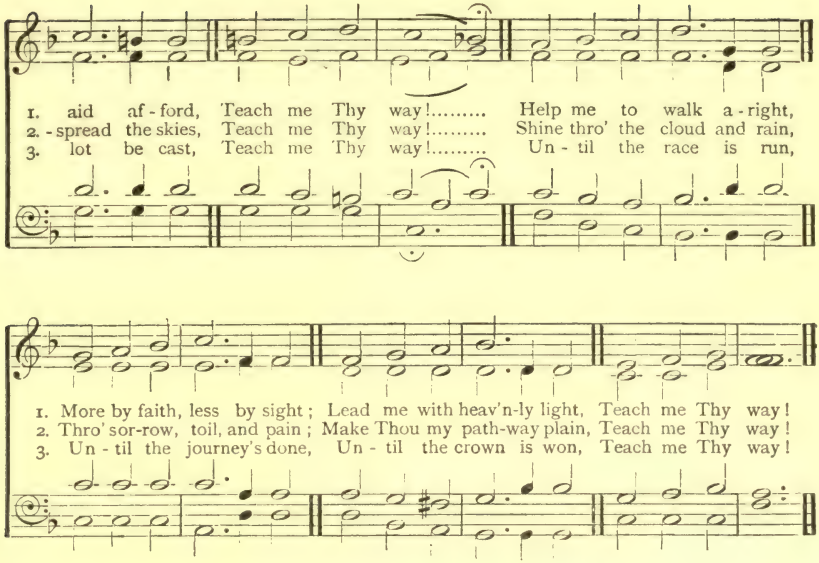
3. Friend of the friendless, I come to be blest,
Joy of the joyless, in Thee I find rest;
Jesus who died upon Calvary's Cross,
Mine is the blessing, but Thine was the loss.

4. Trusting Thee fully, Lord, lest I should fail,
Counting on Thee for the power to prevail;
Learning of Thee every step of the way,
Singing of Thee as I journey each day.

No. 528. Teach me Thy way, O Lord!

B. M. R. 6.4.6.4.6.6.5.4. B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

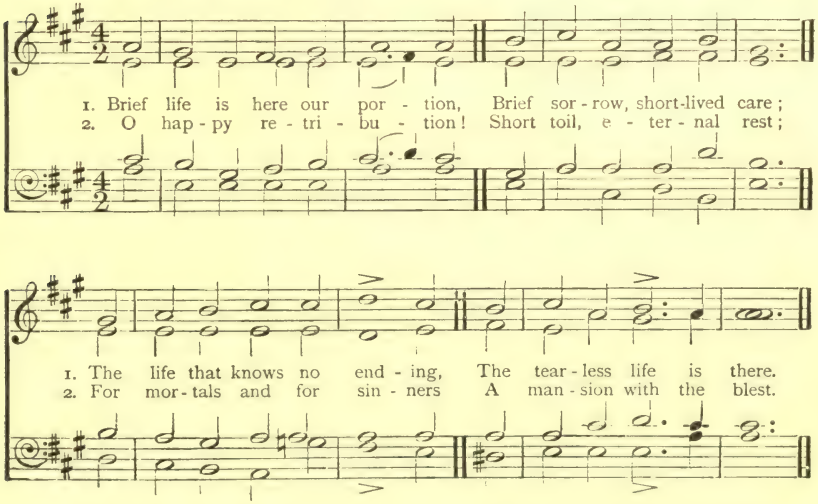




No. 529. Brief life is here our portion.

PISA. 7.6.7.6.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, trans. by J. M. NEALE. W. H. JUDE. By per.



3. And peace, for war is over;
And rest, for toil is past;
And goal of finished striving,
And anchorage at last.

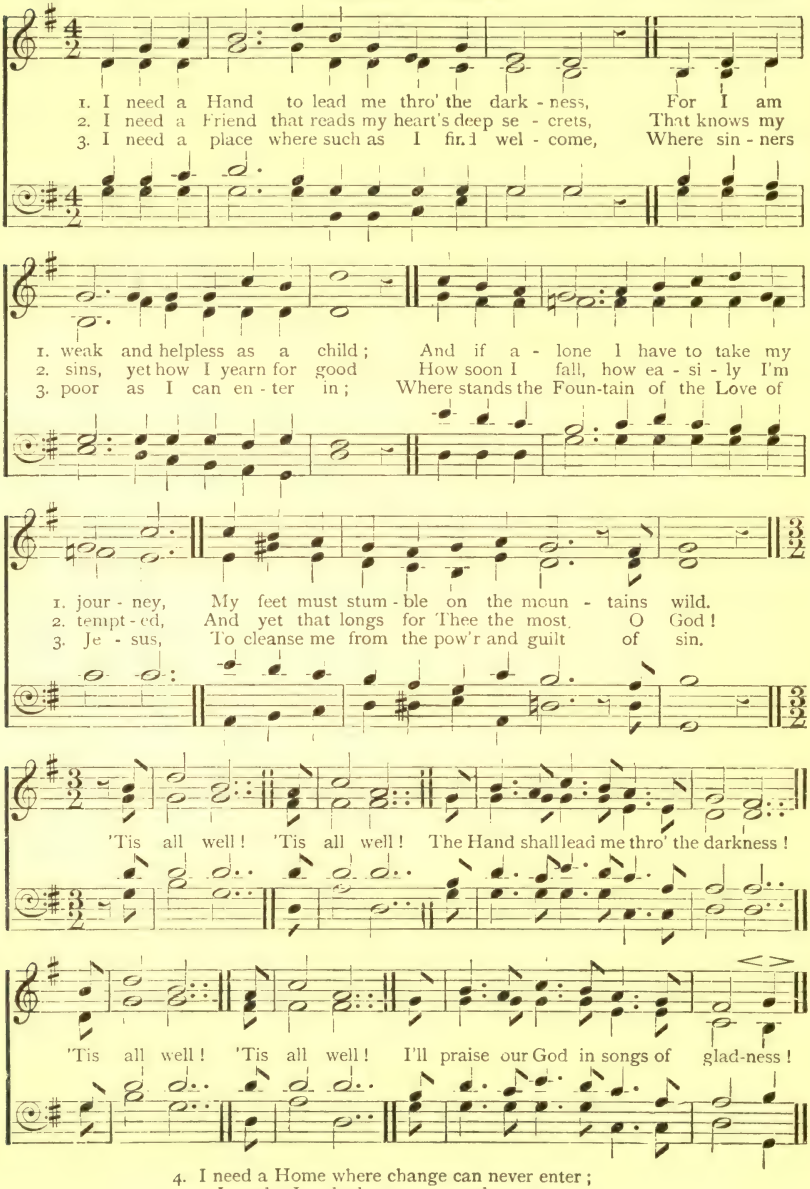
4. For He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they who see and know Him
Shall have Him for their own.

5. Yea, God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

6. Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

No. 530. I need a Hand to lead me.

REV. E. HUSBAND. 11. 10. 11. 10., with Refrain. REV. E. HUSBAND.



4. I need a Home where change can never enter;
I need a Land where weary souls can rest;
Where I shall meet the friends that went before me,
And death ne'er enter in its kingdom blest.

5. Where can I find a friend that never changes?
A perfect peace all free from earthly leav'n?
They both are one!—beyond the stars' sweet shining!
There is no Friend but God, no Home but Heav'n!

No. 531. I was wandering and weary.

REV. DR. FABER. 7.7.7.7.7.7., with Refrain. M. W. STUBBS.
From "Songs of Joy," by per.



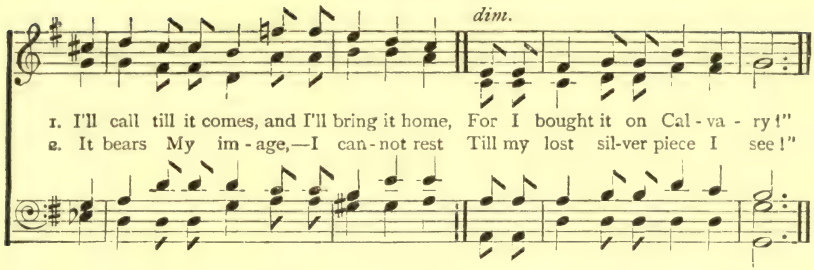
3. At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,—

4. I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,—

No. 532. 'Twas only a missing sheep.

REV. E. HUSBAND. P.M., with Refrain. REV. E. HUSBAND.





3. 'Twas only a prodigal son!
A wanderer far away;
'Twas a sinner poor through sin,
Getting poorer every day.
And what if he had no friend?
And what if he had to roam?
Would such a wild prodigal son
Be a loss to his Father's home?

Answer.

"But though all condemn thee," the Father said,
"Yet not I, for I came to save:
I came to redeem thee from all thy sins,
And to rescue thee from the grave."

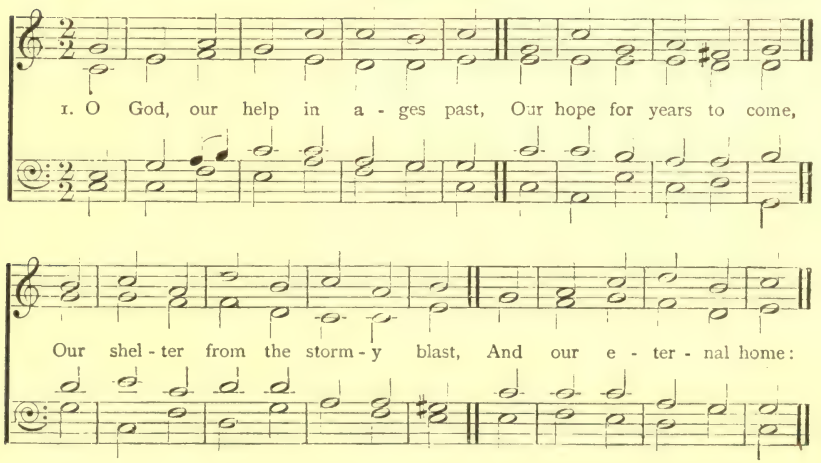
4. The message in Heaven was told;
'Mid music of Angels' choirs,
That a son was born anew
By the Pentecostal Fires:
The fatted calf was killed,
The best of the robes was given,
The lost one was rescued again,
As a child of the Kingdom of Heav'n.

Chorus.

Oh, rejoice! rejoice! for the dead one lives,
And the sound of a welcome blest
Is the foretaste sweet of the Angel-Land
And the calm of the Endless Rest.

No. 533. O God, our help in ages past.

DR. I. WATTS. ST. ANN. C.M. DR. W. CROFT.



2. Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4. A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

No. 534. Out in the Damp and Cold.

LUCY A. BENNETT. CARTON. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. A. J. FOXWELL. *Composed expressly for this Work.*



4. Though not a heart beside
Cared for thy pain;
Though not a human guide,
Earth should retain:
Love that is tried and strong,
Love that has waited long,
Borne on the wings of song,
Calleth again.

5. Turn not the Lord away,
Kingly the Guest!
Think not, "Some other day";
Come and be blest:
Haste to the pierced side,
Bathe in the crimson tide,
Trust in the Crucified;
Here, here is rest!

No. 535. Though Gloomy grows the Night.

1. THOUGH gloomy grows the night,
God is for me!
He leads, all must be right,
God is for me!
Lonely my path may be;
Teach me Thy way to see,
Then shall I sing of Thee,
God is for me!

2. Though heart or flesh may fail,
God is for me!
By Him I shall prevail,
God is for me!
Held by His loving arm,
I fear not Hell's alarm,
To me can come no harm;
God is for me!

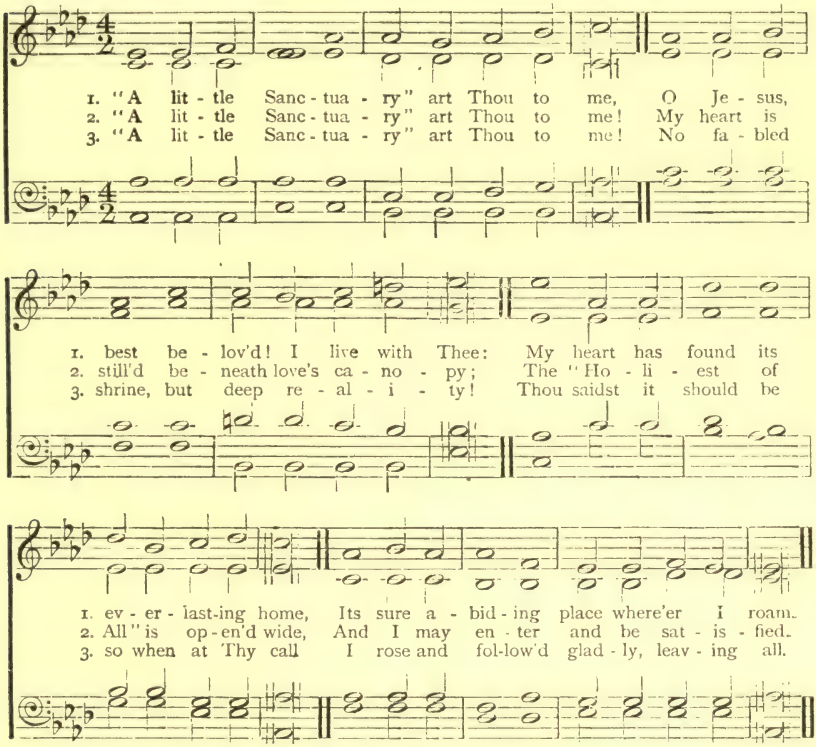
3. In Christ, that blessèd One,
God is for me!
The everlasting Son,
God is for me!
Led by His piercèd hand
Along this weary land
Up to the golden strand:
God is for me!

4. And when amid the throng,
God is for me!
I sing heaven's thrilling song,
God is for me!
As in Thy light I shine,
The joy, the rapture, mine,
The glory shall be Thine:
God is for me!

S. Trevor Francis.

No. 536. A Little Sanctuary.

E. MAY GRIMES. ELLERS. 10.10.10.10. DR. E. J. HOPKINS.
By per. S.A.G.M., Hymn Series, No. 6. By per. from "Book of Praise."



4.

"A little Sanctuary" art Thou to me!
All joyfully I pitch my tent with Thee;
Or ready still to journey at Thy word— [Lord.
"In Thee" I "live and move," most blessèd

5.

"A little Sanctuary" art Thou to me!
I always am "at home" on land or sea;
Alone, yet never lonely now, I prove
The "Hundredfold," Lord Jesus, in Thy love.

No. 537. Commit thy Soul to Me.

1. COMMIT thy soul to Me, the Faithful One;
Roll on Me now the burden of thy care;
Thou hast found pardon through My dying Son;
Now shall thy soul find peace and freedom there.

2. I know Thee, Lord, whom I have trusted now;
And am persuaded Thou canst keep the whole:
I have committed; Thou hast heard my vow;
Thou dost accept: O keep my trusting soul!

3. Kept by the power of God! upon my heart
Inscribed henceforth shall be this golden word,
Which means that Christ and I shall never part;
Kept to salvation by the mighty Lord.

4. The Lord thy Keeper then! 'tis writ for thee
By night and day—wayworn and feeble sheep,
Without, within, He shall thy Guardian be
And e'en to endless ages He shall keep.

Rev. Dr. Elder Cumming.

No. 538. Moment by Moment.

10. 10. 10. 10, with Refrain.

By permission of Messrs. MORGAN & SCOTT.

D. W. WHITTLE. MARY WHITTLE MOODY.



4. Never a heartache, and never a groan,
Never a teardrop, and never a moan;
Never a danger but there on the throne
Moment by moment He thinks of His own.

5. Never a weakness that He doth not feel,
Never a sickness that He cannot heal;
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

No. 539. "Jehovah Tsidkenu."

REV. R. M. McCHEYNE. 6.5.6.5. D. ALFRED HOLLINS, by per.



2.

Like tears from the daughters
Of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters
Went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins
Had nailed to the tree
"Jehovah Tsidkenu"—
'Twas nothing to me.

3.

When free grace awoke me,
By light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me,
I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety,
In self could I see;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu"
My Saviour must be.

4.

My terrors all vanished
Before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished,
With boldness I came
To drink at the fountain,
Life-giving and free:
"Jehovah Tsidkenu"
Is all things to me.

No. 540. Grace there is my every Debt to Pay.

A Chorus.

By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board.

H. H. B. 9.9.9.4. Herbert H. Booth.



No. 541. Could I tell it.

Ina Dulcy Ogdon. 11.11.11.11., with Refrain. P. P. Bilhorn, by per.





2. If I could only tell you how He loves you,
And if we could through the lonely Garden go;
If I could tell His dying pain and pardon,
You would worship at His wounded feet, I know.

3. If I could tell how sweet will be His welcome
In that home whose matchless beauty ne'er was told;
Thy Father's mansions stand by living waters,
And the trees of healing shade the streets of gold.

4. But I can never tell Him as I know Him—
Human tongue can never tell all love divine;
I only can entreat you to accept Him;
You can know Him only when you make Him thine.

No. 542. Love Divine.

P.M.

J. W. MacGill, by per. from "Consecrated Melodies." GEORGE NAEGELI.

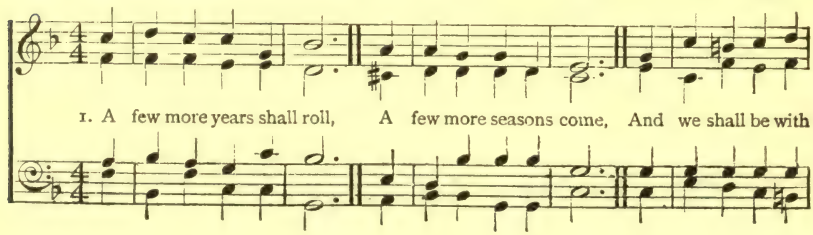


3. Love divine, it draws me to Him;
Here I kneel and humbly sue Him,
Sue Him for a pardon free,
Sue Him for a pardon free;
Gentle Christ, gentle Christ, I come to Thee!

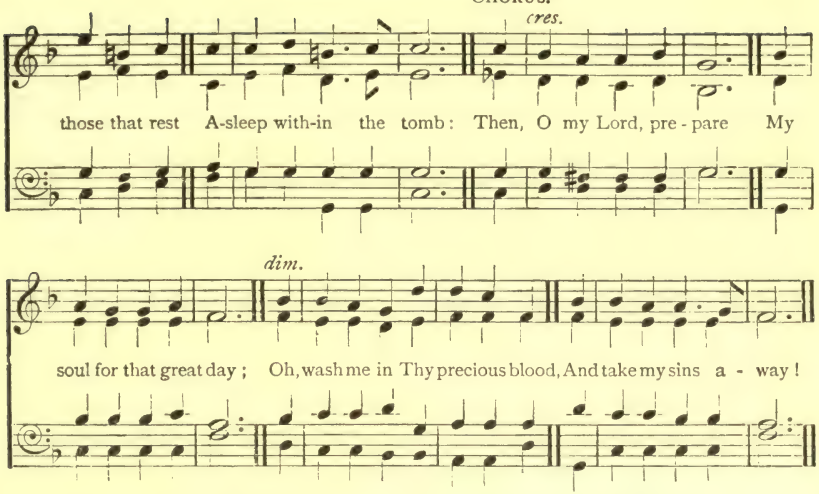
4. I have found what I was craving,
And go forth the lost one saving—
Pointing to the Crucified,
Pointing to the Crucified—
To the Cross, to the Cross where Jesus died.

No. 543. A few more years shall roll.

REV. DR. H. BONAR. CHALVEY. D.S.M. REV. DR. L. G. HAYNE.



CHORUS.



2. A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.

3. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

4. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5. 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live; who lives
That we with Him may reign.

No. 544. The risen Saviour stands.

REV. JOHN P. HOBSON. THELE. 6.6.6.6. REV. JOHN P. HOBSON.



3. I think upon the scorn
Which Thou for me hast borne,
And sigh, when weak and worn,
Lord Jesus, do I love?

4. My faith, O Lord, is weak,
Yet lowlily and meek,
This answer would I speak,
Thou knowest that I love.

No. 545. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended.

REV. J. ELLERTON. ST. CLEMENTS. 9.8.9.8. REV. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



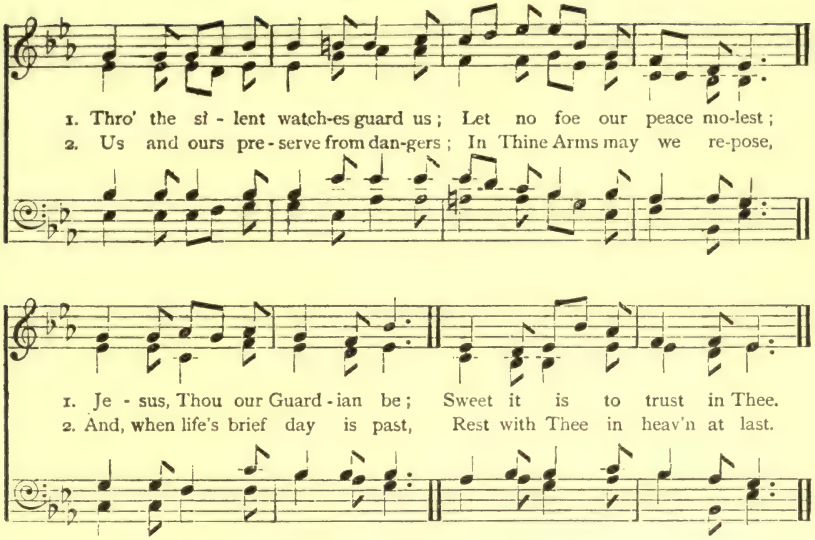
4. The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5. So be it, Lord; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

No. 546. Through the day Thy love.

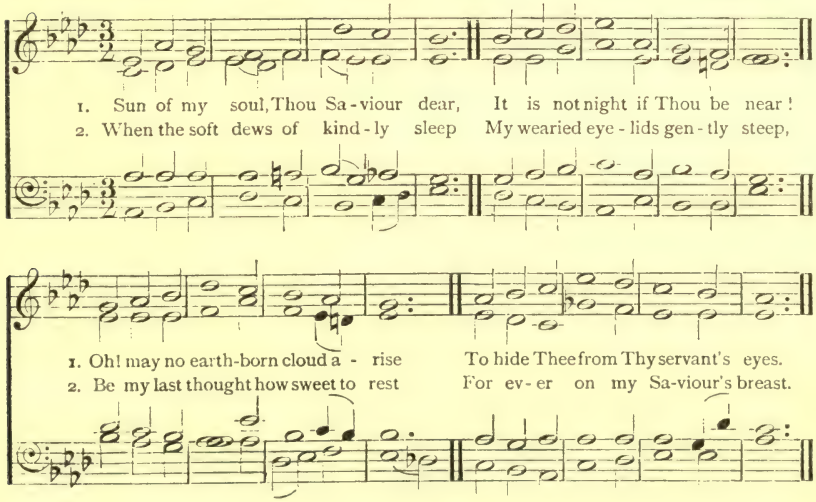
REV. T. KELLY. EVENSONG. 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. J. E. HOLMES.





No. 547. Sun of my soul.

REV. J. KEBLE. ABENDS. L.M. SIR H. S. OAKELEY.



3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4. If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

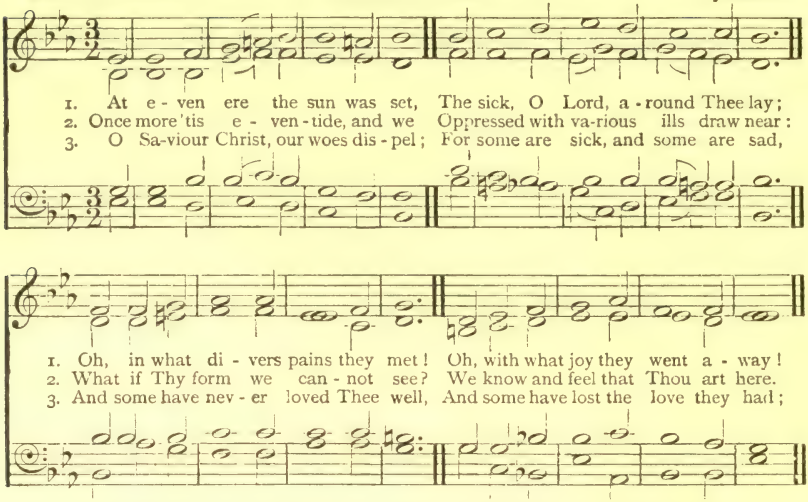
5. Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6. Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above!

May also be sung to No. 551.

No. 548. At even ere the sun was set.

REV. H. TWELLS. ANGELUS. L.M. G. JOSEPH.



4. And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7. Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

No. 549. Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts.

1. JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2. Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee, All in All.

3. We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

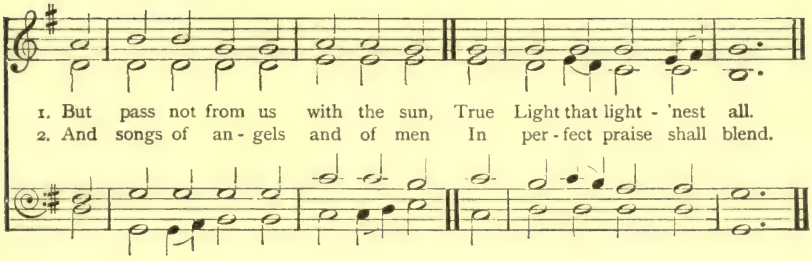
4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast:
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5. O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light. *Bernard of Clairvaux* (*tr.*).

No. 550. Our day of praise is done.

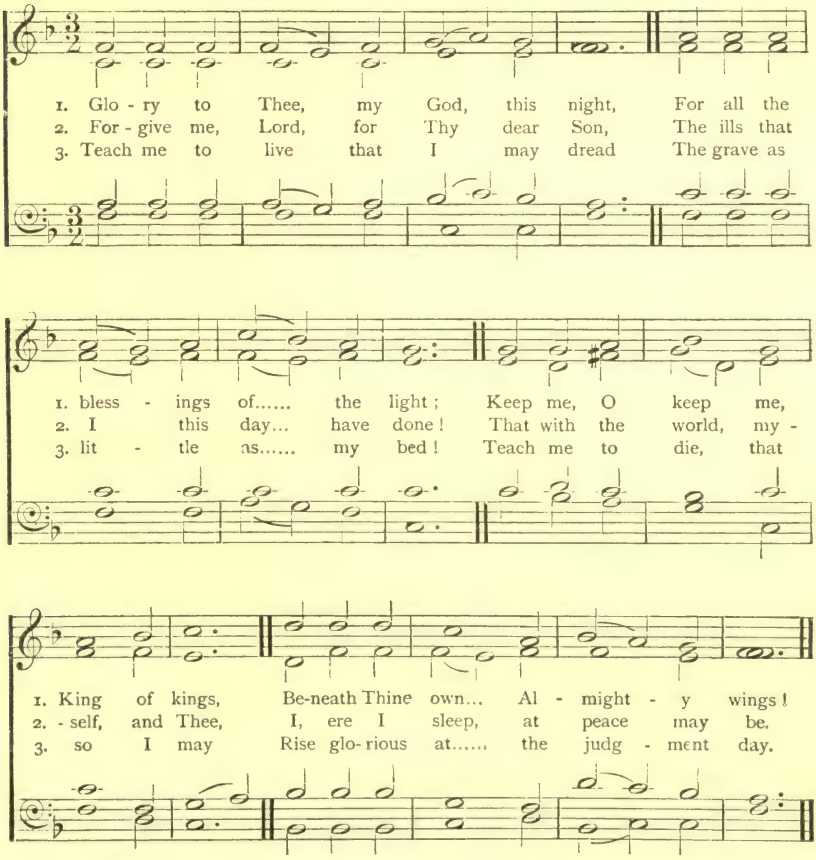
S.M. REV. T. R. H. STURGES.





No. 551. Glory to Thee, my God.

T. KEN. HURSLEY. L.M. P. RITTER.



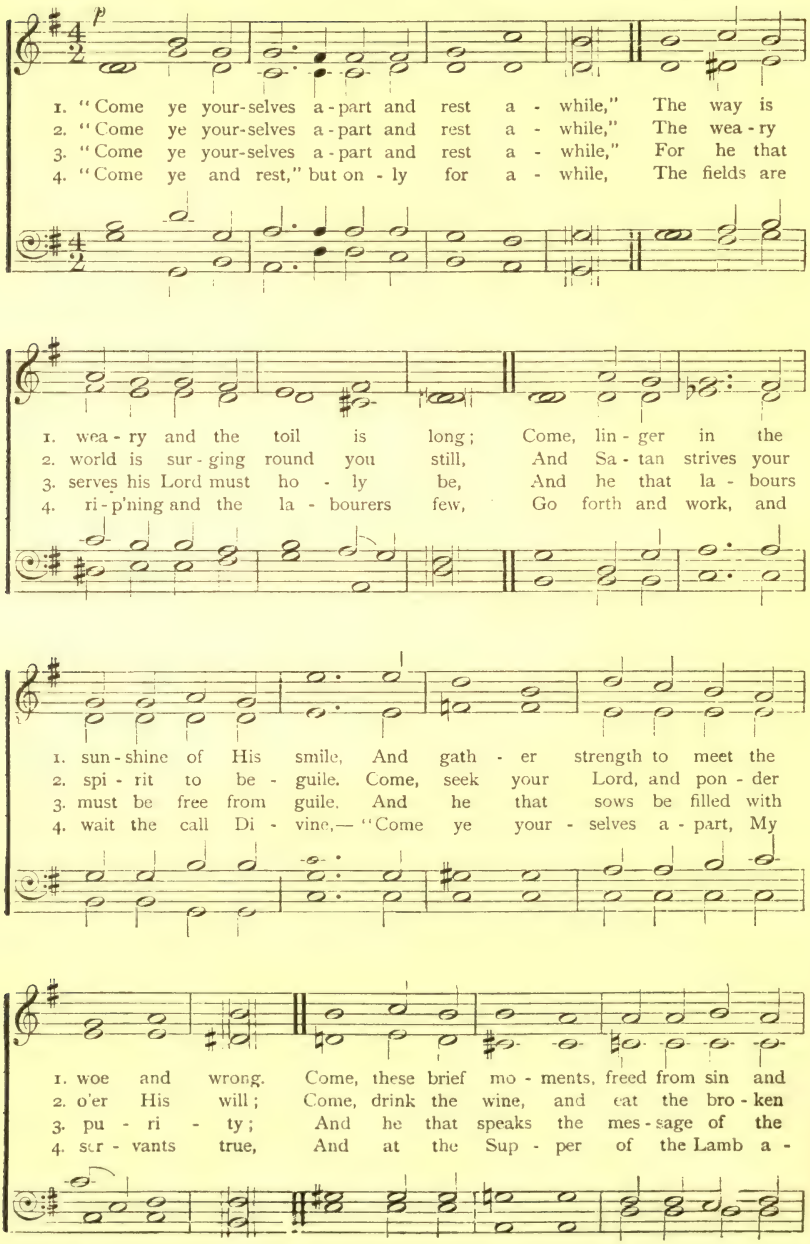
4. If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

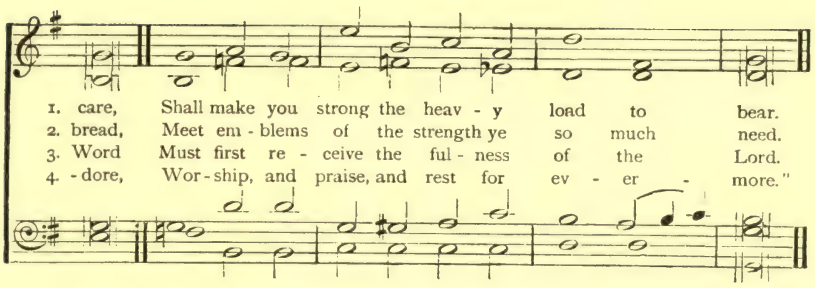
5. Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

No. 552. "Come ye yourselves."

A Communion Hymn.

Mary B. Whiting. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. John E. Gaul.



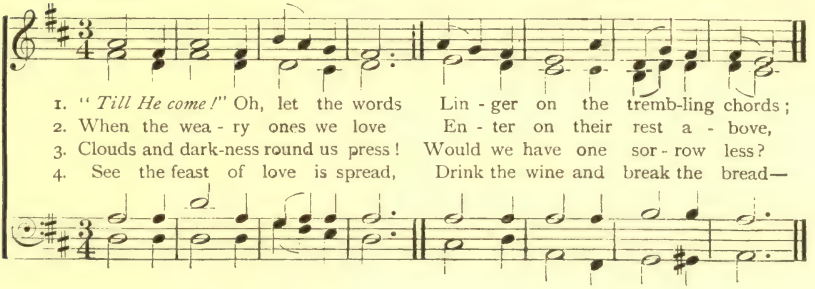


No. 553. "Till He come!"

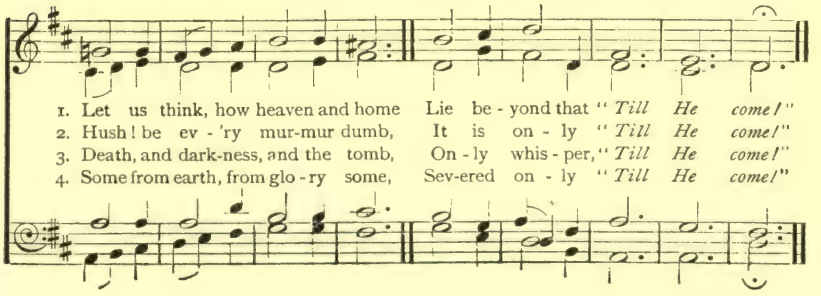
A Communion Hymn.

The Right Rev. Bishop Bickersteth. A. J. Foxwell.

Moderato. Patience. 7.7.7.7.7.7. Written expressly for this Work.

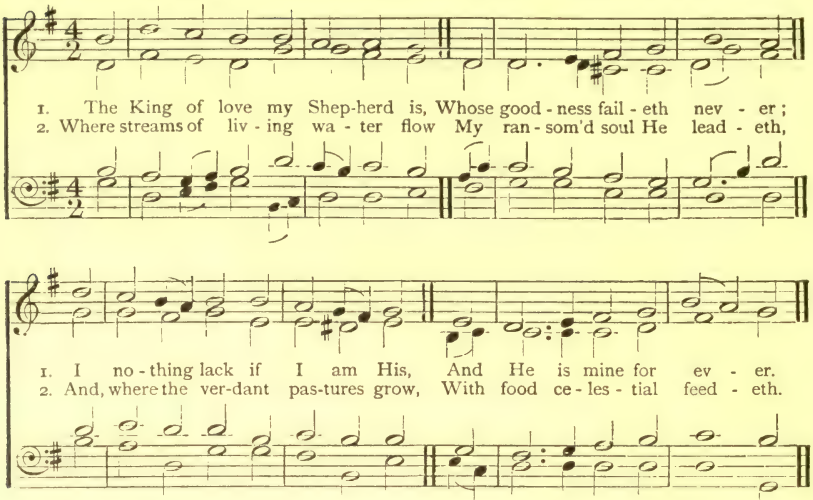






No. 554. The King of love.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER. DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



3. Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

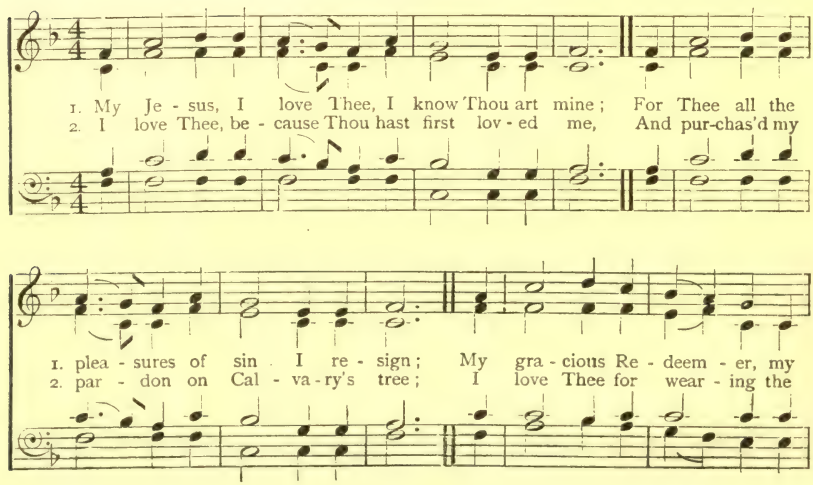
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5. Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;
And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth!

6. And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

No. 555. My Jesus, I love Thee.

11 11.11.11. REV. A. J. GORDON.





3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
"If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!"

4. In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
"If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!"

No. 556. Saviour, like a Shepherd, lead us.

D. THRUPP. 8.7.8.7. D. W. B. BRADBURY.

Smoothly.



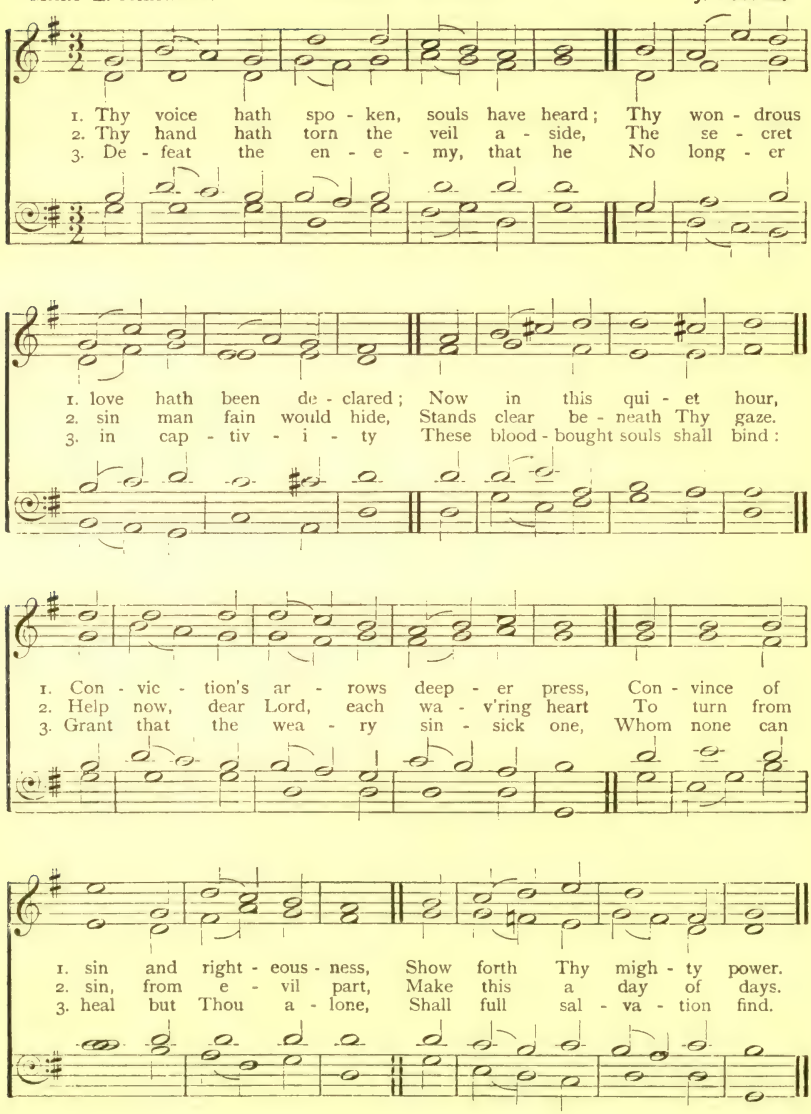
2. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

4. Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 557. Thy voice hath spoken.

(A CLOSING HYMN.)

MARY E. MAXWELL. PEMBROKE. 8.8.6.8.8.6. **J. FOSTER.**



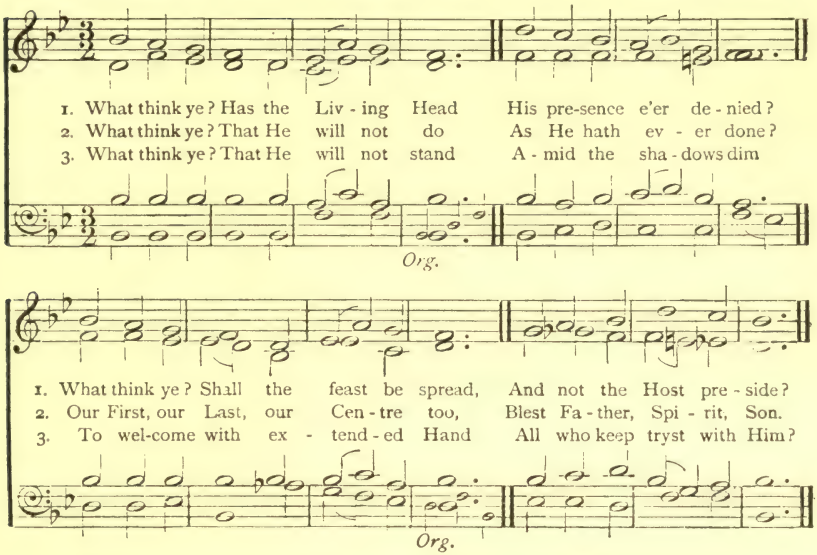
4. Bid chains be broken, fetters yield,
Let wounds incurable be healed,
Set longing captives free:
Hearts long defiled cleanse thro' and thro',
Deep in the inward part make true,
In love and purity.

5. Speak now, O Lord, Thy strong "*I will*,"
The waves of doubt and sorrow still,
And bid the struggling cease,
That yielded lives possessed by Thee
Henceforth Thy witnesses shall be,
Kept in Thy perfect peace.

No. 558. What think ye?

(FOR AN OPENING MEETING.)

LUCY A. BENNETT. SAWLEY. C.M. J. WALCH.



4. Away with all unworthy thoughts!
Prepare the way! Prepare!
Jehovah Shammah thou hast sought?
Be glad. The Lord is there.

5. Seek audience with the Lord of Love,
Expect His face to see,
And this in very truth shall prove
A Peniel to thee.

6. Let Faith extend her mantle wide,
Enlarging her request,
So shall His heart be satisfied
Who loves to give the best.

7. Forecast His blessèd work of grace,
Make straight His paths! Prepare!
Low in the very dust thy place,
We reach high blessing there.

8. What think ye? Lord, our thoughts would be
Lofty and just and true :—
Expectant, as we wait to see
Thy wonders, old and new.

9. Thyself all loyal hearts confess
Incomparably dear;
Yet closer to each other press
Because to Thee so near.

No. 559. As helpless as a child who clings.

1. As helpless as a child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm;

2. So I, my Father, cling to Thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To Thine almighty power.

3. As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace;

4. So I, to Thee, my Saviour, look,
And in Thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

5. As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society;

6. So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love Thee more and more.

Rev. J. D. Burns.

No. 560. Jesus is Calling.

B. M. R. 12.10.12.10. B. M. RAMSEY.

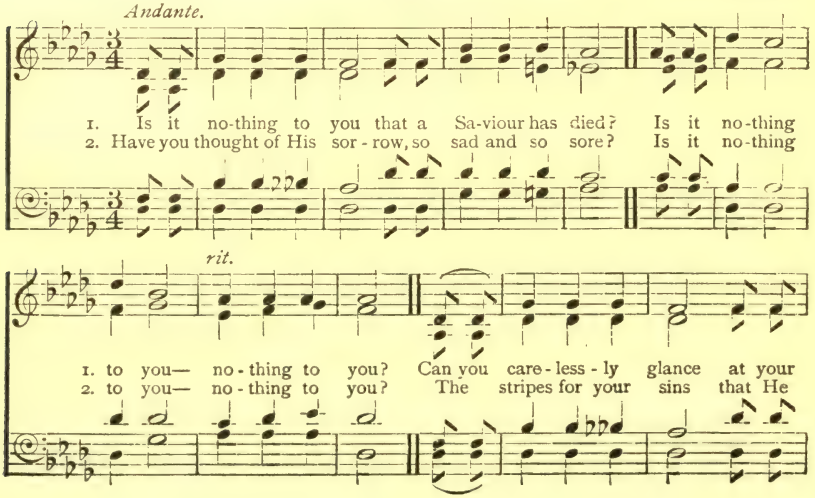
With feeling.



No. 561. Is it Nothing to you?

MRS. E. T. E. POOLE. P.M. H. GREEN.

Andante.





3. Is it nothing to you that time fleeth so fast?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Is it nothing to you that a life-mile is passed?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Is it nothing to you that eternity nears;
That nought lies before you but trembling and tears;
And the day of dread judgment when Jesus appears?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?

4. The Redeemer now calls, will you still turn away?
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
There is danger in doubting and death in delay;
Is it nothing to you—nothing to you?
Oh, then flee to the Cross and respond to His call;
He will save from the sins that now chain and enthral;
He will welcome you gladly and pardon you all:
Is this nothing to you—nothing to you?

No. 562. Oh, the Love that sought me!

A. J. GORDON. P.M. W. SPENCER WALTON.



4. I'm sitting in His presence,
The sunshine of His face,
While with adoring wonder
His blessings I retrace.
It seems as if eternal days
Are far too short to sound His praise.

5. So while the hours are passing,
All now is perfect rest;
I'm waiting for the morning,
The brightest and the best,
When He will call us to His side,
To be with Him, His spotless Bride.

No. 563. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT. P.M. JNO. R. SWENEY.



3. There is springtime in my soul to-day,
For when the Lord is near
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.

4. There is gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys "laid up" above.

No. 564. God be with you!

REV. DR. J. E. RANKIN.* P.M. W. G. TOMER.



3. God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you—
God be with you till we meet again!

4. God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again!

* *As originally composed, by special request of the Author.*

No. 565. Tenderly Guide us.

8.8.8.7., with Refrain.

MRS. W. R. GRISWOLD. By permission of The John Church Company. G. F. ROOT.



No. 566. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head.

MRS. COUSIN. C.M. Six lines. IRA D. SANKEY.

Slow.



3. Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

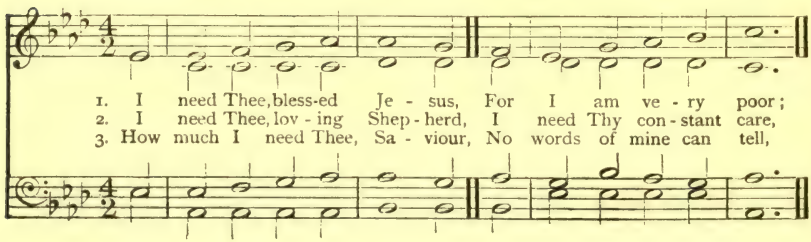
4. The tempest's awful voice was heard,
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5. Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

No. 567. I need Thee, blessed Jesus.

V. M. HEMSLEY. NEED. 7.6.7.6. D. VIOLET M. HEMSLEY.





No. 568. I need Thee, precious Jesus!

1. I NEED Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee:
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and comfort,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To bear my every burden,
And all my sorrow share.

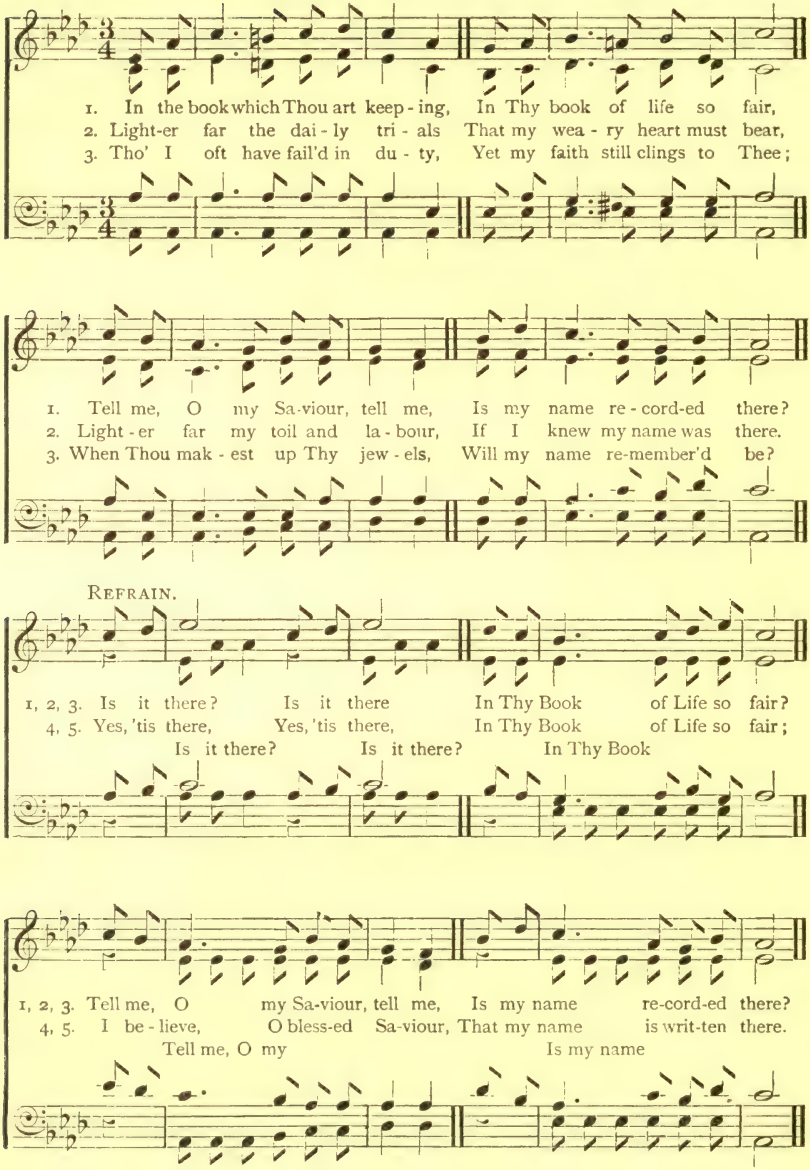
4. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fulness,
To lead me on my way;
I need Thy Holy Spirit,
To teach me what I am—
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

5. I need Thee, precious Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought people,
My joy shall ever be
To praise Thee, precious Jesus!
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

Rev. F. Whitfield.

No. 569. Is it there?

FANNY J. CROSBY. *Copyright.* 8.7.8.7., with Refrain. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



4. Let me hear Thy loving Spirit
Softly whisper, "All is well";
That my name in light is shining,
Where I soon with Thee shall dwell.

5. When from earth my thoughts are roaming
To the heav'nly mansions fair,
Let me feel the sweet assurance
That my humble name is there.

No. 570. Jesus saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

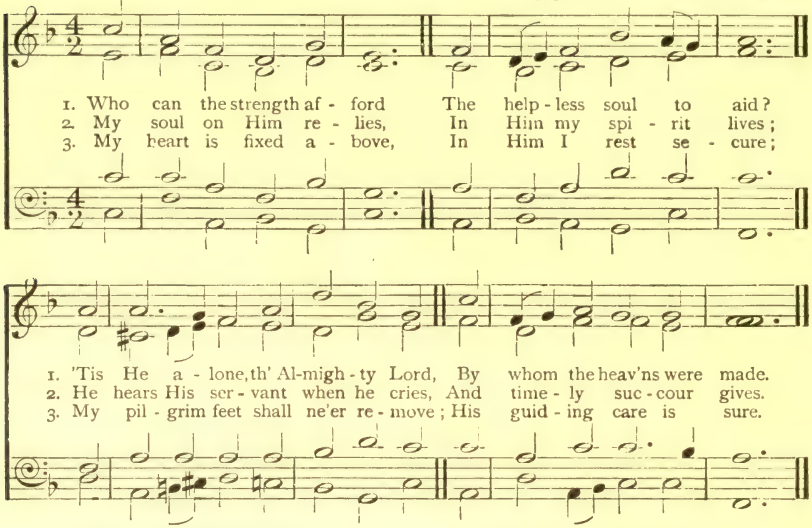


3. Sing above the battle's strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves—
Sing, in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

4. Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves!
This our song of victory:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

No. 571. Who can the strength afford?

REV. HENRY MOULE. DAY OF PRAISE. S.M. DR. CHARLES STEGGALL.
By per. from "Book of Praise."

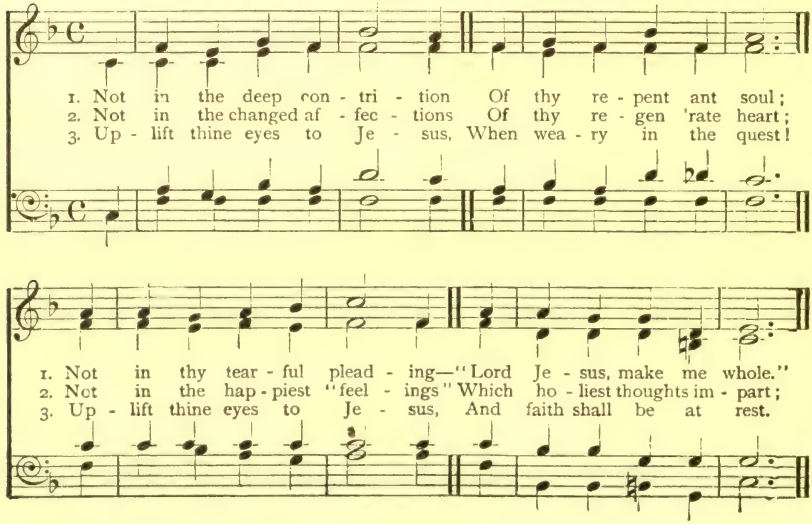


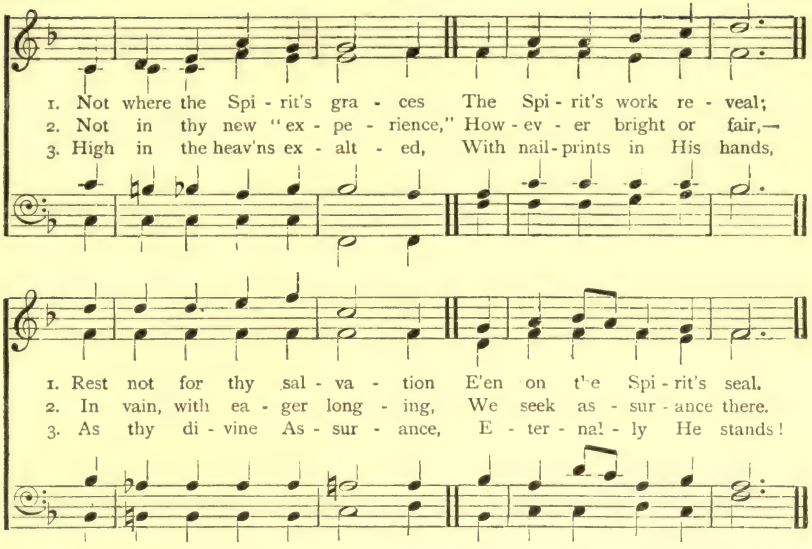
4. His never-slumbering eye
My onward course attends;
His powerful presence, always nigh,
From all my foes defends.

5. He saves my soul from doubt,
From terror, grief, and sin;
His love preserves my going out
And hails my entering in!

No. 572. Not in the deep contrition.

LUCY A. BENNETT. GOLDEN CITY. 7.6.7.6. D. H. J. E. HOLMES.





4. The very crown of glory,
Which wreathes His kingly brow,
Declares thy guilt atoned for,
And peace thy portion now.
Thy sins are gone for ever,
"He liveth who was dead,"—
That Blessèd One, our "Surety,"
Who suffered in our stead.

5. Peace to each troubled conscience!
Redemption's work is done!
Jehovah gave "assurance"
By raising up His Son!
Now, free from condemnation,
Free from the law's great claim,
Give glory everlasting
To His belovèd Name!

No. 573. O teach me what it meaneth.

1. O TEACH me what it meaneth—
That Cross uplifted high,
With One—the Man of Sorrows—
Condemned to bleed and die!
O teach me what it cost Thee
To make a sinner whole;
And teach me, Saviour, teach me
The value of a soul!

2. O teach me what it meaneth—
That sacred crimson tide—
The blood and water flowing
From Thine own wounded side.
Teach me that if none other
Had sinned, but I alone,
Yet still, Thy Blood, O Jesus,
Thine only, must atone.

3. O teach me what it meaneth—
Thy love beyond compare,
The love that reacheth deeper
Than depths of self-despair!
Yea, teach me, till there gloweth
In this cold heart of mine
Some feeble, pale reflection
Of that pure love of Thine.

4. O teach me what it meaneth,
For I am full of sin;
And grace alone can reach me,
And love alone can win.
O teach me, for I need Thee—
I have no hope beside,—
The chief of all the sinners
For whom the Saviour died!

5. O teach me what it meaneth,
The "rest" which Thou dost give
To all the "heavy-laden"
Who look to Thee and live.
Because I am a rebel
Thy pardon I receive:
Because Thou dost command me,
I can, I *do* believe!

6. O infinite Redeemer!
I bring no other plea,
Because Thou dost invite me
I cast myself on Thee.
Because Thou dost accept me
I love and I adore;
Because Thy love constraineth,
I'll praise Thee evermore!

Lucy A. Bennett

No. 574. "Home! Light! Home!"

MRS. ANNA SHIPTON (altered). P.M.



2. "Home! Light! Home!" with the Friend that can never change,
'Midst the boundless stores of a Saviour's love unfettered and free to range:
They wait for Him there on high, who watched for Him here before;
And the song of praise on their joyful lips shall falter in death no more.

3. "Home! Light! Home!" A home 'mid the ransomed band;
Drinking of fountains that never fail, led by a Saviour's hand:
Never to hunger or thirst, never to faint or fear;
Only to live in the light of His smile who guided their footsteps here.

4. "Home! Light! Home!" Do *you* look to a Father's home?
Do *you* point to the light that has gladdened *your* path, and cry to the wanderer "Come"?
Do *you* dwell on a Saviour's truth? Do *you* yearn o'er the blind man's night?
Go, seek ye the souls that are sinking in death, and tell them of Home and Light!

No. 575. We have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. 10.9.10.9., with Refrain. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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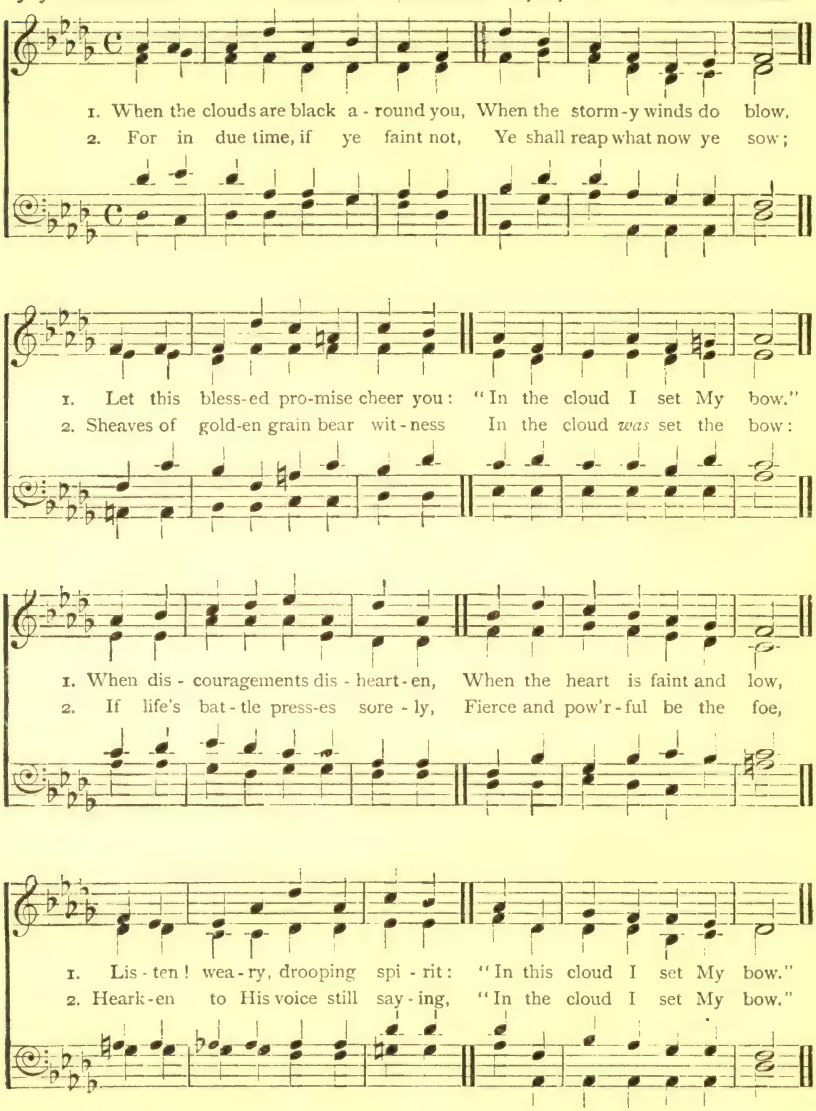
It will surely hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the vail.

5.

When our eyes behold, through the glaring night,
The city of gold, our harbour bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shore,
With the storms all past for evermore.

No. 576. When the Clouds are Black.

J. J. BLUNDELL. ST. ANDREW'S, CHELTENHAM. 8.7.8.7. D. M. L. STOCKS.



3. For in faith's whole armour clothèd,
Victory's certain—this we know;
We shall prove through fiercest conflict
In the cloud was set the bow:
When we come to death's dark valley,
Through in triumph we shall go;
For He says, who never leaves us:
"In *this* cloud I set My bow."

4. Blessèd promise! sure and precious,
Lighting darkness, conquering foe;
Praise we Thee, that not in sunshine,
But in cloud is set the bow:
Then as round His throne we gather,
All life's mysteries we shall know;
Comprehend why in the darkness
Of the cloud He set His bow.

No. 577. It is Well with my Soul!

P.M., with Refrain.

H. G. SPAFFORD. By per. The John Church Company. P. P. BLISS.



3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!

4. For me, be it Christ, be it Chirst hence to live;—
If Jordan above me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

No. 578. Precious, Precious Blood of Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 8.5.8.3., with Refrain. REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

Tenderly.



4. Precious blood that hath redeemed us!
   All the price is paid!
   Perfect pardon now is offered,
   Peace is made.

5. Now the holiest with boldness
   We may enter in;
   For the open fountain cleanseth
   From all sin.

6. Precious blood, by this we conquer
   In the fiercest fight,
   Sin and Satan overcoming
   By its might.

7. Precious blood whose full atonement
   Makes us nigh to God!
   Precious blood, our way of glory,
   Praise and laud.

No. 579. He Knows it All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET.

7.6.7.6. D.
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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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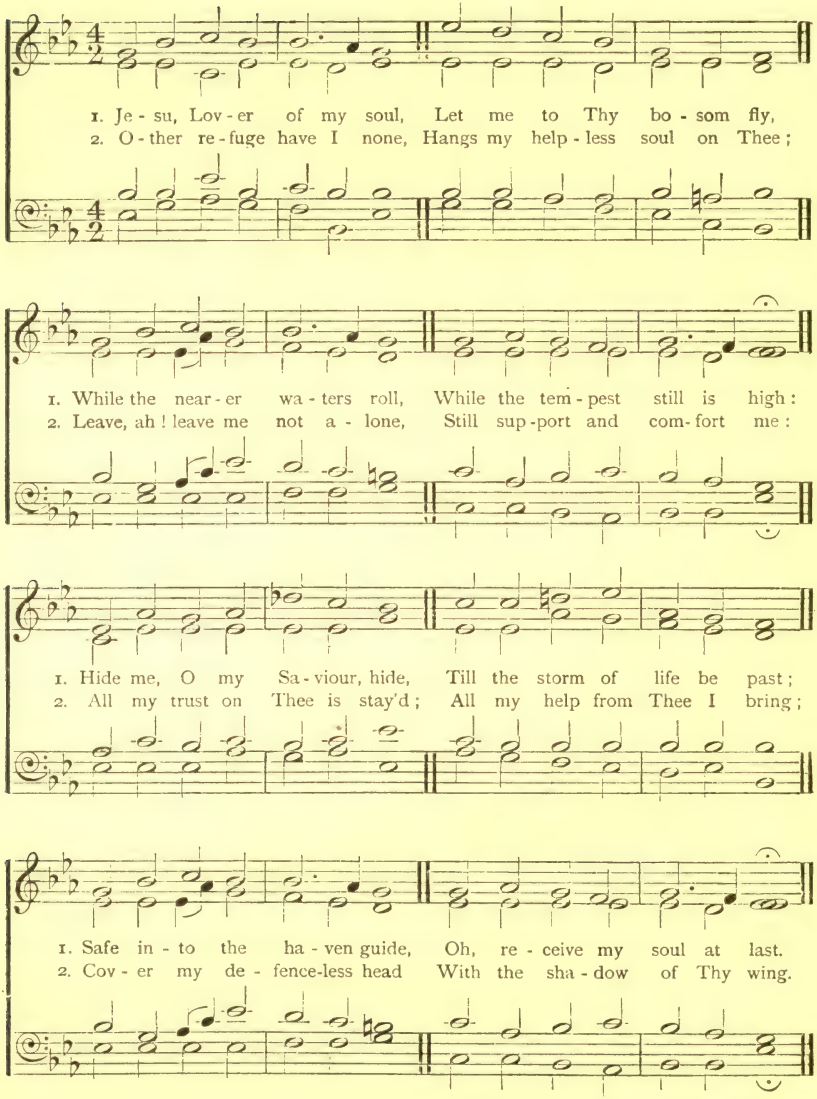
O cling to thy Redeemer,
Thy Saviour, Brother, Friend;
Believe and trust His promise
To keep thee to the end:
O watch and wait with patience,
But question not His will;
His arms of love and mercy
Are round about thee still.

3.

Look up, the clouds are breaking,
The storm will soon be o'er;
And thou shalt reach the haven
Where sorrows come no more.
Look up, be not discouraged;
Trust on, whate'er befall;
Remember, O remember,
Thy Saviour knows it all.

No. 580. Jesu, Lover of my soul.

REV. C. WESLEY. HOLLINGSIDE. 7.7.7.7. D. REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

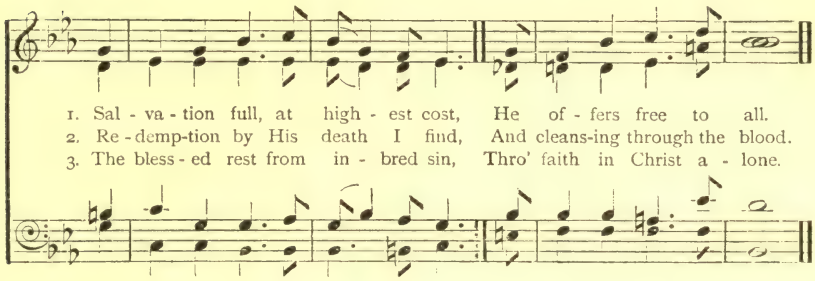
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

No. 581. God loved the world of sinners lost.

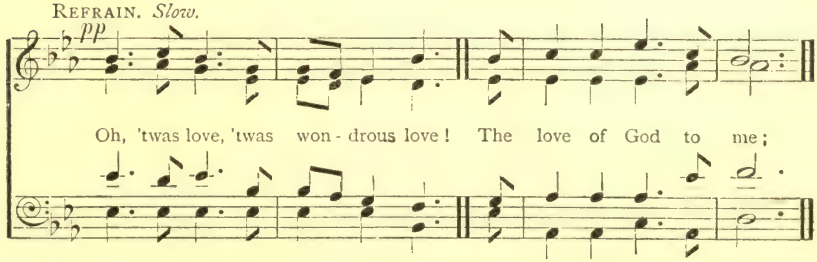
MRS. STOCKTON. C.M., with Refrain. W. G. FISCHER.

Moderato.





REFRAIN. *Slow.*





4. Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing;
And triumph in their every hour,
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.

No. 582. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

A. M. TOPLADY. PETRA. 7.7.7.7.7.7. R. REDHEAD.

Quietly.



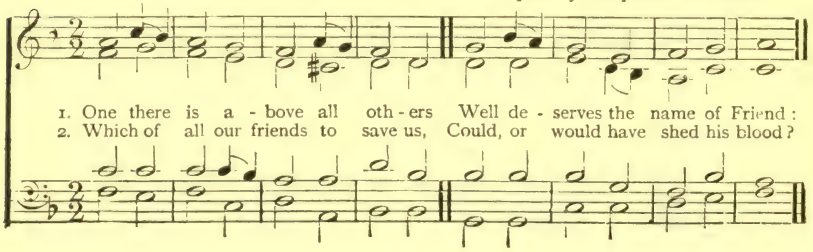
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 583. One there is above all others.

REV. JOHN NEWTON. THIRSK. 8.7.8.7.7.7. A. J. FOXWELL.

Specially composed for this work.





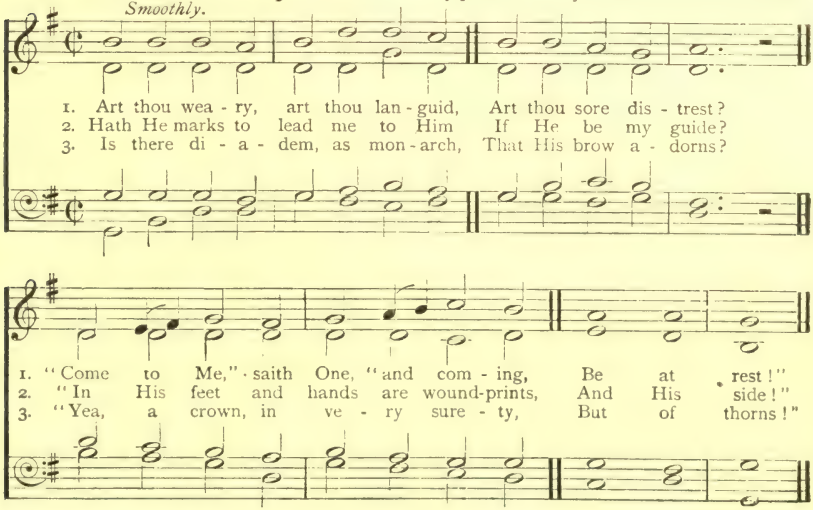
3. When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4. O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But, when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

No. 584. Art thou weary, art thou languid?

STEPHANOS. 8.5.8.3. REV. SIR H. W. BAKER.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE, tr. J. M. NEALE. By per. from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."



4. If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear!"

5. If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

6. If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes!'"

No. 585. Dear Lord and Master mine.

T. H. GILL. CROMER. S.M. ARTHUR PAGE.



3. No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind:
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

4. I would not walk alone,
But still with Thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of Thee the road.

5. The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

6. Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true:
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

No. 586. Not all the blood of beasts.

1. NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

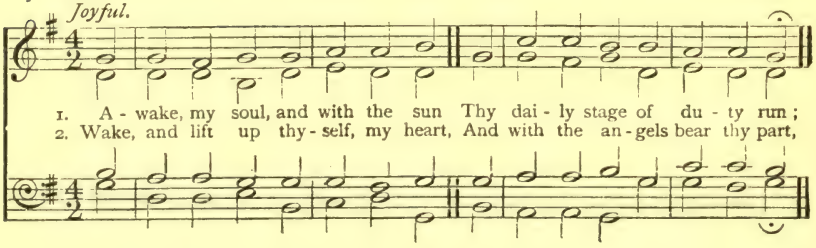
4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

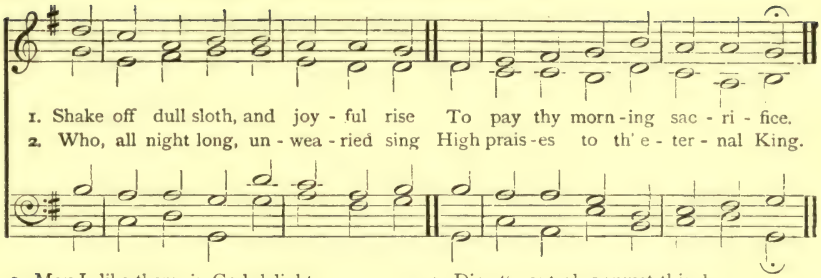
5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Rev. I. Watts.

No. 587. Awake, my soul.

J. KENT. TALLIS' CANON. L.M. T. TALLIS.





3. May I, like them, in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight!
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.

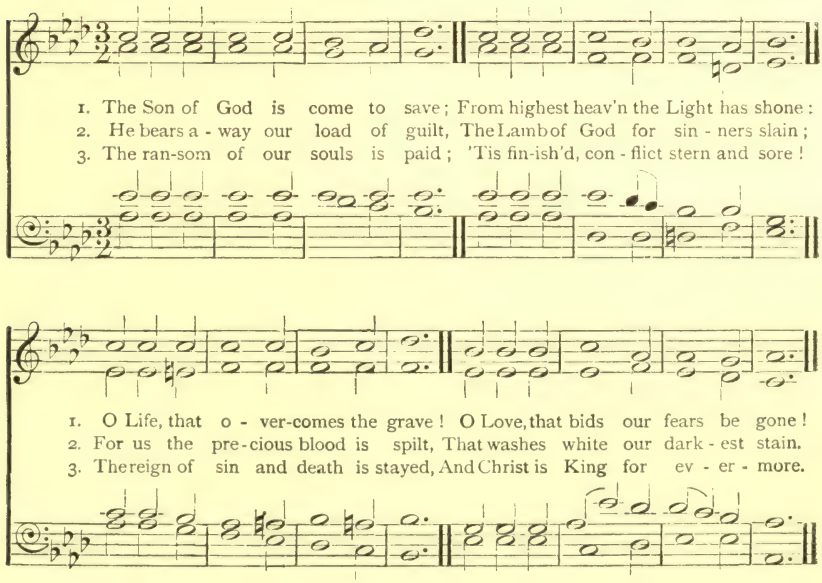
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5. Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6. Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

No. 588. The Son of God is come to save.

W. J. GOVAN. PENTECOST. L.M. REV. W. BOYD.



4. O Life, that overcomes the grave!
O Love, that bids our fears be gone!
The Son of God is come to save;
Thro' deepest dark the Light has shone.

5. His grace and love are still the same,
Victorious on the Father's throne;
And every soul that pleads His name,
He gladly welcomes as His own.

6. None other hope or help have we,
Behold, we come with all our sin;
O Christ! from darkening skies we flee,
Thy wounded hand will take us in.

7. O Love, that bids our fears be gone!
O Life, that overcomes the grave!
Within our hearts the Light has shone;
The Son of God is come to save!

No. 589. There's Peace that passes Telling.

7.7.7.7., with Chorus.

J. W. MacGill. By per. from "Consecrated Melodies." Highland.
Arr. by C. W. & E. M.



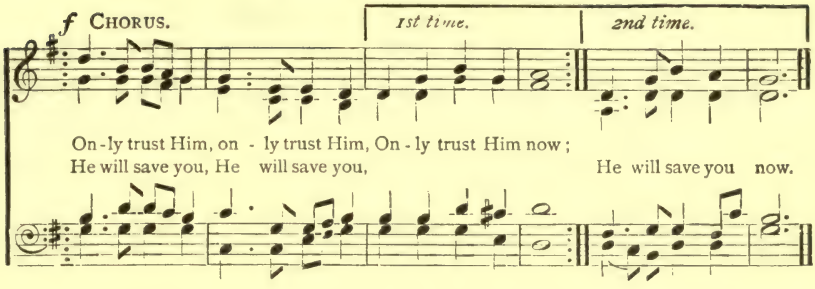
3. There's hope, all else excelling,
When Christ, all sin expelling,
Has closed thy mad rebelling,
The Christ who *reigns* for thee.

4. There's bliss beyond all measure,
When Christ His ransomed treasure
Shall call to glory's pleasure,
The Christ who *welcomes* thee.

No. 590. Only Trust Him.

REV. J. H. S. C.M., with Refrain. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.





3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4. Come then, and join the holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 591. When this Passing World is Done.

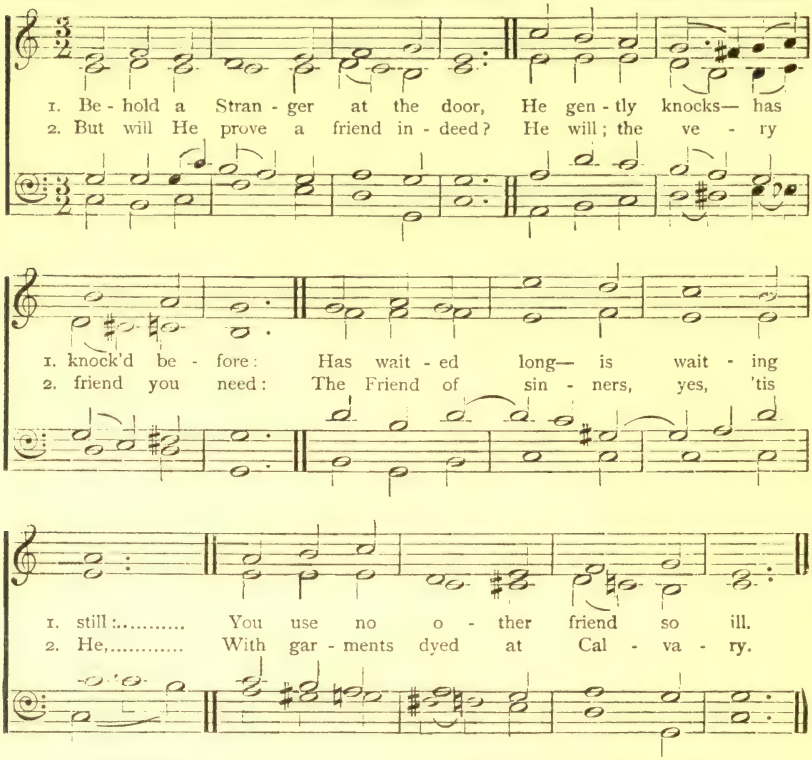
REV. R. M. McCHEYNE. DEBTOR. 7·7·7·7·7·7. G. A. DAVIES.



May also be sung to No. 582.

No. 592. Behold a Stranger at the Door.

GREGG. CAHIR ABBEY. L.M. REV. G. C. GRUBB.



3. O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4. Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door, denied, you'll stand:

5. Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

6. Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind.

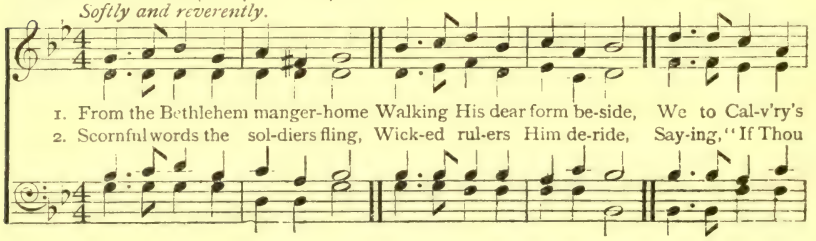
No. 593. They Crucified Him.

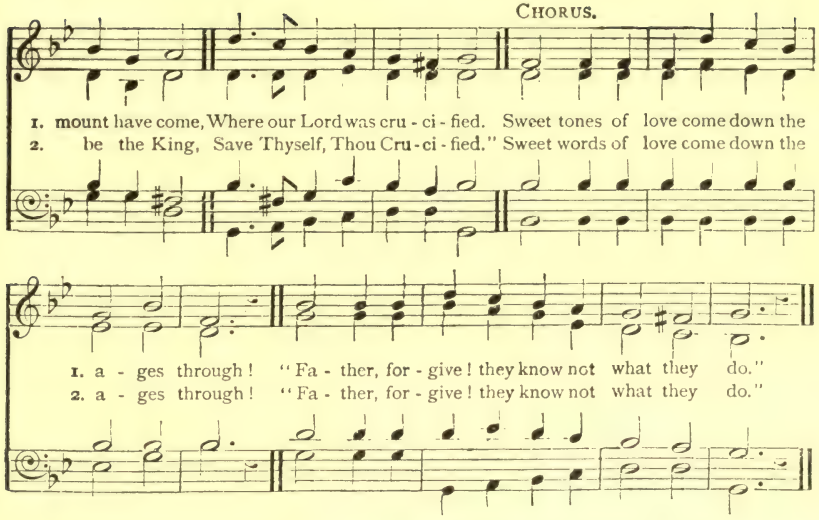
P.M.

By permission of The John Church Company.

MRS. M. B. SLADE (ver. 4, L. A. B.). GEO. F. ROOT.

Softly and reverently.





3. Wondrous love for sinful men,
Of the Sinless One that died!
May we wound Thee not again,
Thou, O Christ, the Crucified!
Sweet words of love, etc.

4. Keep us by Thy mighty hand
Till we cross the swelling tide;
Till we reach the golden land
Whose fair King was crucified.
Sweet tones of love, etc.

No. 594. Look to Jesus.

CANON W. HAY AITKEN. CAPERNAUM. 7.7.7.7. R. REDHEAD.

Grave.

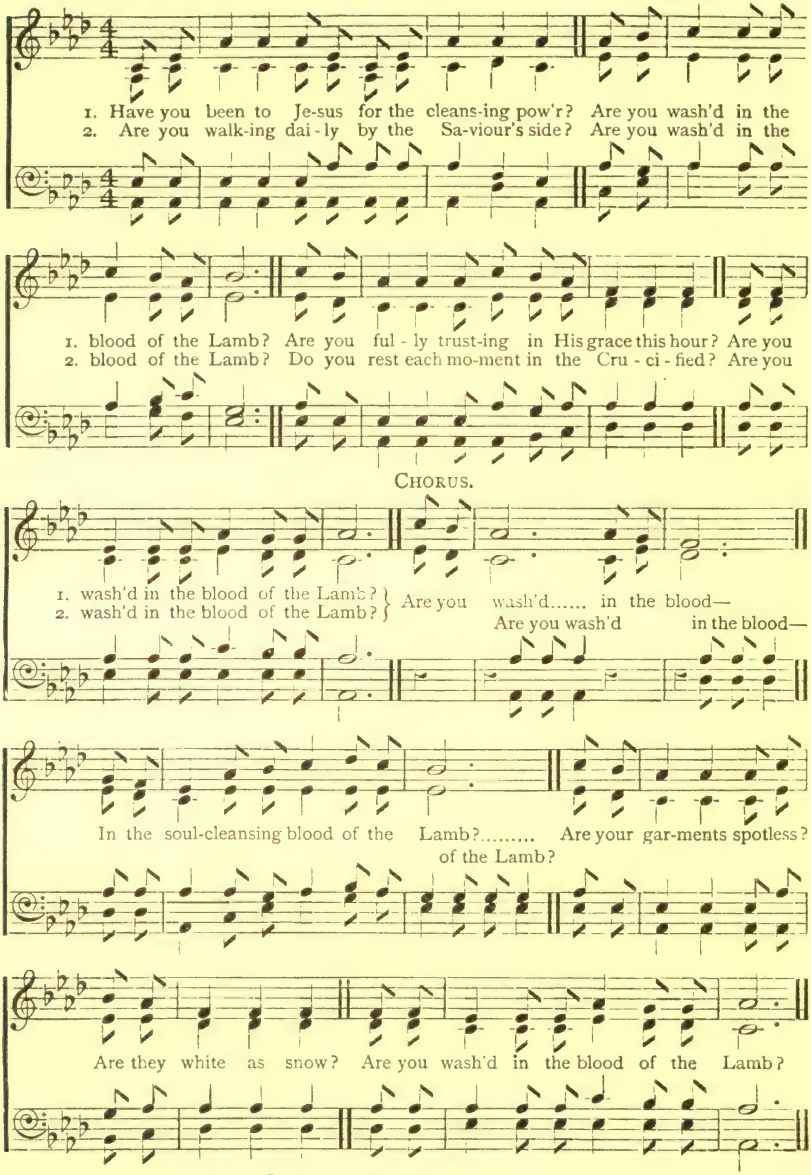


4. Look to Jesus, look and live,
He has died thy death for thee;
Look, and trust, and love, and give
All thou art His prize to be.

5. Look with awe, till wondering love
Melts thy heart and dims thine eyes,
And, with prostrate saints above,
Rapt in praise thy spirit lies.

No. 595. Are you Washed in the Blood?

REV. E. A. H. P.M. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white—
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean;
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

No. 596. At the Cross!

R. KELSO CARTER. C.M., with Chorus. E. E. NICKERSON.



3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand,
I touch Thy bleeding side;
Oh, let me here for ever stand,
Where Thou wast crucified.

4. My Lord, my Light, my Strength, my All,
I count my gain but loss!
For ever let Thy love enthrall,
And keep me at the Cross!

No. 597. We may not Climb.

J. G. WHITTIER. EAGLEY. C.M. J. WALCH.



3. The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4. Through Him the first fond prayers are said,
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

5. O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.

6. We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

No. 598. Never Alone.

P.M.

E. E. HEWITT. Copyright. C. F. O. (arr. by W. J. K.).





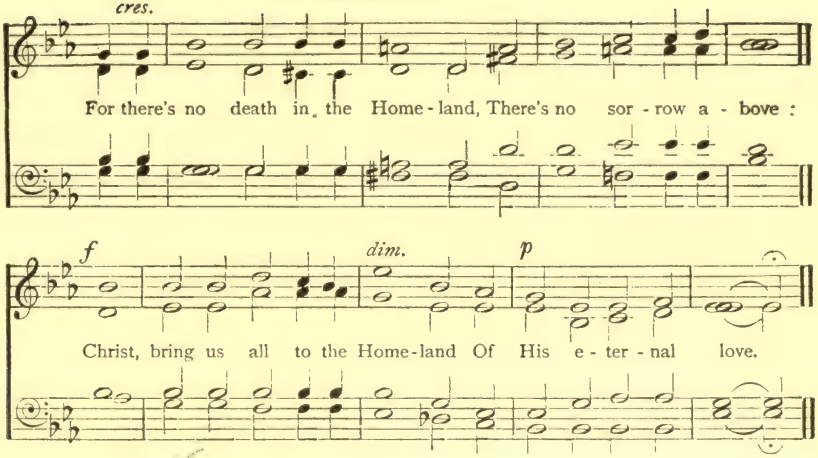
2. Roses fade around me,
Lilies bloom and die,
Earthly sunbeams vanish—
Radiant still the sky!
Jesus, Rose of Sharon,
Blooming for His own,
Jesus, heaven's sunshine,
Never will leave me alone.

3. Steps unseen before me,
Hidden dangers near;
Nearer still my Saviour,
Whispering, "Be of cheer;"
Joys, like birds of spring-time,
To my heart have flown,
Singing all so sweetly,
"He will not leave me alone."

No. 599. The Homeland.

REV. H. R. HAWEIS. P.M. SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.
(By permission of Messrs. BOOSEY & Co.)





No. 600. Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. 8.5.8.5., with Chorus. W. H. DOANE.



3. Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4. Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

No. 601. Oh, how He Loves!

MARIANNE NUNN. 8.4.8.4.8.8.4. H. P. MAIN.



3. Blessèd Jesus! would you know Him—
Oh, how He loves!
Give yourselves entirely to Him,
Oh, how He loves!
Think no longer of the morrow,
From the past new courage borrow,
Jesus carries all your sorrow:
Oh, how He loves!

4. All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide you,
Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory He will guide you:
Oh, how He loves!

No. 602. Let me Love Thee.

8.7.8.7. D., with Chorus.

H. H. BOOTH. By permission of the Salvation Army Musical Board. H. H. B.

Andante con espress.




1. Let that love in pow'r pre-vail-ing, Ren-der Thee my life, my all:
2. Help my heart, so un-be-liev-ing, By the sight of Cal-va-ry:
3. For in sun-shine or in sad-ness I can find in Thee a rest:
4. By it I shall walk up-right-ly, I shall serve Thee as I ought:
1. For life's bur-dens they are ea-sy, And life's sorrows lose their sting,
2. Let me see Thy love des-pis-ing All the shame my sins had brought;
3. But with-out Thee life is fad-ing, Trea-sure-less its choi-cest flowers;
4. Love will soft-en ev-'ry sor-row, Love will light-en ev-'ry care,
1. If they're car-ried, Lord, to please Thee, If their pain Thy smile should win.
2. By Thy tor-ments re-al-i-zing What a price my par-don bought.
3. Tak-en are its gifts e-ter-nal; Left, its emp-ty pass-ing hours.
4. Love un-ques-tion-ing will fol-low, Love will tri-umph, love will dare.
mp CHORUS.
Let me love Thee, Sa-viour, Take my heart for ev-er;
No-thing but Thy fa-vour My soul can sat-is-fy.

No. 603. Depth of Mercy! can there be?

REV. C. WESLEY. WEBER. 7·7·7·7. From WEBER.

Slow.



3. Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above!
See the cause in Jesu's face,
Now before the throne of grace.

4. There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

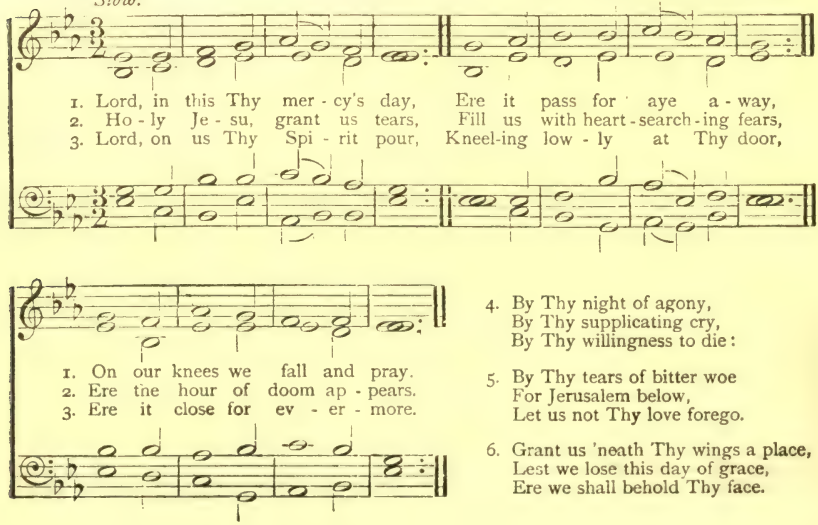
5. Jesus, answer from above;
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

6. If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now!

No. 604. Lord, in this, Thy Mercy's Day.

I. WILLIAMS. ST. PHILIP. 7.7.7. DR. W. H. MONK.
From "Hymns A. & M," by per.

Slow.



4. By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die:

5. By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6. Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

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